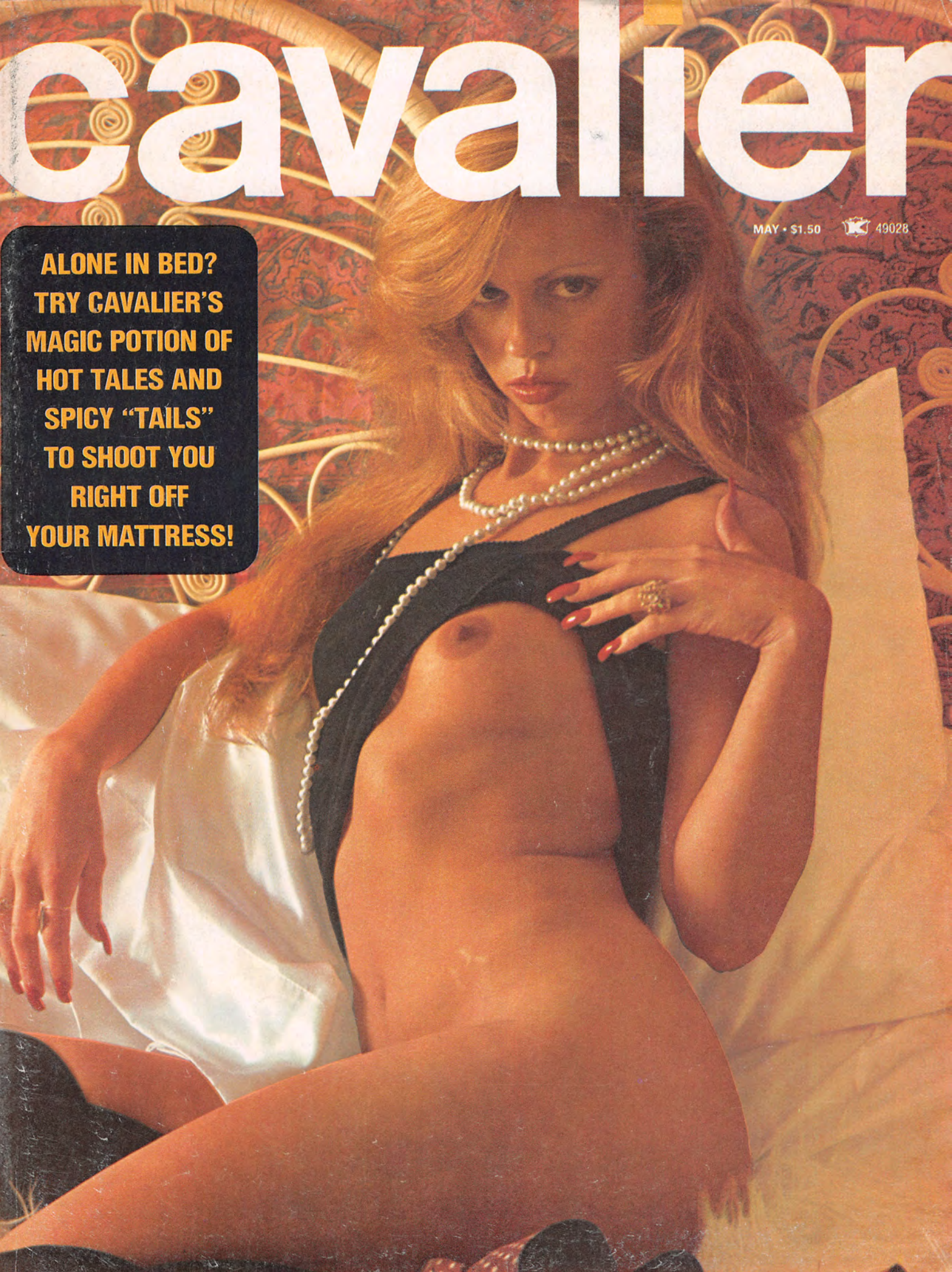

cavalier
MAY • $1.50
49028
ALONE IN BED?
TRY CAVALIER'S
MAGIC POTION OF
HOT TALES AND
SPICY "TAILS"
TO SHOOT YOU
RIGHT OFF
YOUR MATTRESS!

Bode's Broads 'n Things

GET IT ON . . . with Bode T-Shirts, Tank Tops, Ties, and a Giant Jigsaw Puzzle. The shirts are beautifully made, hold their shape, and the full color reproductions of Bode's Broads are fantastic! Ditto for the ties! (And have fun with a jigsaw puzzle after you finish admiring yourself!) SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY!

CAVALIER: The Last Word
P.O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y., 11558

Please send me the following Bode item(s). (Please indicate quantity, and circle pattern, color, and size.)

____ T-Shirt(s), Pattern 1 2 3 4 5; Size: S M L, at $5.95 each.

____ Tank Top(s), Pattern 1 2 3 4 5; Size: S M L, Color: blue or white, at $5.95 each.

____ Tie(s), Pattern 1 2 3 4 5; Color: blue, white, pink, yellow, at $4.95 each.

____ Jigsaw Puzzle(s) at $4.95 each.

Please include 50¢ per item for postage and handling. (New York residents include appropriate sales tax.) Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

City .....

State .....

Zip .....

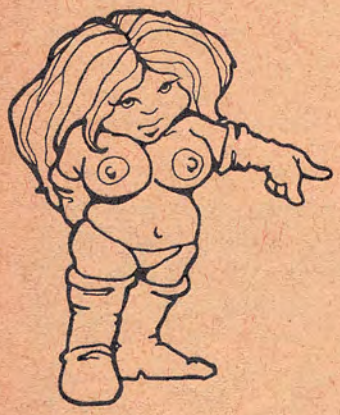
1

2 3 4 5

Cavalier's Twenty-Fourth Year

cavalier

May, 1976/Vol. 26, No. 7



Give The Lady What She Wants/By M. George Haddad 26
The Dale Tale/By Robert Meyers 29
Maid To Order 31
A Taste Of Brande 39
Why Didn't I Think Of That?/By Marvin Grosswirth 42
Weeds/By Stephen King 47
The American Dream/By Steven Davis-King 52
Dreaming With Jeannie 55
Drop Dead, Chink Martin!/By Harry Prince 60
Counting Penny's Assets 63
Island Fever/By Deane E. Bostick 66
Carmen: Doing It My Way 71
Boob Tube 77
Bode's Broad/By Vaughn Bode 79
This'll Kill Ya! 89
Mango Motel/By Otis Sweat 109

Departments

Speak Out! 2
Special Report/David Gumpert 8
Readers' Hang-Ups 15
Handwriting/Michael Zimmer 21

Editor and Publisher:
Douglas Allen

Managing Editor:
Nye Willden

Art Director:
John David Hawver

Assistant Editor:
John Fox

Art Associate:
Michael Krone

Fiction Editor:
Maurice DeWalt

Editorial Assistant:
John Tipton

National Sales Director:
Sam Potter
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y. 11558
(516) 432-0509

Advertising Sales Representative:
Lawrence Levine Associates
380 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017.

Acknowledgments: Front Cover and pp. 55-59, Robert Veze; pp. 6, 26, 63-65, 71-75, 77, Galaxy International, Inc.; pp. 8, 16, Wide World Photos; p. 29, photograph by Tom Zimberoff-Sygma; text is reprinted from and ©1975 by Columbia Journalism Review (November/December, 1975); pp. 31-35, 89-92, Graphic House, Inc.; pp. 39-41, Hal McQueeney.

Cavalier is published monthly by Dugent Publishing Corp., 316 Aragon Ave., Suite 209, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134. Vol. 26, No. 7, May, 1976. Second class postage paid at Miami, Fla. and at additional mailing offices.

Copyright ©1976 by Dugent Publishing Corp. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the Publishers.
Executive offices and office publication, 316 Aragon Ave., Suite 209, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134. Price, $1.50 per copy. Subscription: $18.00 a year in the U.S.A. and possessions; $19.00 per year in Canada; all other countries, $20.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Mount Morris, Ill. Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579, to Subscription Dept., Box 31, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054. Any similarity between people and places in the fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A.

EXCLUSIVE!

Send us any COLOR PHOTO 35mm SLIDE and we will blow it up in FULL COLOR on a t-shirt for only $8.98

READ THE ABOVE HEADLINE AGAIN!
The key word is color. We are not offering a fuzzy black and white print of a photo on a shirt. We are offering a FULL COLOR BLOW-UP OF A SNAP SHOT or color slide on a quality T-SHIRT. WE PRINT RIGHT ON THE FABRIC, and IT IS COMPLETELY WASHABLE. This process is EXCLUSIVE and will remain so until someone else can come up around !100 grand for another machine! The blow-up is a full 8"x10". THIS ITEM MAKES ONE OF THE REALLY GREAT GIFTS FOR PEOPLE OF ALL AGES AND INTERESTS. You can even print a drawing or painting as long as the art work doesn't exceed 8"x10". You get a one-of-a-kinnd collector's item with every order you make for only $8.98 and when you see the results you'll agree that's cheap! This item is so unique, so mind-boggling, many people don't believe us- Which is why we asked you to read the headline twice. Maybe you should read it once again just to get the straight story straight!

P.S. You get your photo back unharmed!

FOR FAST DELIVERY
SEND CK. CASH OR M.O. TO:

CAVALIER - THE LAST WORD
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Art work submitted can not exceed 8x10.
Enclosed is my photograph, 35mm slide, or design.

Sizes are: Sm — Med — Lg — XLg —
..... T-Shirt(s) at $8.98 each Size(s).....
☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order For $.....
ALL POSTAGE PAID

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NY res. add appropriate sales tax.

Add applicable sales tax.

SPEAK OUT!

An Honest Smell

I found your article called "Sorcerers of Smell: Fooling Mother Nature" (February) to be one of the most interesting I've read in quite a while. I've always been curious about how the people in the perfume business go about deciding what is and what is not an attractive or attracting odor and this tells me a lot I didn't know.

However, there is still something that puzzles me about that totally baffling enigma called mankind. Why in the name of sanity does man get into a tub, scrub off every trace of his own natural odor, and then rub himself with an expensive, man-made substitute consisting of the musk of another animal in order to make himself attractive to women? It's a fact that our body odor was put there for the purpose of attracting the female or male of the species, so why not leave well enough alone? I don't mean that men should never bathe but why can't bathing be enough?

I have to admit that I was, until a couple of years ago, a fanatic on hygiene too. I probably spent fifty or more dollars a year on soaps and shaving lotions and colognes and all of that stuff, and I still had a hard time making out with girls. I even found that my steady girl and I weren't getting it on as well as we had in the beginning.

Then a miracle happened. We went on a camping trip in the Rockies for two weeks. For all of that time, we camped by a mountain stream, took icy baths in it and occasionally washed our clothes. By accident, I had forgotten to bring along a deodorant or shave lotion or cologne and so by the third day, all of the odors I had faithfully applied every morning before that had completely faded. I was just me—clean but smelling like myself.

One night we were sitting by the campfire and my girl, Laura, was sitting between my knees with her head on my chest and suddenly she said, "I like the way you smell—it's very sexy." Well, we got it on that night and we got it on steadily twice a day after that and I attribute my success (ours, actually) to the fact that we were both exhuding the natural odors that God had given us to attract each other with in the first place.

Laura told me, when we discussed it later, that she's sure the thing that was turning her off sexually was the fact that I always had cologne on and that she'd grown to hate the smell of it. Needless to say, I've thrown my deodorant (which, incidentally, tastes *awful* as does every other alum or alcohol-based substance) and every other artificial smell away, and am making out just like a bandit. I've stopped spending my money to make me smell like what I ain't, and what I *ain't* is a musk ox, a vainlla bean, or some goddamn English flower garden.—James Bonneville, Las Vegas.

A Reply To "More Sting"

What happened to the Human Race? I'm referring to your February *Cavalier* "Speak Out" letter, "More Sting to the Inch." The couple were asking for new methods of corporal punishment. They also ask for readers to please respond on this subject.

I'm most grateful to have such a privilege to state my view on such a sickening and inhuman subject. In my eyes those people are seriously ill and unstable to have such a beautiful gift as children. Though I doubt if these so-called parents consider them so. After all, they have to start somewhere toward adulthood.

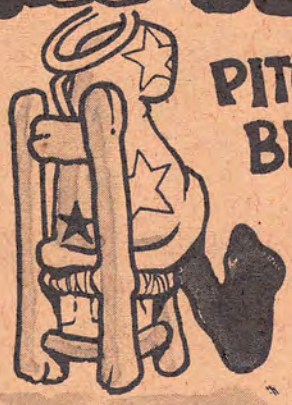
Cruel punishment isn't and never will be a good beginning. Teenagers at that age need love and guidance from deep within their parents, not ungodly

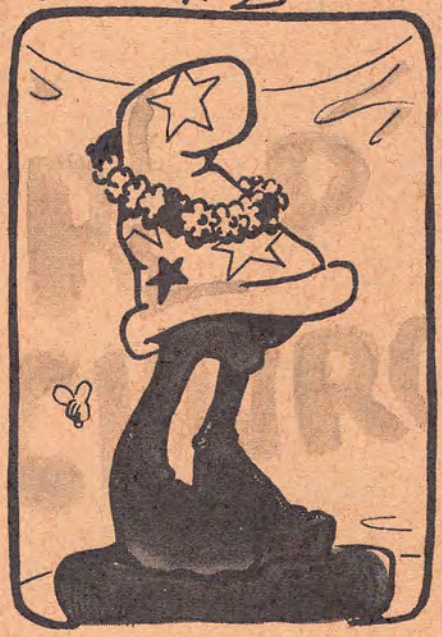
BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

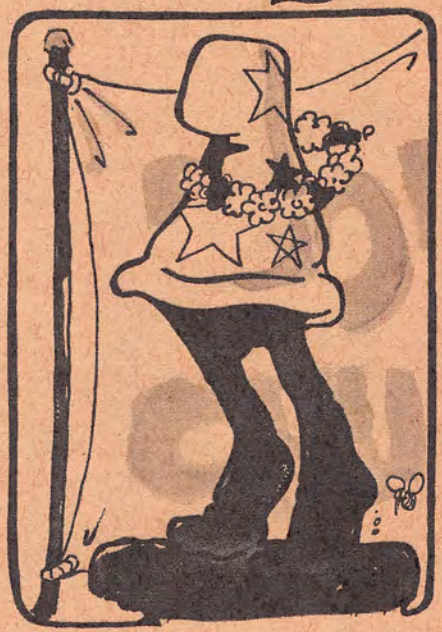
CHEECH WIZARD

PITCH BIT

VAUGHN BODE©







BELIVERS I HAS COME TO LIGHTEN DA LOAD IN YER SPIRITUAL PANTS!

AT LAST I AM COLLECTED TOGETHER IN DA MOST MIND ALTERING BOOK OF ALL TIMES. RIGHT IN BLACK AND WHITE AND FULL COLOR!

YES FRIENDS, IN HARD-COVER AND IN PAPERBACK DA WHOLE BELOVED STORY OF A SIMPLE WIZARD'S RISE TO CARTOON MESSIAHHOOD!

AND, IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT MY FIRST TESTAMENT, DEADBONE, DO IT NOW! IT'S IN PAPERBACK AT LAST AND IT'S SO HIGH IT'S STONED ON ITSELF.

KEEP THE FAITH CHEECH LIVES ON! JOIN THE POP-CHURCH NOW!

SEND ME THE FOLLOWING BIG TIME-TRUTH BOOKS!

COLLECTED ADVENTURES OF CHEECH WIZARD

☐ HARDCOVER (9×12)... 14.95
☐ SOFTBOUND (9×12)... 6.95

DEADBONE-THE FIRST TESTAMENT OF CHEECH WIZARD, THE CARTOON MESSIAH

☐ HARDCOVER (9×12).... 14.95
☐ SOFTBOUND (9×12).... 6.95

NAME...
ADDRESS...
STATE/PROV....

MAIL TO: CAVALIER- THE LAST WORD
P.O. BOX 158, ISLAND PARK, N.Y., 11558

...fascinating faces of the world

For– OFFICE
DEN LIBRARY
COLLEGE ROOM
STUDY

RARE ANTIQUE MAPS

(In Sets of Four, Printed in Multicolor)

Here assembled for the first time is a unique collection of rare decorative maps. Selected for their special graphic appeal and fascinating subjects, sets A, B, and C have been reproduced in muted multicolor on very fine parchment paper; set D is lithographed in full color on finished vellum. Of true museum quality, they are most handsome in home and office or as an "out of the ordinary" gift.

set A: Old America — 4 maps

Early North America	1690
John Smith's New England	1616 (ill.)
Far Western Territories	1857
Original 13 States	1783

set B: Eden & Other Romantic Places — 4 maps

Borent's Arctic Region	1558
Paradiso Terrestre (Eden)	1698 (ill.)
Mercator's China-Cathay	1606
Anglo-Saxon Britain	1611

set C: Antique Worlds — 4 maps

Heart-Shaped World	1545 (ill.)
Terrestrial Globe/Celestial Sphere	1660
Moral & Political Chart of World	1821
Three Early Worlds (composite)	

Sets A, B, and C are 16" x 20"; $4.00 per set.

Set D: Original 13 States (1783), 20" x 20" (illus. above); Early North America (1690), 17" x 19"; The Americas (1739), 21" x 25"; The World (1742), 12" x 18". Set D: $5.00.

CAVALIER - The Last Word
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y., 11558

Please send me these map set(s):
Circle choice: A B C D

Enclosed is my check or money order for $..... (New York residents add appropriate sales tax.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

punishment! I suggest that instead of paddlings as you call them, you explain what is wrong and right. Explaining how their misbehaviour can hurt them, now and later in life. As well as harming others.

You're not allowing them to learn. They aren't learning truthfully. I'll bet they never come to you while your nose is in the evening paper, asking you to help solve a problem about school, boyfriends, or sex. All they consider you is someone they have to fear for punishment. Not for love or help, but still you call yourselves mother and father.

You both belong in a nut house. Your wife is either scared of you or she's nuts too!

As far as your stripping them for such paddlings, I label you a sex maniac. I hope it turns you on! Can't your wife supply such satisfaction? And you're probably the type who bitches about the nuts raping all those young girls, aren't you?

You were given the pride and joy of having children, and you treat them as animals. I would presume that you yourselves need a swift kick in both your big bad butts. I can almost guarantee that when your daughters turn eighteen they will give you both swift kicks in the heart, if you have one, then split! If they haven't yet.

I also wonder why you didn't leave your name and address. You're a true chickenshit. Afraid the Board of Health will come and take away the only people who are forced to put up with your sick mind? They're going through hell now, but you deserve to burn there!

I think many people feel as I do on this cruel subject. If not, "What happened to the Human Race?"—L.S., Indiana.

Rare Sight

Many, many thanks for giving the world *Cavalier* magazine! Please keep it coming.

As an avid National Football League fan (Washington Redskins) I watch whichever games are televised to my area. A few times this year I have watched the Dallas Cowboys in action. The Cowboys are real contenders; however, I truly enjoy watching their sexy cheerleaders. One girl in particular is always singled-out by the TV cameras. This young lady is one of the most beautiful and luscious-looking

women I have ever seen on TV, in the movies, or in the magazines such as *Cavalier*.

Is there any chance of Cavalier giving this girl any coverage or uncoverage? Upon seeing the Cowboy's cheerleaders in action, you would know just which girl I am referring to. Presently I do not know this young lady's name, but perhaps you can look into the matter. Believe me, gentlemen, this young lady is truly a rare sight to behold!—Patrick L. Tartell, Newark, N.J.

Some "Honey"

I buy *Cavalier* with regularity—*but* what the hell, and *who* the hell, selected the model (Aggie) for your February issue?

She is without a doubt the most drab, sleazy, boring, dreary, uninteresting female to put into any publication! What did she do, screw the Editor? "The Latin Look" my arse!

Man oh man, *please* no more little "honeys" like Aggie! The page 46 shot *really* is just "peachy." Shit, doesn't Aggie know about Noxema? I've seen better looking "Latins" in a Tijuana whorehouse!

More taste and selection in the quality of your models, *and* beauty of your models, *please*.—L.T., Denver.

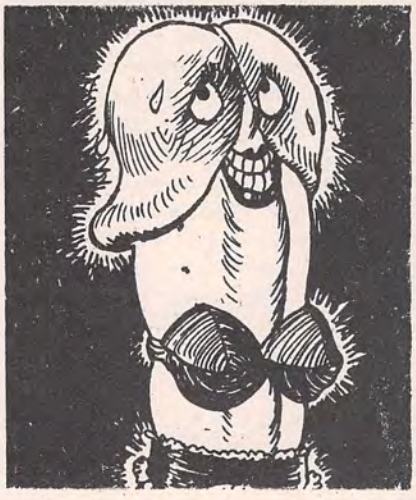
Gosh, L.T., you sure know how to hurt a girl's feelings. To say nothing of the Editor's.

The "Real" Thing

I have read a few letters from transvestites in *Cavalier*, and being rather a novice in the field of transvestism, I have a few questions. Where can a TV, who is rather large, find stylish feminine looking footwear? Also what can possibly be done to conceal a mustache and sideburns? If anyone has any answers or tips on these questions I would appreciate some information published in *Cavalier*.

Also, I have something some of your TV readers might like to try the next time they get in drag and are looking for something to fill out that bustline. Try those new ziploc sandwich bags with about four or five ounces of warm water in each one. You will find that it feels great when correctly positioned inside your bra, and it also looks very real.—J.A.S., St. Louis.

The problems of "dressing up" will be explored in a future Cavalier.



Smasho Finish

When I read that Vaughn Bode had died, I didn't think that I'd be interested in reading *Cavalier* again or that you would ever be able to find anyone to take his place. I take it all back. While your new strip, "Mango Motel," certainly bears no resemblance whatsoever to Bode's whimsical, mythical and worldly-wise characters, it is extremely funny, well-drawn and has a lot of the subtlety that Bode exhibited in his drawings. Otis Sweat is certainly a valuable new cartoonist and I like his work much better than the strips you see in other girlie books. (if you don't mind being called that).

I sure hope "Mango Motel" is going to be a continuing series. It's sexy, very funny, clever and a smasho finish at the end of your good magazine.

Keep up the good work with your cartoons and comic strip—my two favorite things about *Cavalier*, although the boobies and bummies and articles and fiction aren't bad either.—J. Lane, Kansas City, Mo.

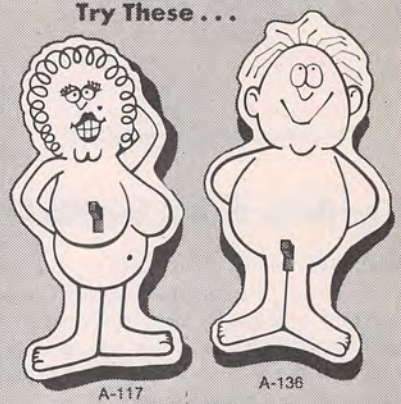
Can't Beat A Big One

Hooray for Reva Brown's article, "The Bigger They Are The Harder I Fall" (February). It's about time a woman had the guts to come out and tell the truth about what a lot of us normal, apple-pie ladies feel and that is that you can't beat a big piece of meat for total satisfaction—and I don't care what kind of bullshit psychologists say in their articles: that teeny-weenies

YOU WANNA . . .

Switch?

Try These . . .



A-117 A-136

Add A Little Spice To Your Home Decor!

Fits over any standard switch plate. Guaranteed to get lots of giggles in the bathroom.

$5.00 each. Post Paid 2 for $9.00

Send check or money order to:
V/LAN STUDIOS, INC.
120 W. 58th Street, N.Y. 10019 C

Use Cat. #s when ordering _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

MEN'S
BODY-SHIRT
$5.75

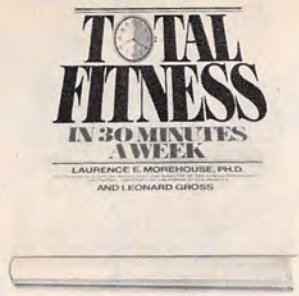
Comfortable trim fitting shirt and brief combination with short sleeves and crew neck. A great put together with slacks, jeans, and leasure suits. Shirt does not pull out of pants when playing golf or tennis, or riding a bike. Many uses for this all-purpose one-piece garment. 100% Nylon, "machine wash and dry".

CAVALIER: THE LAST WORD
P.O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y. 11558

COLORS	Quantity – Size MEDIUM	LARGE
Blue/White trim		
Brown/White trim		
Blue/Red trim		
Red/Blue trim		
White/Brown trim		
White/Blue trim		

Enclose money order or checks, postage and sales tax included in $5.75.

Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
. . . . . Zip . . .



Feel Better In Just Two Weeks

Just two weeks after you've started your Total Fitness plan, you'll find a startling change in your physical and mental outlook on life—a new energy, a new vitality and a youthful buoyancy that will amaze you.

This dynamic, revolutionary program shows you how to:

- Slow the aging process with the kind of exercise that "buys years."
- Dispense with 15 myths about physical fitness that simply are not true.
- Vary your meals for maximum nutrition.
- Use your pulse as a built-in "speedometer" that tells you how much exercise your body needs for optimum fitness.
- Fool the eating habit and halt "creeping obesity" with a simple 100 calorie adjustment.
- Use your morning shower to exercise your hands, wrists, arms, shoulders and chest.
- Find out which tailor-made plan will give you the best results in the shortest time.

CAVALIER: The Last Word
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Please send me a copy of *Total Fitness In 30 Minutes A Week* for a ten-day examination. If I am not convinced that it can make me look, feel and act younger and healthier, I will return it for a full refund. Enclosed is $6.95 plus 50¢ for mailing costs. New York residents please add applicable sales tax.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

don't make any difference to women. I'm sure they say that because they aren't very well endowed themselves or they are Male Chauvinists who are just trying to make other men feel better. Being screwed by a small penis is like being stabbed by a ballpoint pen. It might stimulate the clitoris but it sure raises hell with the plumbing.

For proof of what I'm saying, check the sizes of dildoes in your local sex shop. If girls wanted four-inchers I'm sure they would stock them, but the smallest I ever saw was about eight inches and the man in that shop said that sales on that model weren't exactly brisk. The big sellers were the twelve-inchers. That ought to tell you where the customers heads are at.

I'm sure there are exceptions—as Ms. Brown pointed out. There are women who are so threatened by sex that I'm sure the smaller the guy's penis, the safer she feels, but as for me and every woman I know, their biggest thrill—or fantasy—is being stuffed to the hilt with a great big healthy cock. Tell your less well-endowed readers that I'm sorry to shatter their images and egos, but that's the way it is.—Janet Barr, Montreal.

. . . Speaking of Super Whangs . . .

My husband brought home the January *Cavalier* the other day and although I have always enjoyed reading your articles and stories, I never pay too much attention to the photographs of the girls since I can always look in the mirror if I want to see a sexy woman (at least, my husband thinks so).

So, I was thumbing through the magazine and then when I reached page 30 I thought, hmmm, now that's an interesting and very clever group of photos (its title was "Tequila," remember?) and then when I got to page 32 I dropped my martini glass. Where did you find that dude with that super whang? I'm surprised my husband even let me see it but I assume he wanted to titillate me.

The following page was even wilder and I started getting blurred vision as I read the funny story and kept looking at the next picture and then, what a letdown! The very last shot, on page 35, which looked like it was probably the hottest one of all, was cropped so that you couldn't see the guy's prize. Shame on you—you anti-climaxed!—Mrs. R.M., San Francisco.

Sorry, our art director tells us that he was so carried away by looking at the lovely Latin lass in the pictures that he didn't even notice that he'd cropped the dude's dude in the last shot. Anyway, here's el-Stud-o in all his glory and we hope you're not disappointed. □

INSTANT LEARNING

...COURSES THAT TURN YOUR CASSETTE TAPE RECORDER INTO AN AUTOMATIC LEARNING MACHINE!

BRING THE WORLD'S GREAT MINDS INTO YOUR HOME!

Business Leaders who instruct the executives of many of America's top corporations; Educational leaders who have devoted their lives to developing aggressive, productive teaching methods that accelerate learning three, four, even five times. Here they are:

LEONARD P. KRIVY, Ph.D. is the Editor of our College Level Courses. Dr. Krivy is the former Executive Director of the Philadelphia, Penna. Commission on Higher Education, and host of the CBS program "Spolight On Higher Education." Each college level course contains a complete semester of information power-condensed on cassette—with accompanying programmed text that reinforces but does not duplicate the information on tape.

NORMAN SINGERE has developed the only memory power course that develops the "Automatic Response Pattern Habits" that take advantage of your natural talents—to build a perfect memory.

MARTIN R. ROAN teaches you the simple tricks that will immediately double your reading speed! And, in most instances, you will increase your reading speed four, five, even six times — and, what's more, you'll understand more — as you read faster!

DANIEL AKERS and PHILIP MASLINE reveal the techniques that develop your powers of Listening and Concentration to enable you to "get the job done"— to exclude all distractions — and, for the first time in your life you will learn to REALLY LISTEN — and use what you hear to benefit yourself — in every area of your life!

DONALD LOUISOHN proves that words are the essence of power! Words —,that exercise control over others! That make others see and feel. That stir their emotions! Learn Word Power from the word master.

ARTHUR SONTGED is an established hypnotist and hypnotherapist who has developed the teaching of self-hypnosis to a series of simple, easily learned actions. Use the unused 90% of your mind to bring you all you want out of life!

DOUBLE YOUR POWER TO LEARN

by Eugene M. Schwartz

Absorb facts like a sponge. Flash through math, business, financial problems that have you stopped cold today.

No. 2 $9.98

SHED POUND AFTER POUND

by Arthur Sontged

Let the magic of push button self-hypnosis start to solve your weight "problem." Get rid of excess weight once and for all— eliminate pills, and starvation diets. **No.72 $9.98**

RELAX YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS

by Hendon R. Crane

Just a few minutes with this amazing course shows you how *to put yourself at ease—in seconds—even in the most nerve-racking situations!*

No. 26 $9.98

INSTANT WORD POWER

by Donald Louisohn

Burn more power-packed words into your memory in a weekend than the average person learns in a year! Make people see, feel and do exactly what these words tell them to do! **No. 58 $9.98**

AUTOMATED LEARNING PROGRAM

$79.98 COMPLETE

Consisting of the following elements:

NO TAPE HANDLING/SNAP-IN/ EASY LOAD/TRANSISTORIZED/ BATTERY AND ELECTRIC

❶ COMPACT CASSETTE TAPE RECORDER

• Full Range Microphone with Remote Control Switch • 30 Minute Cassette • Private Monitoring Earphone.

❷ AUTOMATIC MEMORIZER

Makes memorizing ANY data absolutely automatic! . . . Any information you wish to learn will be AUTOMATICALLY REPEATED—with no more effort on your part than simply Listening and Learning!

❸ TWO AUTOMATIC LEARNING COURSES

Choose the courses of your choice as part of your Automated Learning Program. The courses are complete with: Pre-Recorded subject material tape cassette and instruction book in handsome binder.

INSTANT MATH

by Paul R. Heitman

Add figures faster than an adding machine . . . using exactly the same math you learned in the second grade. **No. 62 $9.98**

COMMAND PERSUASION

by Oliver Crofts

Be a commander who Motivates Salesmen — Direct associates to operate under your persuasive direction! *Learn techniques to have people trip over themselves to get along with you!* **64 $9.98**

AUTOMATIC SKILLS FOR LISTENING AND CONCENTRATION

by Daniel Akers and Philip Masline

Learn the automatic skills that *bring your mind to a total commitment for the spoken word!* Obtain powers of concentration you never believed possible! **No. 60 $9.98**

POWER PERSONALITY!

by J. Ralph Simms

Have the kind of personality that enables you to get the specific reactions you want from anyone! **No. 61 $9.98**

SELF-HYPNOTISM

by Arthur Sontged

Practically brings a hypnotist into your home. With SELF-HYPNOTISM, develop the invincible habit of winning!

No. 59 $9.98

CREATIVE MIND POWERS

by William Holzworth Lessart

This new way of learning to think will develop techniques of AUTOMATIC CREATIVE PERCEPTION to expand your abilities — liberate the creative flow seething within you! **No. 57 $9.98**

SKYROCKET YOUR CHILD'S GRADES IN SCHOOL

by Eugene M. Schwartz

Whether your child is in grade school, high school or college — No matter how difficult it is for that child to concentrate- your child can master POWER-STUDYING in 5 minutes a day! **38 $9.98**

INSTANT MEMORY POWER

by Norman Singere

Here are the *Automatic Memory Response Habits* that can build you a perfect memory—almost overnight! Remember names, lists, and more! **No. 63 $9.98**

DOUBLE YOUR READING SPEED IN ONE WEEK!

by Martin R. Roan

Finish an entire novel in a single evening, a business report in sixty seconds, a complete magazine article in three minutes! And . . . understand and remember twice as much! **No. 7 $9.98**

FLUENT SPANISH, FRENCH, HEBREW, GERMAN OR ITALIAN IN 24 HOURS

by Alfred Z. Owen

Speak complete sentences in HALF-AN-HOUR. Carry on everyday conversations in just 24 hours!

No. 3/SPANISH I ...$9.98
No. 4/FRENCH I....$9.98
No. 77/HEBREW....$9.98
No. 68/GERMAN ...$9.98
No. 69/ITALIAN $9.98

MAIL NO-RISK FREE TRIAL ORDER TODAY!

CREDIT CARD HOT LINE

Credit card buyers may call our TOLL FREE NUMBER:

(800) 325-6400

IN MISSOURI CALL:

(800) 342-6600

AUTOMATED LEARNING INCORPORATED 1275 Bloomfield Avenue, Fairfield, New Jersey 07006, Dept. C576

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send me the following immediately. If I am in any way displeased I may return my purchase within 30 days for a full refund.

TOTAL $_____ ☐ Enclosed
Charge my ☐ **Master Charge** ☐ **BankAmericard** ☐ **Diners** ☐ **American Express**

Acct. No. _____
Expires _____ ICA _____
Signature _____

INSTANT LEARNING COURSES $9.98

☐ NO. 2	☐ NO. 57	☐ NO. 63
☐ NO. 3	☐ NO. 58	☐ NO. 64
☐ NO. 4	☐ NO. 59	☐ NO. 68
☐ NO. 7	☐ NO. 60	☐ NO. 69
☐ NO. 26	☐ NO. 61	☐ NO. 72
☐ NO. 38	☐ NO. 62	☐ NO. 77

©1975 AUTOMATED LEARNING INC 1275 BLOOMFIELD AVE FAIRFIELD, N.J. 07006

At Home On The Raunch

BY DAVID GUMPERT

Boston's downtown "Combat Zone" is strictly X-rated for adults.

● BOSTON—Until a year ago Richard Bernard was a peep show king without a country. From City Hall's attitude he had the feeling he was "banned in Boston."

If he complained to the city about his trash not being picked up or the streets being filthy, he was ignored. And periodically the police would raid his three "adult" bookstores. He was even arrested a dozen times (although never convicted) for selling dirty books and movies.

But today the thirty-three-year-old Mr. Bernard no longer feels unwanted. The police leave him alone, the city is most helpful, and it has sent along its architect to help him design signs for his stores.

Above all Mr. Bernard truly has a country: a seedy, two-block area of downtown Boston (appropriately known as the "combat zone") which the city has zoned as its stag sector. Into this seven-acre area is crammed a sexual Disneyland of strip joints, X-rated movie houses, peep shows and bookstores, Boston euphemistically describes it as an "adult entertainment district."

Late in 1974 the city fathers decided that trying to be nasty to such

Direct from factory to you! Savings up to $18.00!

Women's fashion boots.

All the styles you want.

You see it in the papers; you see it in advertisements from expensive, high fashion stores; boots are back!

They're back and we've got them. Knee boots and regular boots. Vinyl boots and synthetic suede boots. The light-weight suede look, the leather look, the crinkle look and the sexy look.

And we've got them at incredible, inflation-busting prices. Because they come to you directly from the factory, from one of the world's great bootmakers. There's no middleman, no nothing. The business is just between you and us.

Ordinarily, these boots were made to sell from $10 to $14 a pair and up. Just look around and you'll see stretch boots like these selling in high fashion stores for $22 and up. Well, you don't have to spend that kind of money. Now that skirts are back and women want boots, now's the time to invest in a couple of pairs (for only $10.00 for any two pairs!) at prices that really stomp that old devil inflation right back into the ground.

We've got white boots, black boots and brown boots and a few more colors. (Check the listings under each style.) All of our boots have long-wearing, non-skid soles and heels.

There are ornamental D-ring and oval buckle strap boots; front gilly-laced boots; front granny-laced boots; embroidery front boots and classic boots. All have either side zipper, back zipper or double zipper.

The zippers are all made of tough nylon and are self-repairing. If the zipper ever jumps the track it can be zipped back with ease.

The boots are lightweight, yet warm enough for the coldest winds, and best of all, they're water repellent.

They come in medium widths in sizes 5 through 10 (including all half-sizes except 9½) and we urge you to get your order in promptly so you can show off your legs for the winter in these sensational, sexy-looking fashion boots.

AS ADVERTISED ON T.V.

Any Two Pairs: **$10**

Any One Pair: **$6.95**

Style No. 041. Ornamental oval buckle and strap. Side zipper, in black and white.

Style No. 980. Ornamental D-ring, double-zipper: in black, white and brown.

Style No. 003. Vinyl or synthetic suede in knee-high style. Side zipper; in black, white, red and blue vinyl and in black, sand, dark brown, denim blue and wine seude.

Style No. 152. Front gilly-laced, side zipper; in black and white.

Style No. 611. Front gilly-laced back zipper; in black and white.

Style No. 648. Embroidery front, side zipper; in black, white and brown.

Style No. 705. Classic boot, side zipper; in black or brown.

Style No. 601. Front, granny-laced, side zipper; in black, white or brown.

ca

A & D DISTRIBUTION CO., PORT KEARNY
BUILDING #78A, KEARNY, NEW JERSEY 07032

Gentlemen: Please send me the boots I have listed below at $6.95 for one pair; $10.00 for two pairs - plus $1.00 to cover postage or handling for one or two pairs. For each additional pair over two, please add fifty cents postage and handling charge.)

BOOT STYLE NO.	SIZE	COLOR	QUANTITY	PRICE

Amount enclosed _____ (N.J. residents add sales tax.)

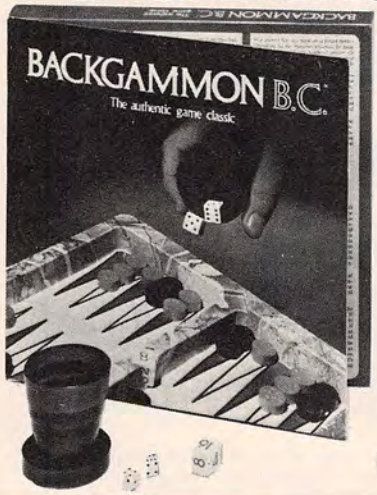
PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NOTE: There is a 100% money-back guarantee on these boots for 10 days after purchase. Please make second or third selection if style or size is out of stock.

BACKGAMMON B.C. $5.00



You can beat the game in no time. You can't beat the price.

Mastering Backgammon is a breeze with **BACKGAMMON B.C.** Because it's the ideal set to learn on. (Casual players love it, too.) Comes complete with all the pieces—gameboard, dice cups, doubling cube, rules, plus a strategy booklet with lots of helpful tips for improving your play.

So why pay 3 or 4 times more for Backgammon . . . when you can buy our compact, convenient set for a lot less!

Cavalier: The Last Word
P. O. Box 158, Island Park, New York, 11558
Please send me Backgammon B. C. Enclosed is my check or money order for $5.00. (N.Y. residents please include appropriate sales tax.)

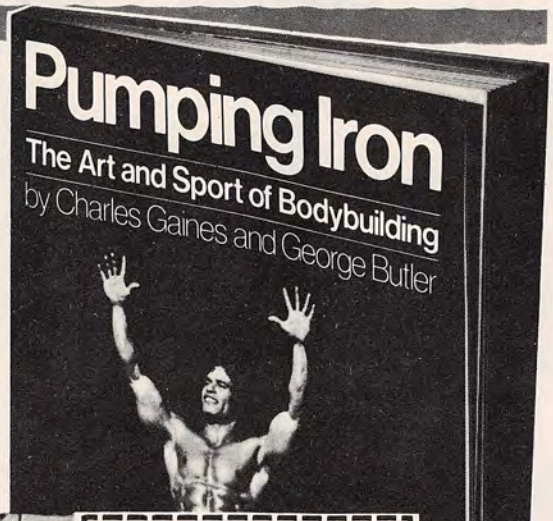
Name .....

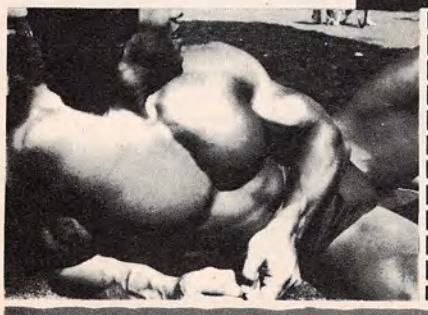
Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

"Superb"
—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

- Over 140 dramatic photographs of the stars training, competing and relaxing
- The history of bodybuilding
- The top stars, gyms and competition
- The importance of posing





Cavalier, The Last Word
P. O. Box 158
Island Park, N. Y. 11558
Please send me *Pumping Iron* as follows
____copies clothbound @ $15 (#21898)
____copies paper @ $6.95 (#21922)
Check or money order is enclosed. If I wish, I may return the book(s) within 10 days for a full refund.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____
N.Y. residents please include applicable sales tax.

ADD 50¢ FOR POSTAGE.

places in the hope they would go away wasn't working. So they decided to encourage them to gather in the combat zone. At the same time the zoning change prohibited new sexual entertainment businesses from opening outside the area, although existing places were allowed to stay (and, of course, obscenity and prostitution laws remained unchanged).

After a year in business, the combat zone is thriving and the city is trying to brush up its appearance. It also seems to have acquired a degree of respectability. It has hired its own public relations consultant (who talks to Rotary clubs and the like). And last year Kevin White, Boston's mayor, toured the zone at midnight and even bought drinks for strippers.

Boston's version of an officially sanctioned red-light district came about because X-rated businesses were spreading throughout the city says Robert Kenney, director of the Boston Redevelopment Authority. Retailers and residents were complaining because of the blight that inevitably accompanies commercial sex.

But, he says, there was also a growing feeling on the part of Boston officials that "adult" entertainment is here to stay and that a city might as well make the best of it. Peep shows and strip joints "are with us and they will be with us," he says. What's more he believes the lights could become even redder in the combat zone because "I think we're heading toward legalized prostitution."

The creation of the combat zone has been viewed with keen interest by other cities that also have problems with proliferating "porn." Mr. Kenney's agency figures it has received inquiries from at least fifty cities. Baltimore has two bills pending before its City Council modeled on the Boston approach. The bills would carve an official entertainment district out of the area of Baltimore that already has a heavy concentration of adult fare (it's known as "the block.")

In many places, though, the idea is still too novel (or just plain shocking) to get serious consideration. When word got out during a recent political campaign that officials of Islip, N.Y., a suburban community of 325,000, were considering imitating Boston, the idea was quickly dropped under a storm of public protest. And when a member of San Antonio's City Council suggested setting up an adult zone,

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF Love & Sex

An adventurous illustrated guide to lovemaking that takes you just as far into pleasure as you choose to go.

LOVE AND SEX is a totally new kind of sex manual. It is dedicated to the premise that variety is the spice of love.

In 256 pages and hundreds of beautiful full-color illustrations, it proves how sex can be *infinitely* varied, *infinitely* exciting and *infinitely* NEW – throughout every period of married life.

Going far beyond a mere parade of sexual positions, it soars as well into the realm of imagination, exciting caresses, the use of enticing clothing and erotic techniques. And it helps strip away inhibitions to make your love life free.

LOVE AND SEX is tasteful, but it pulls no punches.

It is authoritative, but never dry or dull.

With warmth and humanity it answers *all* your questions—clearly, frankly and in explicit detail. And it shows how the *erotic* excitement of a couple's first encounters together can be made to last a whole life long. From the honeymoon to the Golden Anniversary and beyond.

In it you'll discover —

The ultimate pleasure for women, how to achieve it and exactly *when* you're most likely to do so (pp.13).

The importance of stimulation in lovemaking. New pleasures for longtime partners, some guides to the active imagination (pp. 151)

A particularly stimulating and natural way for couples to make love. And it has some unexpected side benefits, too (pp. 142).

Pleasing a man with some minor fetishes that can make him feel like a groom again (pp. 145).

For the man who feels sexually inadequate, a simple technique to help you measure up to the best in bed. (pp. 65).

Positions for love making to match your mood, tastefully photographed, plus positions for the adventurous that introduce a whole new dimension to lovemaking (pp. 170).

Plus, all you want to know about the male and female anatomy, orgasm, the role of heredity, sexual disorders, conception, birth, abortion, venereal diseases, contraception, menopause, the causes and treatment of premature ejaculation, impotence, and sterility homosexuality, frigidity, infidelity, and much, much more.

66 Chapters—Over 250 Illustrations

LOVE AND SEX is an imposing book in every respect. It is as large as an art book, measuring 8½x11½ inches, with a lavish binding stamped in gold. It is printed on fine art paper and vividly illustrated with over 250 photographs and drawings, 164 in lifelike full color. It is divided into 66 chapters that deal frankly and in unembarrassed terms with every aspect of sex and sexual relations.

Perhaps no other book before it has gone to such time, trouble and expense to describe and help improve the sexual needs and pleasures of men and women in all their infinite variety.

With LOVE AND SEX in your home, you will discover that the marriage bed can be a rewarding playground for life. And that is exactly as it should be.

No-risk Examination

Mail the coupon today to receive your big, beautifully illustrated LOVE AND SEX Encyclopedia. Examine it in the privacy of your own home. Share it with your spouse. And then make your decision. If you don't agree that LOVE AND SEX can infinitely enrich your life with its wealth of fascinating information, ideas and techniques, simply return the book for a full refund.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
For Sale To Adults Over 21 Only

Cavalier: The Last Word
P. O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Please send me the illustrated Encyclopedia of LOVE AND SEX for only $10.95. I understand I may examine the book in my own home for 10 days. If I am not completely satisfied I can return for a full refund.

(Please add 75c postage and handling).

Enclosed is $_____

Name_____
(Please Print Clearly)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

N.Y. Residents Add Sales Tax

for the INDOOR SPORTSMAN

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT. Strip Poker was never like this. And never as much fun. Play it safe or let it all hang out. Either way you can create loads of daring . . . and revealing . . . excitement at your next party. Invite the right crowd . . . because this is the **right** game.

THE SENSUOUS GAME. Widely exciting, here's a game to turn your next party into a blast—and get the action swinging in the right direction. You and your friends will have a ball getting to know each other in ways you never thought of before. Because in **THE SENSUOUS GAME** you use *all* your senses . . . including your "sexth" sense. Get in **THE SENSUOUS GAME**—it's the original and exciting way to warm up your next party.

Cavalier: The Last Word
P. O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Please send me the Adult Party Games indicated below at $6.00 each. (N.Y. residents please include appropriate sales tax.)

_____ "Devil Made Me Do It"

_____ "The Sensuous Game"

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

"the idea went over like four lead balloons," says city attorney Jim Parker.

Not that the idea has been received in Boston with universal approval. The city passed the zoning bill over the heated objections of nearby legitimate theaters, movie houses and Tufts-New England Medical Center, the hospital and medical school that borders the combat zone.

Now these opponents are contending that everything they predicted has come true. A hospital spokesman says several employes have quit after only a day or two on the job because they were too afraid or disgusted to walk through the zone to the subway.

The spokesman also believes that violent crime against employes "has increased dramatically during the past year." (Police, however, say crime in the area really hasn't changed much. It's still a haunt for purse-snatchers and pickpockets, but crimes such as murder and auto theft are much lower than in other parts of Boston.)

Some law enforcement officials are troubled by the apparent police laxity in enforcing liquor, obscenity and prostitution laws in the combat zone. The district's business owners "now feel they have increased immunity from enforcement of criminal laws," says Tom Dwyer, an assistant district attorney for Suffolk County, which includes Boston. He contends that organized crime has been allowed to get a foothold in the area and that there has been an increase in "the depravity that goes on there."

There is no denying that the police have been looking the other way. "It's kind of an unwritten rule that the police leave the bookstores in the zone alone," says a city official. "We've made it clear we would like to see them enforce the laws outside the zone instead." Adds a police official, if violations of the law "are kept within reasonable limits, it's all right."

But what are reasonable limits? A reporter spent several evenings in the combat zone and found liquor laws disregarded and prostitutes openly soliciting on the streets and in bars.

State liquor laws prohibit strippers from soliciting drinks, yet in each of four bars the reporter was asked by scantily clad young women if he would buy them $6 and $7 drinks (the normal price is about $2).

In the interests of this story, the reporter bought drinks for the women. Then they invited him into the back parlor for various exotic pleasures costing between $20 and $55 (he declined). One bartender told him he could charge everything on his credit card.

But as far as Boston officials are concerned, the zoning change has prevented the spread of blatant commercial sex throughout the city. Twice the city has been able to close down the showing of X-rated movies outside the zone.

Until the early 1960s the city's center for prostitutes and strip joints was a downtown area known as Scollay Square. But this area was leveled (and renamed Government Center) in an urban renewal project.

Gradually the various businesses resurfaced about a mile away in a rundown garment district that included an assortment of discotheques, theaters and movie houses (regular teen-age brawls in the area led a local newspaper to dub it the combat zone). By the late 1960s the area's movie houses were changing over to X-films and the discotheques had become strip joints.

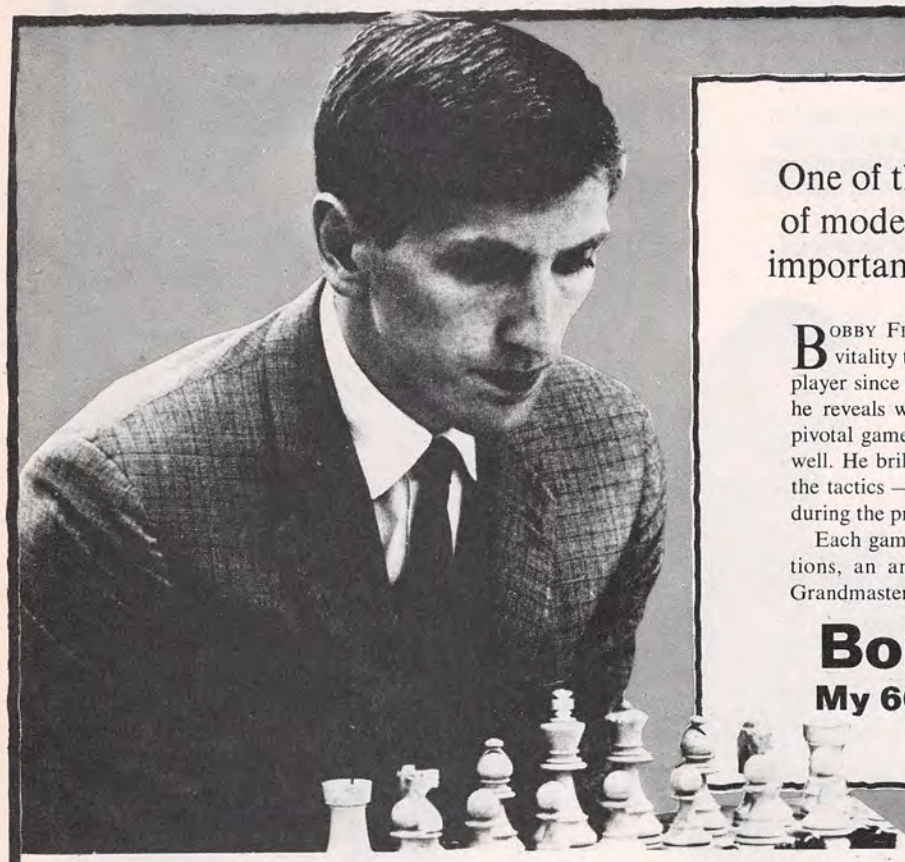
Now that the district has the city's seal of approval, attempts are being made to beautify it. A small sidewalk park, with five trees, was built last summer. Recently a city architect has been busy designing new lighted storefront signs for the various businesses to replace the present hodgepodge of neon and ugly billboards. The architect, John Sloan, says he wants to give the area "a shopping center-type appearance."

Although the area's businesses don't have to put up the new signs (they have to foot the bill) about ten have agreed to, which is indicative of the harmony that now exists between the city and the "porn" merchants. In fact Mr. Sloan says he has become so involved with his assignment that he tends to go beyond his official job of designing signs and storefronts.

Recently he convinced bookstore-owner Mr. Bernard to name one of his stores The Dirty Bookstore, (Mr. Sloan says he thought it "sounded camp"). And, he says, "I'd love to do a sign called Sleazy Girls." □

●

Mr. Gumpert is a Staff Reporter for The Wall Street Journal, *and this article is reprinted with permission of* The Wall Street Journal. *© 1976 Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved.*



One of the greatest chess prodigies of modern times analyzes his most important and representative games

BOBBY FISCHER has brought more excitement and vitality to the American chess scene than any other player since the legendary Paul Morphy. In this book, he reveals what was going on in his mind during his pivotal games, and assesses his opponents' thinking as well. He brilliantly shows the strategic considerations, the tactics – and sometimes the blunders – that occur during the pressure of tournament play.

Each game has, in addition to Fischer's own annotations, an analytical introduction by the American Grandmaster Larry Evans.

Bobby Fischer
My 60 Memorable Games

Cloth $7.95 *(1)*
Paper $2.95 *(2)*

THE CHESS COMPANION
Chess for beginners
AN INVITATION TO CHESS
Logical Chess Move by Move
Irving Chernev
LAST LESSONS
WINNING CHESS
Irving Chernev The 1000 Best Short Games of Chess
CHESS TRAPS
PITFALLS & SWINDLES
HOW TO SET THEM AND HOW TO AVOID THEM
How To Think Ahead in Chess
The Fireside Book of CHESS

Other Simon and Schuster books from the fascinating world of chess

Two excellent introductions for people who would like to know what the game is all about.

CHESS FOR BEGINNERS by I. A. Horowitz (former U.S. Open Champion).
Paper $1.95 *(3)*

AN INVITATION TO CHESS by Irving Chernev (Chess Master and Associate Editor of *Chess Review*) & Kenneth Harkness (Managing Editor of *Chess Review*).
Available only in paper $2.95 *(5)*

Two books to help the average player sharpen his technique – and one about the blunders from which not even masters are immune!

WINNING CHESS: How to See Three Moves Ahead by Irving Chernev & Fred Reinfeld.
Paper $2.95 *(6)*

HOW TO THINK AHEAD IN CHESS: The Methods and Techniques of Planning Your Entire Game by I. A. Horowitz & Fred Reinfeld.
Paper $2.95 *(7)*

CHESS TRAPS, PITFALLS & SWINDLES: How to Set Them and How to Avoid Them by I. A. Horowitz & Fred Reinfeld.
Paper $2.45 *(8)*

THE 1000 BEST SHORT GAMES OF CHESS: A Treasury of Masterpieces in Miniature.
Paper $2.95 *(9)*

LOGICAL CHESS, MOVE BY MOVE. Includes 33 games, with detailed comment on every single move.
Paper $1.95 *(10)*

IDLE PASSION by Alexander Cockburn. A social and psychological history of chess, and investigation of the realities of game playing and of the fantasies people have about it. "A stinking book." —*Newsweek.*
Cloth $7.95 *(11)*

Two cozy, comfortable books for the chess browser – filled with tales, anecdotes, games, problems, epigrams, quizzes, and advice:

THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF CHESS. Selected & edited by Irving Chernev & Fred Reinfeld.
Cloth $8.95 *(12)*; paper $2.95 *(13)*

THE CHESS COMPANION by Irving Chernev.
Cloth $8.95 *(14)*

Please refer to numbers in parentheses after book prices in the ad. *Note that cloth and paper editions of the same book are numbered separately.*

Cavalier: The Last Word
P.O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y., 11558

Please send me the books whose numbers I have circled below, for which I enclose remittance totaling $..... (including applicable sales tax if I am a New York resident). Please add 25¢ per book for postage and handling. If I wish, I may return any or all of the books within 10 days for full refund.

1 2 3 5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12 13 14

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

The Continuing Story of John, Paul, George and Ringo

The ultimate Beatles book is here: the only book to follow the four from their beginnings, through the breakup in 1970, to the present—a dazzling pictorial record of their lives and loves, careers and quarrels, boom times and busts. It includes:

- a calendar of key events—from their loomings in Liverpool right up to the Broadway opening of "Sgt. Pepper . . . on the Road"
- a cut-by-cut critical retrospective of virtually every track the Beatles ever recorded together
- a chronological analysis of their solo recordings since the breakup
- a guide to Beatle bootleg albums
- over 200 illustrations, many of them in full color—publicity photos, candids, album covers, early ads, souvenirs, rare curios
- miscellaneous wit and wisdom (including the entire text of John's speech in acceptance of Britain's prestigious Foyle's Literary Prize: "Thank you very much. You've got a lucky face.")
- complete discographies including recording credits, release dates, record labels, and track listings
- notes on the Beatle movies
- lots, lots more

Will the Beatles reunite? Count down the days to Beatles II with THE BEATLES: *An Illustrated Record* . . . a way to get back homeward.

THE BEATLES

by ROY CARR and TONY TYLER

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD

Harmony books

Size 12" x 12", paper $6.95. Use coupon to order.

New York residents please include sales tax.

Cavalier: The Last Word
P.O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Please send me *The Beatles: An Illustrated Record* as indicated below for which I enclose check or money order (including 75¢ per book for postage and handling). If not completely satisfied, I may return book(s) postpaid within 10 days for full refund.

_____copy(ies) paperbound @ $6.95

Enclosed is my check or money order for _____

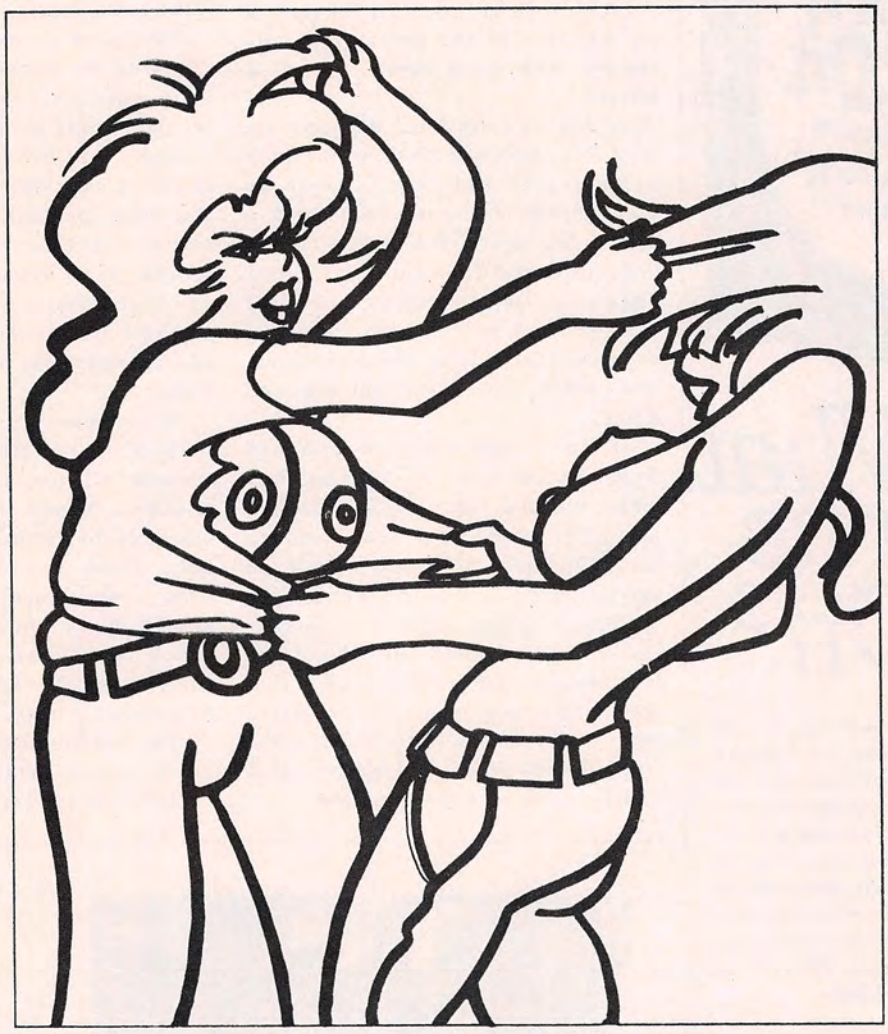
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Readers' Hang-Ups:

Fighting Fems



● Apparently a number of your readers get turned on by the spectacle of two women engaging in a cat fight. The following experience of my own last New Year's Eve may be of interest to them.

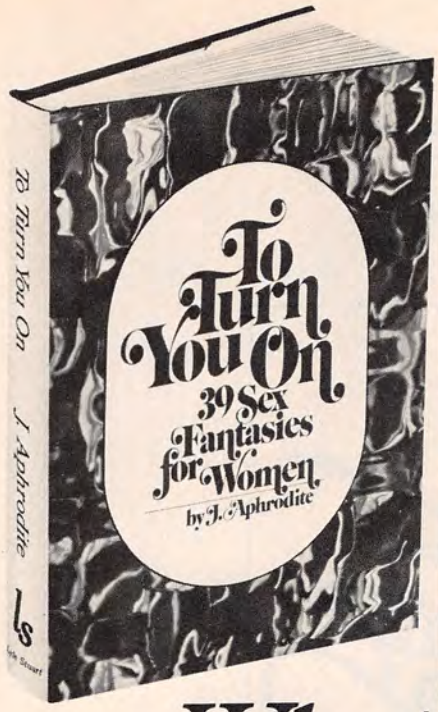
I am a woman, twenty-five years old, and I have a figure that I am extremely proud of. I have a husband who generally stays in line. We were at a party New Year's Eve at a friend's apartment and everyone, including myself, got a bit drunk.

About two a.m. I was feeling no pain, and went looking for my husband. Someone told me that I could probably find him with a gal named Jerry, who I didn't particularly care for and who was always flirting with my guy. Well, I found them all right—in a closet—and they weren't exactly casual. As a matter of fact, she had her hand in his pants. Naturally, I saw red—called them both a couple of names and took after Jerry with murder in my heart.

I grabbed her by the hair and jerked her out of the closet. She screamed and went for my hair and we went around and around pulling each other's hair and punching each other and screaming insults. Neither of us paid much attention to anything else, but a crowd gathered around us, some shouting encouragement and others trying to stop the fight. It couldn't have been too long before my husband and another man pried us apart and held our arms to keep us from tearing each other apart. All the while we kept calling each other names and hurling insults. Neither of us wanted to quit.

Apparently, most of the men (and probably the women) were enjoying our little cat fight, and almost everyone was urging those restraining us to let us fight it out. Someone suggested that we strip down to bra and pants and have a wrestling match; that way, no one could get hurt and everyone would enjoy a little spectator sport.

I quickly agreed that I would like nothing better than to get my hands again on that pig, Jerry, and pull the rest of her hair out. She replied that she had almost finished the fight and



What Turns Her On?

You'll find the answers in this collection of thirty-nine sex fantasies —fascinating reading for you and your mate. This collection was put together after intensive research among women. TO TURN YOU ON is bound to be one of the most talked about books not only because of its real appeal to women but because it tells men something new about women. Order your copy today . . . only $8.00!

CAVALIER: The Last Word
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Please send me a copy of To Turn You On. Enclosed is my check or money order for $8.00 plus 60¢ to cover postage and handling. (N.Y. residents please add appropriate sales tax.)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

that it wouldn't take much longer for her to finish me. It was agreed that we would retire briefly to the bedrooms to slip out of our dresses and that the fight would continue as soon as we were ready. I was just as glad to get out of my dress before it was ruined, as it was new and one I really liked. One of the other women was appointed to act as a second for each of us, and one of the men agreed, obviously with great relish, to act as referee.

A few minutes later we were led back into the living room, where quite a large area had been cleared by pushing the furniture back and a square ring provided by loose clothes lines suspended from furniture. Everyone cheered as I entered the ropes—the men whistled and the girls cheered. I was now clad only in a black brassiere and panties, garter belt and hose and shoes.

A few minutes later Jerry appeared from another bedroom—in a strapless white bra and panty outfit hose and heels. She glared at me and I taunted her, "I'll teach you to stay away from my husband," and issued some other threats. I looked at her appraisingly, and I had to admit that she was a beautiful woman with a figure that would turn any man on. She was a couple of years older than I—blonde, with a kind of cute expression that men love and other women hate.

Someone gave each of us another drink and the referee came into the ring and announced the rules. He explained that the men had all agreed on the rules of the match, that there would be five minute rounds, that almost all holds and grips were permitted, but that gouging and clawing would be out, as they didn't want either of us hurt.

He called us to the center of the ring with our seconds where he laughingly instructed us to demonstrate that we didn't have anything hidden on our persons. All the while Jerry and I glared at each other and the others in the room shouted encouragement to one or the other of us. My husband looked very ashamed, said he was sorry, and that he didn't want me to get hurt. But he didn't try to talk me out of the fight that was about to begin.

We returned to our corners and both of us strutted around a little, showed off our figures, flexed our muscles and told the crowd what we would do to our opponent. If I hadn't been drunk I probably would have been embarrassed to be parading around in my bra and pants before a bunch of couples. But I was really enjoying myself and looking forward to getting my hands on Jerry.

The bell sounded and we proceeded slowly to the center of the ring. We circled each other warily and gradually

HIS BEST GHOUL-FRIENDS. Bristol, Connecticut's Cortlandt Hull poses with two of his fiendish creations for a private horror museum he is building. The museum will feature famous movie monsters and we wouldn't want to spend the night locked up in the place with these scary characters. It's enough to make you run home to mummy.

Amazing breakthrough in "Inner Body Exploration"...

OPEN YOUR WORLD TO SENSUAL, EMOTIONAL AND INTELLECTUAL KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM!

BIO-COMPUTER™ SCIENTIFICALLY CHARTS THE THREE MAJOR RHYTHMS OF YOUR LIFE.

The difference between the rich and the poor... the strong and the weak... the plain and the beautiful ...is timing! You've always "felt" that was true. *Now, science has proven it!*

World-famous researchers working at the Rockefeller Institute, Syracuse University and the Swiss Institute of Technology in Zurich have **measured and charted** the three great biological rhythms of man: the emotional, intellectual and physical cycles.

HUNDREDS OF SCIENTIFIC TEXTBOOKS SUPPORT THE CLINICAL EVIDENCE

You are a rhythmic, cyclical individual. We all are. This rhythmic quality was noted by Sigmund Freud nearly 90 years ago and research on biological rhythms has continued since then.

Some days you feel physically great, other days you don't. Some days are emotionally bright and sunny, others are dismal and depressed. Some days your mind feels "sharp as a razor," while other days you'd rather not think.

BIO-COMPUTER™ LETS YOU CHART YOUR BIOLOGICAL RHYTHMS!

Body cycles have been **measured** to show **consistency:**

- Your Physical Cycle is 23 days
- Your Intellectual Cycle is 33 days
- Your Emotional Cycle is 28 days

Millions of bits of information have been computerized and programmed into a small – but precision-made – instrument – a BIO-COMPUTER.

*For years, thousands of individuals have paid up to $500.00 to have their personal biological rhythm chart created **for just one year!** Now, computer technology and miniaturization have made bio-rhythms available to everyone.*

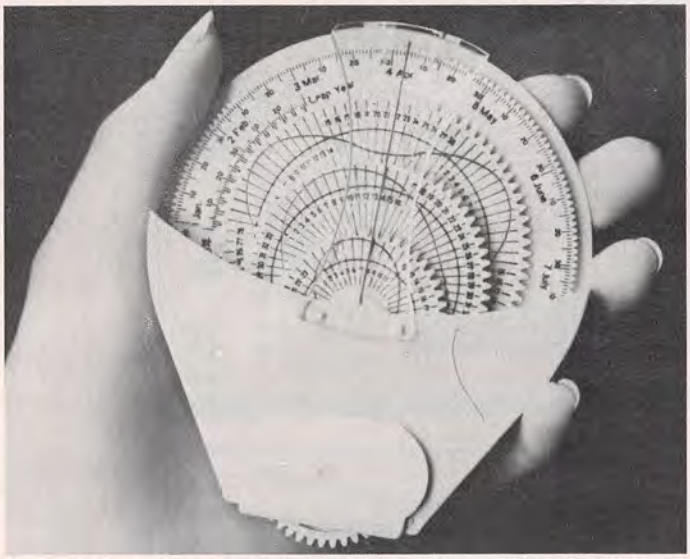
The result of hundreds of man-years of scientific research, the BIO-COMPUTER lets you calculate **when** your natural strengths and talents can **best be used** to your greatest advantage.

When will you be "wisest" in business? When will you be at your "physical peak" to make the most of your love life? When will your emotions be their most exuberant and rewarding?

YOUR NATURAL BIOLOGICAL RHYTHMS ARE NOW PREDICTABLE! BIO-COMPUTER LETS YOU CHART ANYONE'S FOR ANY DAY OF ANY YEAR! Forecast moods, health and intellectual prowess through your biological cycles with this ingenious product of research, computer technology and miniaturization!

How BIO-COMPUTER Will Make Your Life Richer, Fuller, More Beautiful—In Every Way!

*With the ability to tap your own physical, emotional and intellectual natural resources **at precisely the right time**—the benefits are limitless!*



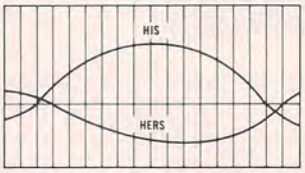
YOU CAN CHART YOUR BIO-RHYTHMS, YOUR FAMILY'S... ANYONE'S IN MINUTES!

SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS ARE ENHANCED AT TIMES OF SYNCHRONIZED BODY BEATS

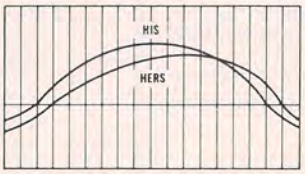
Again, timing. Sometimes everything feels "just right" between you and your sexual partner. At other times the relationship seems to be lacking a compatability—a real emotional and physical union.

Often this is the result of opposing biological rhythms in the two of you. Now, you can actually predict those times... and you can predict the periods of **greatest sexual compatability**... and make use of them!

MIS-MATCHED BODY BEATS



MATCHED BODY BEATS



CREATING "YOUR PERFECT BODY" IS EASIER... WHEN YOU DO IT AT "THE RIGHT TIME!"

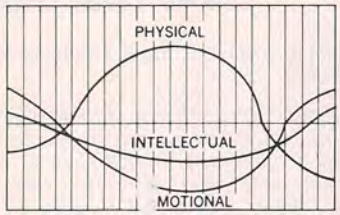
Ever notice how sometimes it's easier to lose weight, exercise and shape-up than at other times? Think about that physical cycle—when you're at your performance peak. **That's** the time to concentrate on beautifying your body because **that's** the time when all of your physical activity will pay the greatest rewards!

BIO-COMPUTER enables you to predict those periods of peak physical performance and make the most of them. There's **never** been an opportunity like this!

YOUR CHILDREN CAN BE THE BIO-COMPUTER "BIG WINNERS!"

Generally, children follow their bio-rhythms instinctively. They're under less pressure not to, so they more easily let Nature take its course.

How much easier it'll make your life when you can see and understand your children's bio-rhythmic cycles!



At this particular time, the child whose cycles are shown above is in a low-performance emotional and intellectual phase while his physical performance is at its peak.

The more you're aware of what's going on in your children's bodies, the easier it is for you to help and understand.

HOW BIO-COMPUTER CAN ADD DOLLARS TO YOUR INCOME AND MAKE YOUR DOLLAR GO FURTHER!

When your intellectual cycle is at its peak, your decisions in business have a greater probability of being the right ones. That means success and financial reward!

That's also the time to make your major purchases: homes, cars and appliances. You'll be a better buyer because you'll be a wiser negotiator . . . and that will mean extra money for **you!**

Try it for just a couple months and note your increased ability to spend your money **wisely,** save more and enjoy all the fruits of greater buying confidence.

PROFESSORS, BUSINESSMEN USE ADVANCE BIO-RHYTHM KNOWLEDGE HOW DOCTORS, ATHLETES,

We would calculate the body rhythm of the patient to determine the best day for surgery.
Dr. Eugene Bircher, Physician/Surgeon

Being able to chart the bio-rhythms of team members has enabled me to offer my athletes better training schedules, which has resulted in finer performances.
Jack Gunthard, Olympic Gymnastic Coach

My financial success is due in great part to my understanding of my Body Clock. Because I pressed on good days—I got more done. Then I slacked off on bad days and didn't worry about it.
Alfred Morningside, Business Industrialist

Without my Bio-Computer telling me what I can expect of myself —I think I would have cracked under the pressure.
Julie Hairston, Women's Review Writer

I've been able to determine the body rhythms of my family and children. Now we can understand each other better. There is less friction.
Dorothy Proctor, Housewife—4 children

ASTOUND YOURSELF FOR 30 DAYS WITH THE AMAZING ACCURACY OF BIO-COMPUTER—OR RETURN FOR A FULL REFUND!

The only way the Bio-Computer can analyze and predict **your personal body rhythms**—the knowledge of which you can use to better your life in every way—is for you to invite the Bio-Computer into your home.

Live with it. Use it. Calculate your bio-rhythmic cycles. Your children's. Your friends'. Even your business acquaintances. Write them all down.

If you're not completely astounded with the overall accuracy of this device, simply return it within 30 days for a full 100% refund.

FREE BIO-COMPUTER™ 30 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Bio-Computer
c/o Cavalier, The Last Word
P.O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Please RUSH my personal Bio-Computer with the easy-to-understand illustrated instruction book. I'm enclosing $20.00 to cover all costs, including postage. If I'm not completely satisfied with the Bio-Computer, I can return it within 30 days for a full 100% refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

LIMITED EDITION
FOR COLLECTORS AND INVESTORS
Authentic, hand made and beautifully detailed, this Revolutionary War Cannon is complete with ramrod and fire bucket. You get a numbered parchment registration certificate.

ONLY $15
COMMEMORATIVE SOCIETY
BRASS FINISH WITH RICH WALNUT BASE
DEPT. CA-21 BOX 1891 · WILMINGTON, DEL. 19899
PLEASE ADD $1 FOR POSTAGE – NO C.O.D.'s PLEASE

700 GIRLS
Waiting and Wanting — a man like YOU — for Friendship, Romance, Love and Marriage. YOU'll find Her in world's finest PHOTO ALBUM of 700 Beautiful Girls worldwide. ONLY $4. Promptly Air-mail.
ROYAL CLUB
Fack CV
S-182 02 Danderyd, SWEDEN

Thanks it's working
United Way

ISN'T IT TIME WE DEFENDED OURSELVES AGAINST MUGGERS, RAPISTS AND ATTACKERS?

Will you be a victim of a criminal attack? Don't be afraid of going out ... anytime, anyplace. Defend yourself, your loved ones and your home against attackers with this high quality, dependable 8-shot non-lethal .22 caliber tear gas revolver. Fires 8 shots, in seconds, to stop one or even a gang of attackers instantly. Solid metal construction by skilled European craftsmen. Don't buy a cheap metal or plastic imitation that might misfire or jam when needed.

ONLY $24.98 ADD $5.00 FOR 25 ROUNDS AND PREPAID, INSURED DELIVERY. NO C.O.D.'S PLEASE.
FITS EASILY IN PURSE OR POCKET
DEFENDER DEPT. CA-26 • NEW CASTLE, DEL. 19720

X rated

LOVE GAMES

The Sexy Neighbor—Temptations of a Tutor—The Virgin—Sleeping Beauty—The Rape—Back Row of the Movie—plus 30 more!

Don't just **think** about your sex fantasies. Do it! First of all, friendly exercises to get you in the mood. Then, once you and your partner are warmed up, toss the dice and play your fantasy. In case there's any doubt, a special rule decides who's to be the aggressor. A handsome, durably bound book fully details each and every fantasy by way of Setting, Mood, Seduction. The last word in creative playthings, this game is X-rated. Adults only. Deluxe gift edition comes boxed with 2 finely wrought, oversize dice. For couples who care! Limited time only! $8.95!

Cavalier: The Last Word Love Games
P.O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y., 11558

Please send ( ) game(s) at $8.95 each. Enclosed is _____
New York residents add appropriate sales tax.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

got closer and closer until I suddenly grabbed for her blonde locks and she went for mine. We wrapped our arms around each other and began to struggle. I tried to thrust my leg between her's to trip her, and I could feel her silk stocking legs rubbing against mine as we went back and forth.

I finally succeeded in getting my arm around her neck and forcing her back, tripping her, and we fell to the soft carpet together. We were gasping for breath and didn't have much to say to each other as we struggled. We rolled over and over trying to gain the advantage—pulling hair—trying to apply arm locks and scissors. All the while the spectators were going wild.

We must have gone at it for ten or fifteen minutes, first one and then the other getting the advantage when she succeeded in getting my head locked between her legs and began pulling my hair in earnest while I tried to punch her in the tummy. I twisted around trying to get out of her leg scissors and she was behind me.

Suddenly, I could feel her unfasten my bra and then I could feel her hands come around me and grab my breasts. I screamed and tore her legs from my midriff and jumped to my feet—holding my arms in front of my exposed boobs. Meanwhile she began to laugh and point at me to the crowd. I couldn't stand this and I ran at her and reached out grabbed her strapless bra in both my hands and pulled it down, revealing her two large breasts with large red nipples.

The men in the audience were going out of their minds, and I saw my husband staring at the two of us like he had never seen anything before. Just then the bell sounded the end of another round and we returned to our corners. Neither of us showed any interest in replacing our bras and I am sure we both realized the effect this was having on the others. I know that I enjoyed showing my boobs off, and I also found myself excited at the prospect of a topless wrestling match with this girl who had tried to make time with my husband.

As the bell sounded for the next round, we looked at each other in a different way, I'm sure. Jerry looked strangely attractive—her hair was dishevelled, but the sight of her clad only in panties and hose, with her arms outstretched, knowing that I must look to her much the same, and the prospect of the two of us as we looked

Our Betting Schedules Are The Only Logical Answer To Big WINNINGS!

Year Round Methods For Steady Investors.

For The Amount Invested, No Other Methods Protect Your Bets To Be A WINNER!

LET'S MAKE YOU A WINNER!

Astounding Method to beat the

Trifectas, Exactas
(Big Triples)
& Daily Doubles

Make A Pile. . $. . With A Smile!
At All Racetracks!. . . Trotters-Flats-(OTB)
Learn To Protect Your Bets With A

Double-Your-Money-Back-Guarantee!

The Most Talked About Wagering Instructions In America!

Put this new knowledge to immediate use for astounding results. The main difference lies in the way one places his bets.

PLAN 1: TRIFECTAS

Trifectas pay off in the thousands!
Play like the professionals do.

Learn how to protect your bets in a manner so that you can play up to more than 60 different Trifecta combinations and still **be a winner. . .even if you do not hit the Trifecta!**

Our mode of betting is the only logical answer to big winnings. BET ON IT! There's no bigger winnings than Trifectas.

Our methods are unbeatable! Pick them and wheel'em with protection. The main difference lies in the way one places his bets. For only $20 we will send you this fascinating money-maker with complete instructions NEVER BEFORE DISCLOSED.

PLANS 2 & 3: EXACTAS & DAILY DOUBLES

As an introductory bonus special, we will include our $20 Exacta and $20 Daily Double Plans 2 & 3. . .BOTH FOR ONLY $20. . . .($10 with Plan 1).

These betting schedules **differ** from Trifecta Plan 1. They're prepared in a manner so that you can also BE A WINNER **even if you do not pick the Exacta or Daily Double.**

Our protection methods perform with an accuracy second to none. So much so that even BEGINNERS ARE WINNERS!

They're the biggest money-makers since racing originated.

Our betting schedules are a goldmine of information, designed with simplicity to assure you repeated visits to the cashier's window for the biggest payoffs!

GET THE ACTION THE EXPERTS USE.
THE ACTION WITH PROTECTION FOR BIG WINNINGS!

© *1974 M.C. Corbin*

Money Order + 80c
For Overnite Delivery.

Approved by THE INSTITUTE OF CREATIVE IDEAS

Mail Order Form Today!
Make Dough Like A "Pro"
Tomorrow!

Please send me your mode of betting the Trifectas Protection Plan 1 for $20. As an introductory bonus special, include Plans 2 & 3. YOU GUARANTEE ME DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK IF PLANS 1, 2 OR 3 DO NOT PROVE RESULTS AS DESCRIBED.

Enclosed is my check or Money Order

Trifecta Plan 1 . . . . . $20 ☐ Exacta & Daily Double Plans 2 & 3 . . . . $20 ☐

Trifecta, Exacta & Daily Double Plans 1, 2 & 3 . . . . . $30 ☐

Mail to: M.C. CORBIN

c/o CAVALIER, P.O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y., 11558

Name (Print Clearly) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

No Other Methods Can Be Played With Such Simplicity and Low Cost, And Yet Be A WINNER, Even If You Do Not Pick The Trifecta, Exacta or Daily Double.

With Our Plans 1, 2 & 3, You Increase The Odds In Your Favor To Be A WINNER!

OUR METHOD'S
The Trend. . .Friend
BE A WINNER!
The Main Difference Lies In The Way One Places His Bets!

BLOW YOURSELF UP TO POSTER SIZE

2 feet by 3 feet

Blow up yourself, your chick, or your favorite scene. Get your own huge blow-up poster! Send us any black and white or color photo from wallet size to 8" x 10". We send you a 2 ft. x 3 ft. blow-up along with your original photo.

WAY-OUT POP-ART!
GIANT PERSONAL GREETING CARD!
PERFECT TO WALLPAPER YOUR PAD.

THE MAIL BOX
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y. 11558

[ ] Black/white blow-ups @ $5.50 ea.
[ ] Full-color blow-ups @ $15.00 ea.
[ ] Frames for 2' x 3' posters, $5.00 ea.
All post paid.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....Zip.....
N.Y. residents add appropriate tax.

to the onlookers—two women, grappling with each other in the center of the room, bare bosoms thrust out at one another—had my blood pounding.

This time as we came together our tits brushed against each other, and caused a strange sensation. We reached our arms around each others necks and began to wrestle once more. We became very conscious of each others breasts, as though they were getting in each others way.

Finally, we grabbed each other's boobs and continued to wrestle each other. I had never had an experience like this before. I had been in fights with other women before but never in the nude, and never in a situation where we were mauling each others boobs. We fell to the carpet again and continued grappling. I caught an occasional glance of the people in the crowd and they must have been sexually stimulated by watching us.

When the bell sounded to end the next round, we continued fighting—grabbing each other, playing with each other, not really hurting each other, sometimes caressing the other's boobs, still trying to apply hammer locks, arm locks and other holds.

Finally, we wrestled into a position where our heads lay in opposite direction and we each applied scissor holds on the others head.

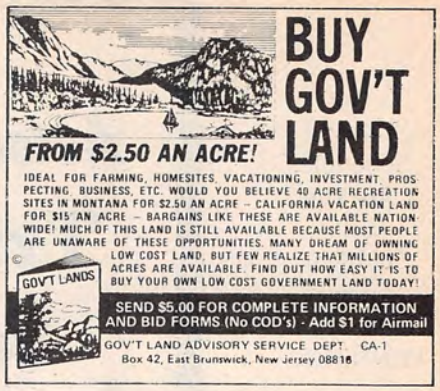
Both of us must have been exhausted as the fight had already lasted almost an hour. We lay there motionless for a while, and finally the referee came to us and asked if we were ready to quit. My husband knelt down by us and suggested that we call it a draw, that we had put on a great show, and that everyone had called it the most exciting spectacle they had ever seen.

I said that I wouldn't release my hold unless Jerry apologized for flirting with my husband and promised not to do it again. This she did, and finally we each released our head scissors and let each other up. Everyone cheered us as we did so, and we finally shook hands and left the room.

I am sure there will be some wrestling matches in the future when our group gets together again!—Mrs. J.M., Seattle. □

●

Address your
"Speak Out!" letters to:
Cavalier Magazine
316 Aragon Ave.,
Coral Gables, Fla. 33134


BUY GOV'T LAND
FROM $2.50 AN ACRE!
IDEAL FOR FARMING, HOMESITES, VACATIONING, INVESTMENT, PROSPECTING, BUSINESS, ETC. WOULD YOU BELIEVE 40 ACRE RECREATION SITES IN MONTANA FOR $2.50 AN ACRE – CALIFORNIA VACATION LAND FOR $15 AN ACRE – BARGAINS LIKE THESE ARE AVAILABLE NATIONWIDE! MUCH OF THIS LAND IS STILL AVAILABLE BECAUSE MOST PEOPLE ARE UNAWARE OF THESE OPPORTUNITIES. MANY DREAM OF OWNING LOW COST LAND, BUT FEW REALIZE THAT MILLIONS OF ACRES ARE AVAILABLE. FIND OUT HOW EASY IT IS TO BUY YOUR OWN LOW COST GOVERNMENT LAND TODAY!
GOV'T LANDS
SEND $5.00 FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION AND BID FORMS (No COD's) - Add $1 for Airmail
GOV'T LAND ADVISORY SERVICE DEPT. CA-1
Box 42, East Brunswick, New Jersey 08816

CAVALIER Subscription Dept.
Box 31, Mount Morris, Ill., 61054

1 year $18.00 in U.S. and territories. $19.00 in Canada. $20.00 in all other countries. Foreign subscriptions should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds.

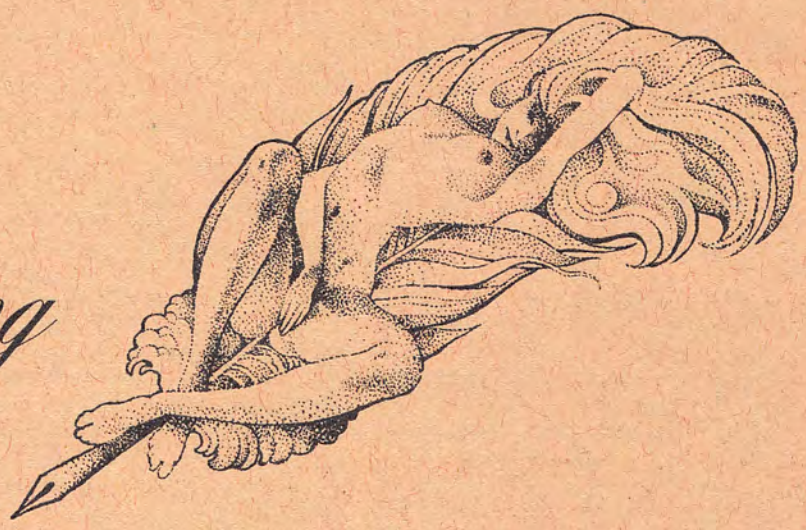
I am enclosing $.....
For .....1-year subscription(s).

Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....Zip.....

If you'd like Michael Zimmer to consider your letter for analysis, please send your one page letter to him c/o Cavalier, 316 Aragon Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida, 33134. Persons not wishing their identity divulged should so indicate in their letter. All letters will receive consideration, and the final selection for analysis will be made by Mr. Zimmer. All letters upon receipt become the property of Mr. Zimmer. When writing a letter for analysis be sure to state your age, sex and whether you are right- or left-handed.



Handwriting And Your Sensuality

Analyses of readers' letters by Graphologist Michael Zimmer.

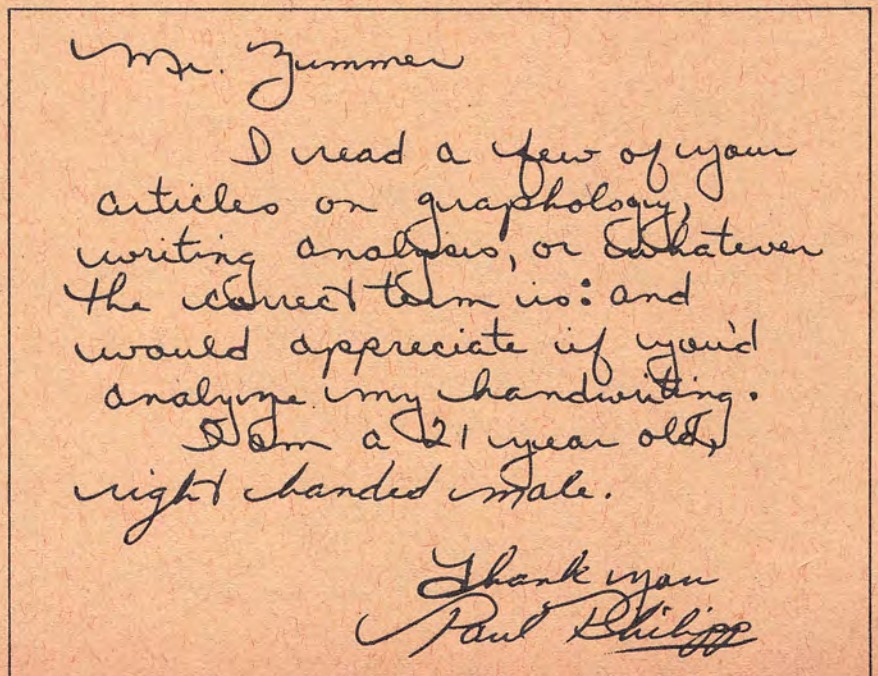
Analysis of Paul

Paul has two outstanding graphics that color his entire script. The first one is his slant. He writes with a ninety-degree angle. Paul displays his reserve and independence in this graphic. There is nothing about him that is hasty or impulsive. His intellect is in control of his emotions. He is a proud fellow given to weighing his words in a manner that is mature beyond his years. To many he seems stand-offish and hard to approach. It is a pose he carries off rather well. If you look at the last sentence you will see it slants to the right. Paul's signature is also right-slanted and these rightward leanings show he is not what his surface personality pretends it is.

The other graphic I spoke of is his lower zone. Look at "graphology" in the second line. The loops on the two g's and the y are very full and long. All three of these letters are so long that they go into the line beneath them. There are several other examples of this graphic throughout the letter. Paul's lower loops are both long and full. The fulness of his projections reveal him as a man who has strong material interests. He would make a great salesman, as money is very important to him. Paul is practical, good at details and quite sentimental.

There is another aspect of his character seen in his lower zone. Paul is a very sensual guy. He loves the ladies and is capable of providing them with an experience that is both pleasurable and memorable. Paul's potent sensuality is not being used to its fullest extent. Notice the loop on the g in "writing" at the start of line three. It has all of the fulness and length of the other loops plus one more graphic. Like the loop on the y in "analysis" in line three, the loop is not closed. Unclosed lower loops are a sign of an unsatisfied sensual desire. When you are as virile as Paul is, you need a harem to keep you happy.

Paul has a fairly good number of disconnected words in his script. The first time this graphic shows up is in "graphology" in line two. There are breaks between the first g and the r and the second o and the second g in "graphology." Several other words have breaks too. Disconnected writing is an indication of possible musical or artistic talent. It is a definite sign of ESP. Paul often knows what is going to happen before it does. He relies on intuition rather than logic, although he prides himself on his logical thinking. Paul's thought process is an inductive


Mr. Zimmer

I read a few of your articles on graphology, writing analysis, or whatever the correct term is: and would appreciate if you'd analyze my handwriting.

I'm a 21 year old, right handed male.

Thank you
Paul Phillips

one in which he reasons from particular to general and his particular is based on intuitive or "gut" feelings. It is from this he feels he is logical in his thinking. Paul's disconnected writing also shows him to be witty, independent and imaginative. Paul has a lot going for him.

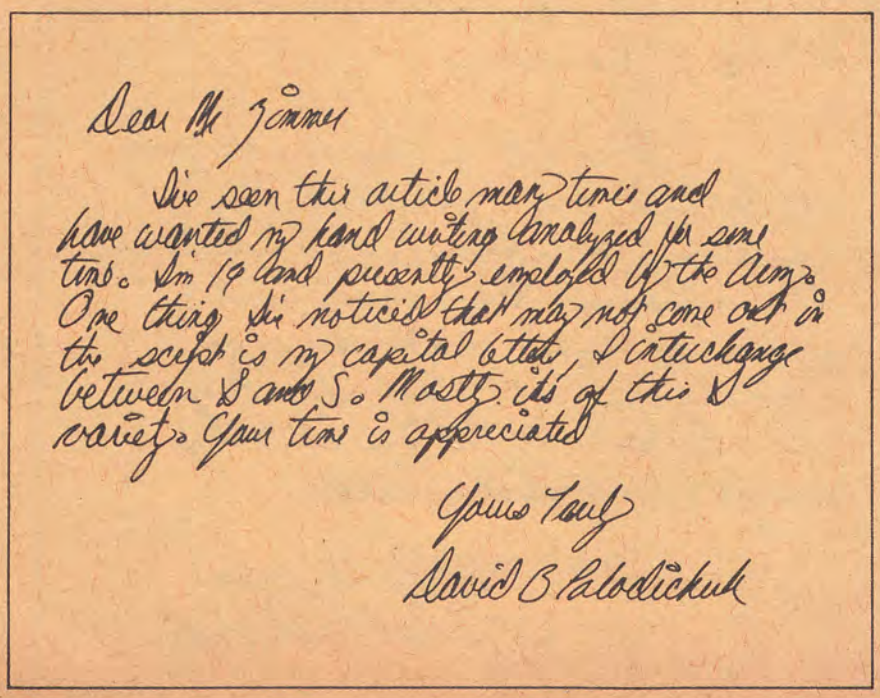
Analysis of David

There is a precision like sharpness to this writing. It is almost as though the strokes David made were like surgical incisions, they are so acute. Sharp writing is unusual to find in such a young fellow. This type of writing is indicative of a very refined young man who is also quite idealistic. David has a strong moral sense of right and wrong that is almost old testament in its intensity. It is hard for him to see issues in grays as his view of things is black and white. He is a self-disciplined fellow who is inclined to be critical. David is as critical of himself as he is of others.

David is a good man at anything that requires great attention to detail. I spoke of the precision-like sharpness of his script and he has one other graphic that underlines this finding of meticulousness. Look at "is" in the last line of the letter. There are two interesting things about the word "is." The first is the placement of the i-dot. The i is dotted exactly over the stem of the letter. David does not do this consistently but it shows up a couple of times. Precisely placed i-dots are a sign of exactness and a love of detail work. The second graphic in "is" is the unusual circular shape of the i-dot. Circular i-dots are a mark of playfulness and self-consciousness. This graphic reflects the lighter side of David.

In the body of this letter there is not one lead-in stroke. Look at "that" in line four. The t in "that" starts with an immediate downstroke, as does the h in "handwriting" at the start of line two. David has eliminated the unnecessary part of the letter but he has not impaired the legibility in any way. David has simplified his script and this is a sign of a good mind. He grasps ideas and concepts well. David is tough to give a snow job to as his mind can quickly strip away the essential from the unimportant. He has a fine sense of purpose and objectivity.

There are not many signs of sensuality in this script. This is rather typical of the sharp writer. They (sharp writers) are spiritual in nature and pleasures of the flesh are not as important to them as to others. However David does have about three very long lower loops. Notice the loop on the y in "presently" in line three for a good example. These lower extensions do show David has a normal interest in sex and is capable of being a competent lover. It is in this area that the playfulness I spoke of earlier manifests itself. His girl will be in for a real surprise, as David will drop some of his austere behavior in the bedroom. David is a bright young fellow who is not giving full vent to his youth. He needs to loosen up to achieve his potential.



Dear Mr Zimmer

Ive seen this article many times and have wanted my hand writing analyzed for some time. Im 19 and presently employed by the Army. One thing Ive noticed that may not come out in the script is my capital letter, I alternate between S and S. Mostly its of this S variety. Your time is appreciated

Yours Truly
David S Palodichuk

Analysis of Nell

Nell is a woman who combines intellect with sensuality in a happy merger of both talents. She has some beautiful graphic simplifications in her script. Nell makes many of her g's like a figure-eight. Look at the g in "ago" at the end of line four for a perfect example. This graphic is frequently found in the scripts of people who have literary talent and is always a sign of cultural interests. Nell is no exception to this rule. The ease and fluidity of the graphic is the mark of a mind that thinks in a rapid fashion. Nell easily translates her thoughts into words and is a good speaker. Nell never learned this form in school. It is an innovative and purposeful way of writing that demonstrates her keen mind.

The sensuality in Nell's writing is seen in a graphic called pastosity. Pastosity refers to letters that are inked in. The first time this graphic appears is in the a of "fan" in line one. It is repeated several times in other words. Pastose writing is a sure-fire sign of a sensual nature. Nell likes the physical pleasures that life has to offer. These pleasures run the gamut from food to sex. The senses of sight and touch really turn Nell on. She loves to cuddle, hold hands and all other little physical manifestations of affection. It is essential for her happiness. Sports like swimming would be great for her. The water provides a sensual stimulation that she likes. Nell is a natural skinny-dipper. It gives her both the visual and tactile stimulation she loves.

There are elements of a strong interest in topics of a spiritual or mystic nature in Nell's script. Look at the ending stroke on the r in "Zimmer" in the salutation. The r takes off in a straight vertical line. Nell is taking reality and putting it on a level that is easier to cope with. It is a defense of rationalization and when things get tough it provides a normal outlet for her. This type of ending stroke is frequently found in the scripts of people who have an interest in the occult.

Nell uses a highly connected script. There are only three breaks between the letters in her words in the entire letter. Connected writing reveals an abstract thought process. Nell can conceive ideas but is not a concrete or visual kind of thinker. Her mind works in a deductive fashion. Nell reasons from general to particular. If Nell is interested in some project, it will be done and done well. The reverse is true, should she be disinterested in her work. Notice the i in "avid" in line one. It is dotted precisely over the

stem. Now look at the i in "article" in line five. It is not dotted at all. These two opposing traits show the ambivalence in her outlook. Apart from this minor fault, Nell is a together, mature and sensual woman.

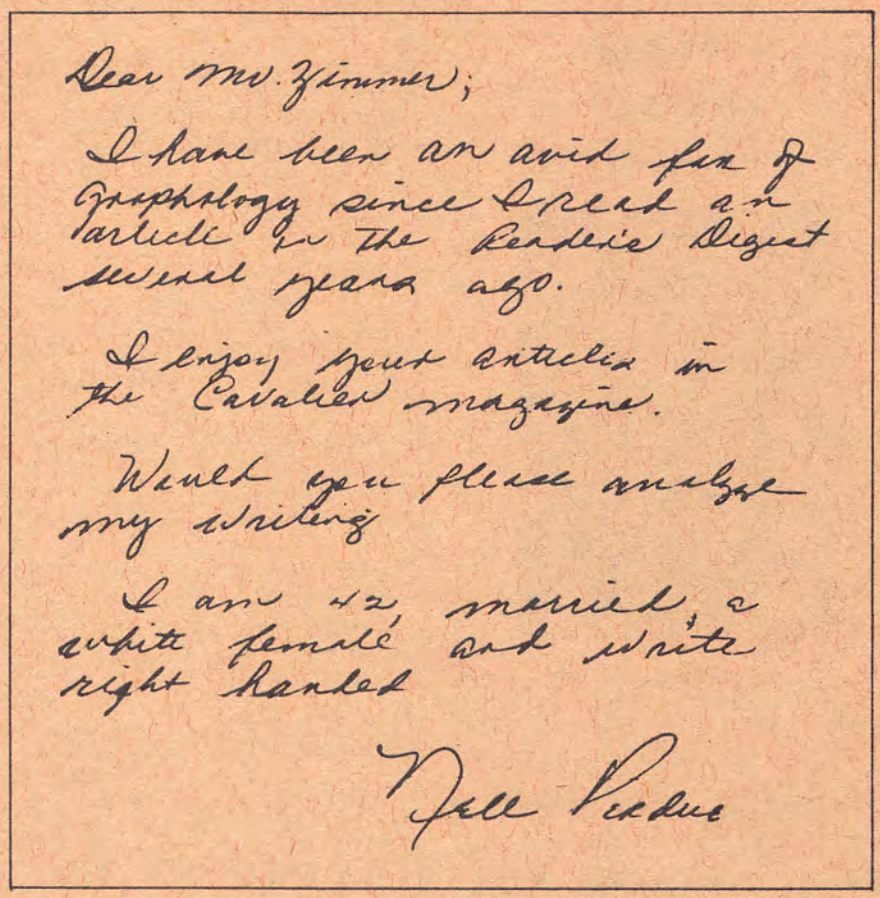
Analysis of "Doc"

"Doc" has asked us not to use his last name, but it starts with an S. It is fascinating to note that "Doc's" last name begins with an S. Fascinating because of the way he writes the personal pronoun I. The very first word in this letter is "I" and the I is shaped like a capital S. This is Doc's unconscious way of calling attention to himself. He has a very good self-concept. The height of the first "I" is about twice the height of the capital D in "Doc." Doc is a man who believes in himself and in what he can do. He can come on a bit strong if he feels you are pompous or phoney.

If I had to sum Doc up in one word, it would be, impatient. There is a haste to this script that accounts for what he calls "chicken-scratch." Look at the word "interested" at the end of line five for a splendid example. Both of the t's have their t-bars to the right of the stem. Go to the next word, "to," and you will see the same formation. When t-bars are flung to the right of the stem, it is a sign of speed, enthusiasm and great mental agility. Don't give Doc anything to do that will require him to perform in a routine and precise manner. He has too much drive and need for change to keep it up for long. Doc loves a challenge, but when he masters it, he must go on to some other endeavor.

The upper zone is very pronounced in this script. The letters that require an upper loop, like d's, h's, t's and the like, are all quite inflated. Essentially they all show the same thing. Doc is a bit of a dreamer who has a most vivid imagination. He is a sensitive man with a mind that never rests. Doc is a good abstract thinker and despite the fact that some of his ideas are on the fringe, he has a real sense of tradition.

When it comes to women, Doc puts his speed in high gear. If a young lady appeals to him, he comes on in a rush. This does not always work to his advantage as it can scare off prospective girlfriends. Doc has a good sex drive that is seen in two graphics. Look at "now" at the start of line five and you will see the o is inked in. This is one sign of his sensuality. The most prominent indication is the pressure he exerted in his script and this can't be seen in *Cavalier's* reproduction. However it is there and gives further evidence of his vitality and determina-



Dear Mr. Zimmer;

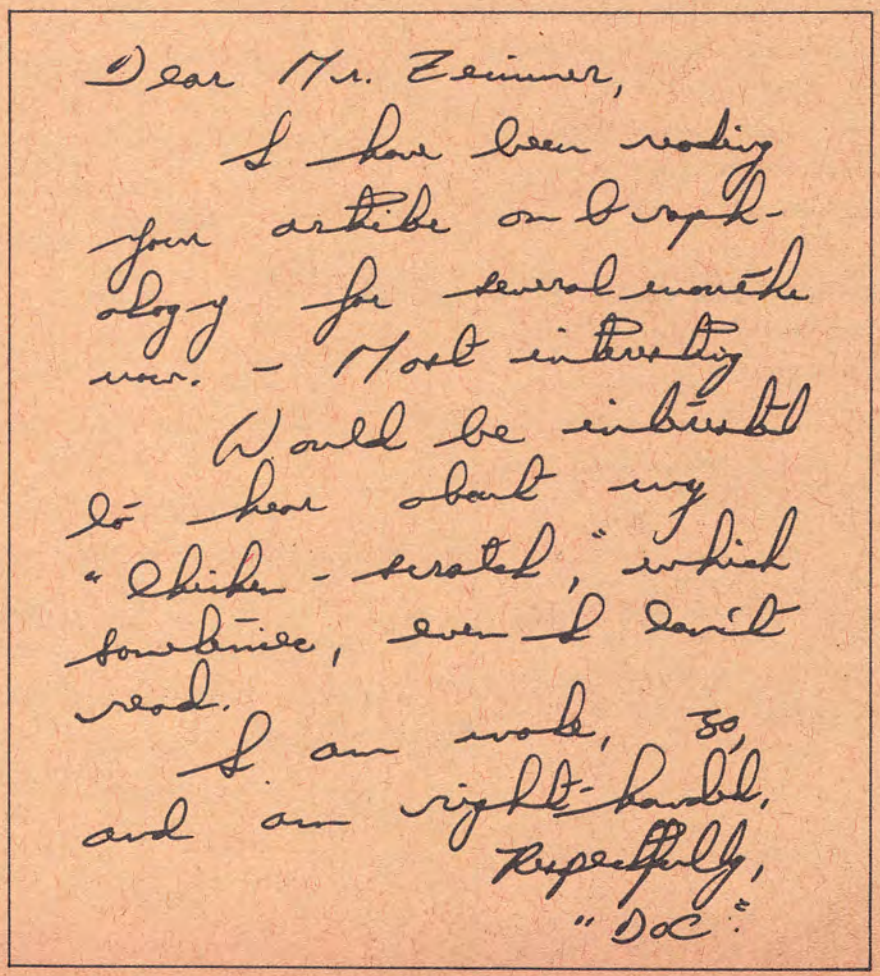
I have been an avid fan of Graphology since I read an article in the Reader's Digest several years ago.

I enjoy your articles in the Cavalier magazine.

Would you please analyze my writing

I am 42, married, a white female and write right handed

Nell Peden



Dear Mr. Zimmer,

I have been reading your articles on Graphology for several months now. - Most interesting.

Would be interested to hear about my "chicken-scratch," which sometimes, even I can't read.

I am male, 30, and am right-handed,

Respectfully,

"Doc"

A FEAST FOR ALL YOUR SENSES!

A choice collection of the best from Screw, The Sex Review. Now, see for yourself why Terry Southern, the author of Candy, calls Screw one of the few important things happening in publishing today. And, why Captain John McKeever, of the Trenton, New Jersey, police force says, "The paper contains the filthiest material I've ever seen in any publication."

At $12.50, this large, hard-cover book is a real bargain. Send for your copy today!

CAVALIER: The Last Word
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N. Y. 11558

Please send me a copy of The Screw Reader. Enclosed is my check or money order for $12.50 plus 50¢ to cover postage and handling. (N.Y. residents please add appropriate sales tax.)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip.....

tion. Doc is a vigorous and forceful lover. His strong upper zone shows him to be a romantic and he is quite sentimental. Doc is a man of the old school who is charming, intelligent and has a touch of class.

Analysis of Vicki

Left or backhanded writing is always a bit of a graphological puzzle. This is particularly so if the writer is a righthanded individual as Vicki is. It is not unusual to find this graphic in the scripts of girls in their late teens or early twenties. On the contrary, it is quite common and Vicki has presented us with a superb example of an expressive and paradoxical writing pattern reflecting her inner self.

Control is the key word for Vicki. Most of the world is right-handed and righthanded people's script either slants to the right or is perpendicular. A backhand slant takes a great deal of conscious effort and willpower to produce. Try to make a slant like this and you'll soon see what I mean. You must be aware and in control at all times of what you are doing. The consequence of this act is a lack of spontaneity in the writing pattern and this is reflected in Vicki's personality. Vicki is an extremely desciplined young woman. She can accomplish what she sets out to do and will put her goals before any pleasure. Vicki is or at least seems to be a total realist and free from any illusions. The resultant effect on her behavior is one that inhibits the warmth that is clearly seen in other graphics from coming to the fore.

Vicki has overlaid her natural sociability with a facade of sophistication and cynicism. Her sociable side is seen in her expanded script. Look at the a in "read" in line one. You can see at a glance that the width of the letter exceeds its height. There are several other examples of this graphic. These graphics are the paradox of Vicki's script I spoke of earlier. The expanded writing is Vicki's way of telling us her outward pose of reserve is not the real Vicki. Beneath the exterior is a warm, giving, expressive young woman who is quite impulsive. Vicki keeps all of this under wraps and pays a price for it in some fashion. She is looking for a man in whom she can place her trust and confidence. Then her outer pose will drop away and her potential will be achieved. Until then her caution will rule her emotions.

Vicki's sensuality is seen in the long lower loops on some of the letters she makes. The best example is in the close of the letter. Look at the loops on each of the y's in "Sincerely yours." Both loops extend well into the line beneath them and would have collided with a word as the loop on the y in "very" in line three does, had Vicki signed her last name. Vicki has a strong sex drive that is yearning to break loose. Both of her y's slant to the left, showing her sensual restraint. It is all there and waiting in silence for the right guy. When he comes along this dormant sensuality will be set free in a most pleasurable way. □

•

Interested in having your handwriting analyzed?
See Page 20 for instructions.

Dear Mr. Zimmer,

I have read your articles in the Cavalier Magazine. I am very interested. I am hoping you will select my letter for an analysis. I am a female, of 19 years old, and i am right handed.

Sincerely Yours,
Vicki J

COLLECTORS' CHESS SETS OF THE RAREST BEAUTY

Recognized by designers, decorators and collectors as the most beautiful – regardless of price.

For immediate delivery, send money order; otherwise, allow about three weeks.

CAVALIER · The Last Word
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y., 11558

Please send me the chess sets checked below for which I enclose check or money order, plus tax where applicable. (New York State residents include appropriate tax.)

Sets	Description	Total
	The Roman Classic	
[ ]	No. 130 @ $22.50 each	.....
[ ]	No. 135 @ $45.00 each	.....
	The Napoleonic Centennial	
[ ]	No. 203 @ $22.50 each	.....
[ ]	No. 204 @ $45.00 each	.....

add $2.00 for postage and handling (Canada, add $3.50)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip.....

The Roman Classic: the King, 4-7/8" high, is Emperor Augustus Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus; the Queen, 4½" high, is Augusta Livia Drusilla; the Bishop, Marcus Tullius Cicero; and so on through the masterful collection of historical figures. All heavily weighted and with quality felt bases, they are molded with high-impact plastic—alabaster white and charcoal gray.

No. 130. These sets come with a matching silk-screened gray and black folding playing board, 16½" square. Also included with each set is a 16-page booklet giving an historical outline of each chessman and complete basic rules for the game of chess. The chessmen are securely set in die-cut, red velour platforms, in two lift-out leatherette trays. The complete set is packaged in a deep red leatherette presentation chest.
..... $22.50 each

No. 135. These sets are hand-antiquated in gold and silver finish to augment set No. 130. More heavily weighted, the chessmen are set in die-cut, emerald green silk velour platforms, in two lift-out leatherette trays. Included with each set is a simulated maple and walnut chessboard, 16½" square, plus a 16-page booklet giving an historical outline of each chessman and complete basic rules of the game of chess. The set is packaged in an elegant, deep green simulated Morocco presentation chest ..... $45.00 each

The Napoleonic Centennial: the King, 5" high, is Napoleon Bonaparte, the Queen, 4½" high, is Marie Rose Josephine; the Bishop is Charles Maurice de Tallyrand; and so on. The chessmen are molded from the finest quality high-impact styrene, in black and oyster white. They are extra heavily weighted and have quality felt bases.

No. 203. Each set comes with a matching silk-screened, folded playing board, 16½" square, and a 16-page booklet giving an historical outline of each chessman and complete basic rules for the game of chess. The chessmen are set in deep red velour platforms, in two lift-out leatherette trays. The complete set is packaged in a luxurious black leatherette presentation case.
..... $22.50 each

No. 204. These sets are hand-antiquated to a beautiful gold and silver finish. More heavily weighted than No. 203, the chessmen are set in imperial blue silk velour platforms, in two lift-out leatherette trays. Included with each set is a simulated maple and walnut chessboard, 16½" square, plus a 16-page booklet giving an historical outline of each chessman and complete basic rules for the game of chess. The complete set is packaged in an exquisite midnight blue simulated Cordovan presentation chest.
..... $45.00 each

cavalier
MAY, 1976

Give the lady what she wants...

But make her pay for it. A visit with a gentleman of the evening, reported by M. George Haddad.

● The penthouse apartment twenty stories above the bustling street exudes an air of plush masculinity. It is done all in coffee creme and deep brown, obviously executed by an interior decorator who is familiar with a wealthy man's tastes and requirements. The Korean houseboy is preoccupied with the cocktails his master has ordered.

While the gently patronizing young Oriental deftly pours out and rearranges the contents of the sparkling bottles from the leather lined bar, I take the opportunity to evaluate the rest of the luxurious prototype of the ideal bachelor pad. The black, brown and beige furniture is upholstered in suede, leatherette and brass button-studded velvet. Most of the apartment is paneled in wood, interspersed with generous planes of gold-veined mirror. The thick Shiraz carpets end where the tasseled hems of massive mahogany-colored curtains begin. Even the abbreviated modern sculptures convey a macho spirit: stark, brooding configurations by Edward DeWitt and Vincent Glinsky.

Surprisingly, the master bedroom is the least butch part of the swank retreat. In contrast to the taut, restrained atmosphere outside, the bedroom is cool, almost relaxed. Its wallpaper and matching bedspread and window shades portray quiet forest scenes devoid of harsh tones, and the polished oak dresser is cluttered with every male grooming accessory imaginable and the signed portrait of a beautiful young woman of distinction—as it turned out, the bottom drawer is stocked with many such photographs, each in turn taking its rightful place on exhibit.

Sprawled on the Olympic-sized bed like a phantom from ninth century Scandinavia is the lord of this elegant domain. Eric with a C, barefoot and barelegged and clad only in a brown monogrammed bathrobe, claps his well-manicured hands and calls for the frozen daiquiris. With a curt nod of his head the blond Viking dismisses the Korean for the night. Almost as an afterthought, he adds, "Chang, you can come in an hour or two late tomorrow morning." The young man bows briefly and turns from the door. By way of explanation Eric shrugs his velveted shoulders and says, "Good boys are hard to come by nowadays. Money doesn't mean nearly as much to them as special treatment." He squints his brown-flecked green eyes in a manner that indicates his distaste with such a philosophy. "Have your drink, it's getting warm." He points to the crystal glass on the filigreed silver platter. "I'll go get ready." The relaxed bachelor in his mid twenties downs his daiquiri in one manly gulp and saunters into the mosaic tiled bathroom.

Eric is taking the night off to be interviewed about his work. "I've been feeling I deserved a night off anyway," he'd observed wearily. This suave man with the model's fine-boned looks and the rugged but refined demeanor is not a young bank president nor a pampered model or film star. He is a one-man escort service for women of all ages

with the desire and the means to be seen about town (and sometimes out of town) with attractive, charming men who pass for their doting cousins, lovers or fascinated escorts. More often than not, Eric's and similar gentlemen of the evening's work involves paid sex. This part-time prostitution doubles the typical night's fee, though the escortee may be a top fashion model, a European sex goddess or a lovely young socialite.

Eric is a male prostitute, but a prostitute with a difference. Combing his golden locks into a careful imitation of Robert Redford's casual look, he explains, "Even when I was starting out in this racket and had practically no kind of sexual experience whatsoever, I never allowed myself to be a cheap hustler like all the boys on the street and in the hotel lobbies. I know I'm good. Good to be around, to look at and good in bed. All my women go away happy. I realized this back at the start. Everyone was telling me to go into modeling, that I'd make a fortune with my classic-but-manly good looks. All the pretty young things and lots of not-so-pretty things were after me, as were a lot of men. Unfortunately, people often assume that when you're extremely handsome you're also homosexual."

He pauses meaningfully, ignoring the question that hangs in mid air and continues. "Anyway, something this good is supposed to work for you. So I make sure the women who get me in the kip, and even those who just get me to take them dining and dancing or to make some public appearance, pay through the nose. I'd say on the open market I'm worth roughly $400 a night. It all depends on who's in town. My best janes are the out-of-towners. They fly in from all over the world, sometimes with their husbands or lovers, sometimes without. Some are discreet about it and some couldn't care less. We're talking about the super-rich. Women whose husbands would lose millions in property settlements if they divorced them. Ever since Gloria Steinem and the women's libbers hit the scene, more and more women come to me just for the sex part, which was unheard of a few years ago."

Out and out male heterosexual prostitution—as opposed to the gay kind which has been thriving in dark alleys since the year one—entered a boom period that has yet to let up with the advent of the liberated seventies. The jane, or female client, is the fastest growing segment of the hustling scene. Sexually conscious women who want their sex without entanglements or who simply can't get it elsewhere now account for anywhere from a fourth to one half of the takers in most large cities' "meat blocks."

The jane is favored over the john by many straight and bisexual hustlers who cite her respectable appearance, her punctuality, her willingness to pay up and the fact that women tend to be repeat customers more often than men. On the other hand, females, as in other aspects of a male-dominated society, are often discriminated against by hustlers who attempt to charge them more than their johns, or who believe such sexually aggressive women should not be serviced, out of a misplaced sense of duty. But sheer numbers and the power of the almighty buck are winning the jane an undeniable place "on the street."

The gentlemen of the evening and his clientele belong to a much more rarified atmosphere. I am reminded of that fact by the Gucci loafers Eric slips his bare feet into, after sprinkling them with drops from his magnum-size decanter of Brut. The Cardin suit completes the picture, but Eric is still dissatisfied with his hair, which refuses to stay straight. "Hair is so important to women, and curly hair is not the image I want to project right now. This year everyone wants it straight, like Redford's or Ryan O'Neal's. Which is a pain in the ass, since my hair has a natural curl to it, like Jimmy Caan's." He winces at a reflection in the mirror that many men would give up their Maseratis for.

"I guess I worry about my looks too much, but men are the biggest narcissists of all time—make women look careless by comparison. Especially in this business, which is one part charm, one part sexual performance and two parts sideburns and jawline. If you look like every woman's dream, she won't feel like she's tricking with a hustler and she'll be eager to come back for more, like it's a love affair between a man of moderate means and a generous woman who's glad to dispense cash and favors for love."

We make the twenty-floor descent in the air-conditioned elevator and pass by the curious doorman. "He's wondering about you," notes Eric. "It's usually women each night. By now I'm sure he's figured it out. I never see men in the building; whenever I get together with friends it's at their place or at the movies. I just don't like for most men to see my private lair. Not if there's a personal relationship. You, you're impartial, you're not gonna judge me or guess about me, you know what you've gotten yourself into." Which I didn't, really.

On our way to one of the ritziest restaurants in town, which is so popular with out of town tourists-in-the-money that Eric normally refuses to be seen there, we stroll past darkened shop fronts lined with "chickens," as young hustlers are called. Few of them bother to peer from the shadows. Most of them cater to faded old men and women.

"What about your janes who are young, beautiful and rich?" I wonder aloud. "You wouldn't think they'd have to pay for it, would you?"

"You're right. But it takes all kinds. Lots of these playgirl types get a secret thrill out of paying a man to have sex with them. Makes 'em feel they're in control. Ordinary janes who go for street hustlers a little older than these chickens just do it for the sex, but some of the richer jobs I fool around with are fruitier than anything. But I gotta keep playing the game if I want the old nest egg to build up."

Last year Eric earned in excess of $90,000, plus weekend jaunts to Acapulco, Marbella and Marrakesh; a closetful of Brooks Brothers' finest, Guccis by the dozen, twenty-four-karat love bracelets and tie clips and cigarette cases studded with small but valuable diamonds and sapphires. "Diamonds aren't only a *girl's* best friend," Eric winks.

The restaurant is pleasantly uncrowded. With the agreeable firmness of a man who is used to maneuvering people about, Eric manages to procure a quiet table in the back that had previously been reserved. Once the be-wigged hostess disappears round the bend, he falls into the brown leather booth. Like a schoolboy let loose in a bubble gum shop, Eric has trouble deciding what to choose. He seems to delight in his indecision, in the slow easy pace of the evening. When first we'd met he was obviously out to impress, but by now he is even unaware that the blond tendrils at the back of his head are starting to curl up. Reading my thoughts, he leaned over and confided, "This might sound retarded, but I'm already having a better time than I did last night with the duchess." My own cool flew out the window.

"Duchess, huh?"

"Yeah." His eyes twinkle, then explode with laughter. "Even royalty gets horny sometimes. We have countesses and duchesses and stuff coming to town every once in a while. Usually connected with the consulate or a trade fair. Some of them are known to be connossieurs of the first order when it comes to handsome young men such as myself and the one or two other chaps royalty takes a fancy to in this town. But you know how it is: it sounds much more inter-

(Continued on page 76)

Geraldine Carmichael in the Dale office.

The Dale Tale

If you believe in a three-wheeled plastic car that gets seventy miles to the gallon — you could be a reporter.

BY ROBERT MEYERS

● From August, 1974, to February, 1975, Geraldine Elizabeth Carmichael, who is six feet tall and usually described as "blunt-speaking," sold hundreds of people options to purchase a new make of car, as well as a lesser number of dealerships. She told potential buyers that her company, the Twentieth Century Motor Car Corporation, based in Encino, California, would produce 88,000 cars annually by 1976. On some days, as much as $20,000 found its way to the com-

pany's headquarters, an impressively furnished suite of offices that rented for $5,040 per month.

Perhaps it was inevitable that a supposedly "revolutionary" three-wheeled car, made of an indestructible plastic called "Rigidex" and delivering seventy miles to the gallon, would receive a great deal of attention from the press. As one reporter said, "It was the perfect media story: a tough-talking woman who had solved the energy crisis by fighting Detroit." Unfortunately, the story was not perfect: the promoters were indicted for grand theft last May.

The car, called the Dale, existed only in three incomplete prototypes, none of which had ever been driven more than a few feet. Investigators for the Los Angeles district attorney's office have yet to recover the bulk of the estimated $2 million raised by the promoters. And it developed that Liz Carmichael was not a crusading woman promoter, but a man with a wife and five children who had been sought since 1961 for jumping bail on a counterfeiting charge.

The first major story on the Dale appeared in *The National Observer* on November 2, 1974. The 2,500-word article by reporter John Peterson ran on the front page. Headlined AND OVER THE NEXT HILL—THE DALE, it began with Emerson's quotation about making better mousetraps and having the world make a beaten path to the inventor's door. "I had no idea I was taken in," Peterson says. He adds that he checked out the claims made for the Dale with "friends who were automotive tapes, and they all said the claims were feasible. The piece was hardly an endorsement for the car," he claims, "and from the letters I got afterwards, many people thought the whole thing was a put-on."

The article's length, two photographs (Peterson wrote that the Dale looked "like a cross between a Ferrari and a Corvette"), and prominent play tended to overshadow some of the cautions Peterson included in his story: "She boasts" that the car will get "70 miles per gallon of gas, and cost less than $2,000," he wrote. "She contends she has '$30 million in green, not credit' to get her challenge to Detroit rolling." But Peterson did pass on without disclaimer her statement that Rigidex was patented. Actually, Rigidex never existed; if it had been patented, that fact could have been confirmed.

On November 10, Chicago *Sun-Times* syndicated automotive columnist Dan Jedlicka wrote a long article on the Dale (headlined WILL THIS CAR UPSTAGE DETROIT?) which opened, "What America needs is a car that gets 70 miles per gallon, costs less than $2,000, and requires little maintenance. Twentieth Century Motor Car Corp., which doesn't believe that Detroit's auto makers have a Divine Franchise to build cars, has such an auto." He wrote that the car "sure looks like it is fun to drive," and tagged his widely reprinted piece, "Good luck, Mrs. Carmichael."

Jedlicka says that he wrote the article from his Chicago office, after what he remembers as a three-hour phone conversation with Carmichael. The article "was all tongue-in-cheek," he claims. "It was a good show-biz story. I thought I put in more than enough indications that the thing was a fib."

The most that can be said about Jedlicka's piece is that it tries to cover itself. If you're reading it to find irony and fun poked at Carmichael's project, you can find it. After describing the three different models of the Dale that Carmichael claimed to be planning to manufacture, and saying, in a deadpan one-sentence paragraph: "All will have three wheels," Jedlicka continues: "If this doesn't sound a little peculiar to you, you're probably the kind of person who thinks that buying the Brooklyn Bridge is a tenable proposition."

But Jedlicka doesn't leave it there. He commences to work on the reader's skepticism: "But wait," he writes, and tells the reader that "Carmichael sounds quite serious" as she speaks "from her firm's posh offices" about taking on Detroit. He goes on to describe in detail the car, and the plans of the company. The tongue does not seem to be in the cheek as Jedlicka writes that the Dale "is powered by a thoroughly-revamped BMW two-cylinder motorcycle engine, which turns out 40 horsepower. Mrs. Carmichael says it'll hit 85 m.p.h."

"The Dale," Jedlicka enthused, apparently looking at photographs as he wrote, "which will come out with an automatic or manual transmission, sure looks like it is fun to drive with its rack and pinion steering, special shock absorbers and strong little engine." Jedlicka's article, on the whole, makes the Dale sound both intriguing and plausible, if highly unusual.

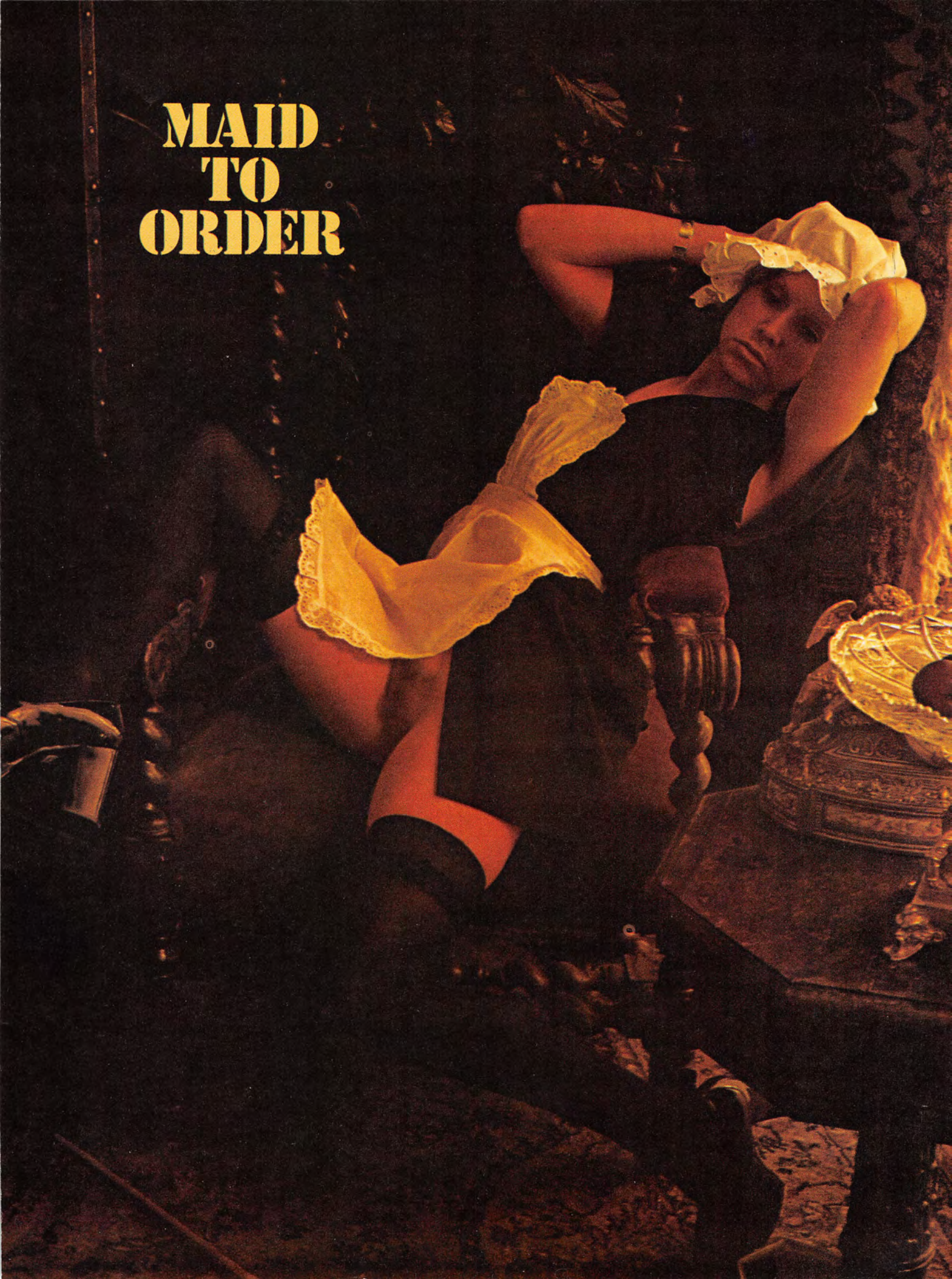
Carmichael also had been making radio and TV appearances on Los Angeles stations during this time. She was interviewed by Bill Diez on KNXT (the local CBS outlet); Felicia Jeter, on KNBC; and by Tommy Hawkins and Jennie Blackton on KHJ-TV. Radio stations in Boston, New Orleans, and San Francisco also did live phone interviews.

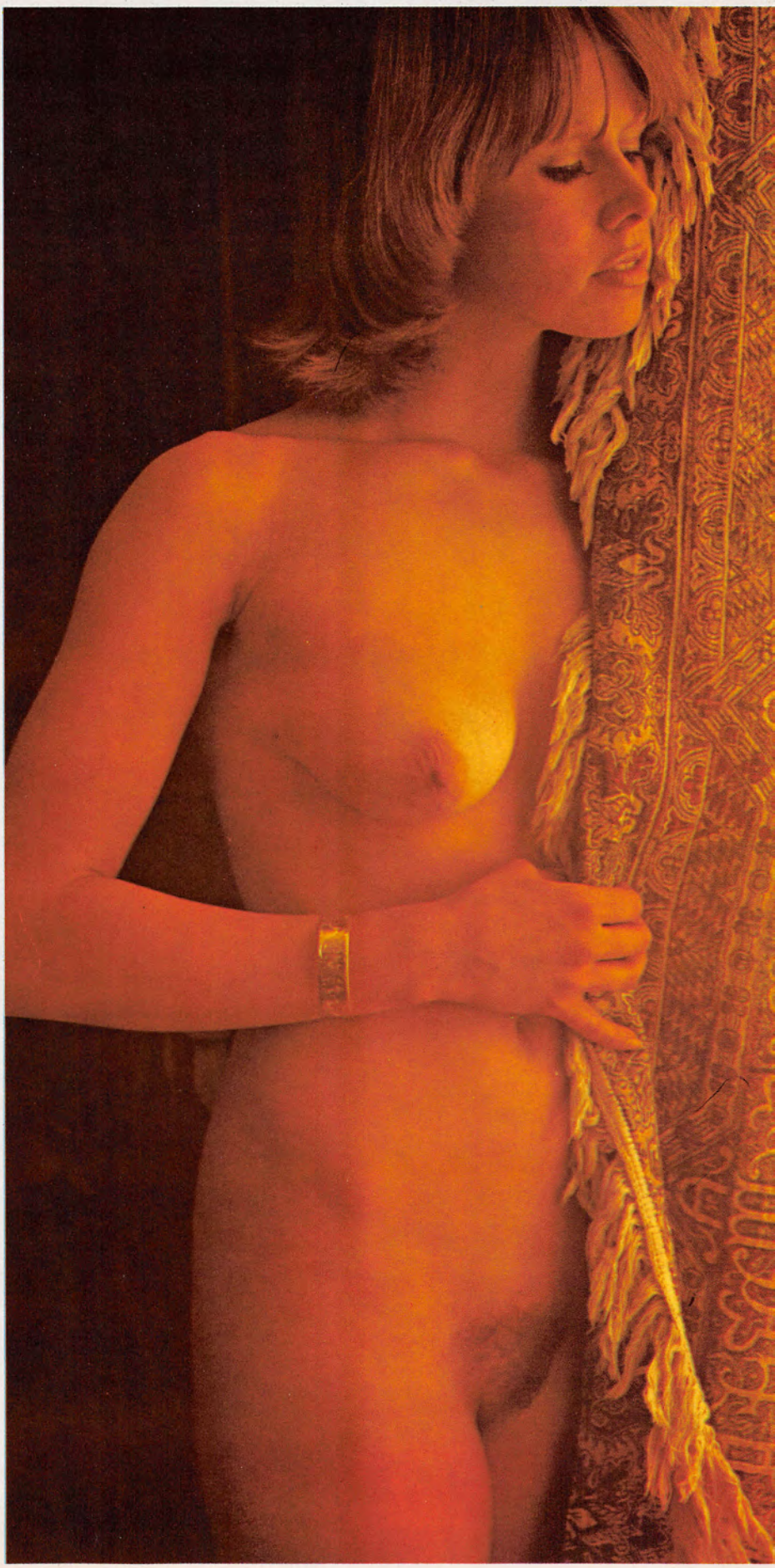
On November 14, KABC-TV in Los Angeles ran an evening news report by Larry Carroll. The Dale "may be the car of the future," Carroll said, in an excited tone. "It gets seventy miles to the gallon . . . The 1975 Dale is made of Rigidex and one-eighth of an inch of it is ten times stronger than steel."

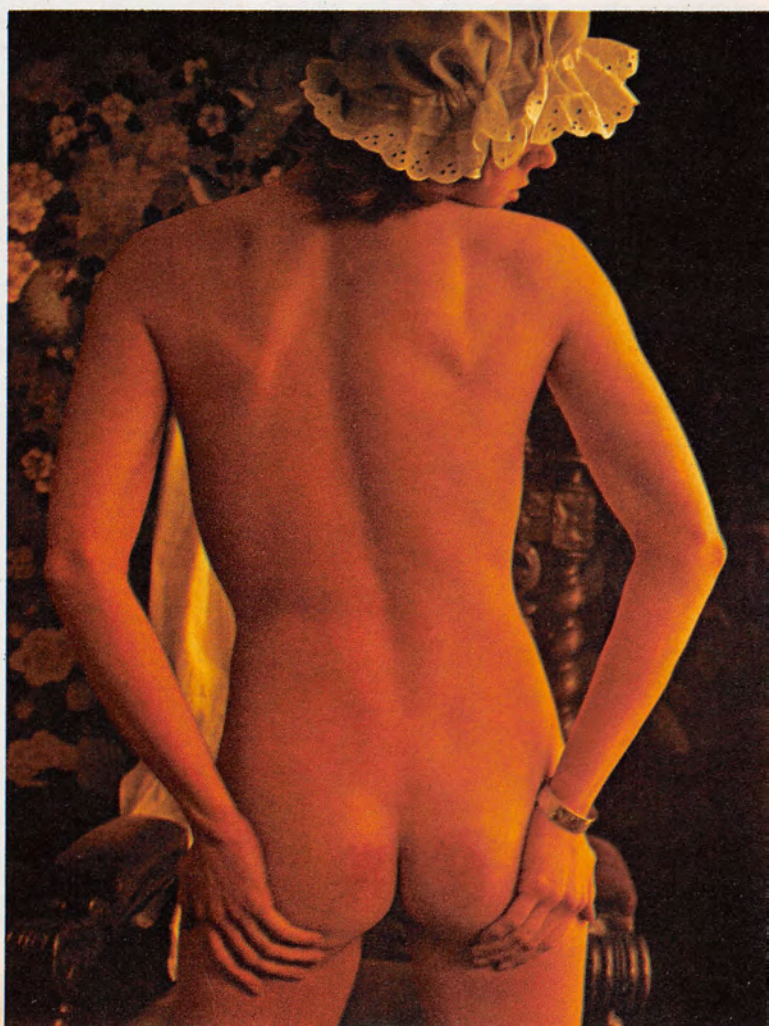
Carroll aired a film supplied by Carmichael which showed a three-wheeled car being taken through its paces on a race track. What Carroll didn't tell his viewers, perhaps because he didn't know it, was that the car was not a Dale at all, but the home-built car that had stimulated Carmichael's promotional fantasies. It had been designed and built by Dale Clifft (hence the name of Carmichael's proposed car), who, in return for $1,001,

(Continued on page 36)

"You're a real gentleman, Alfred."


MAID
TO
ORDER





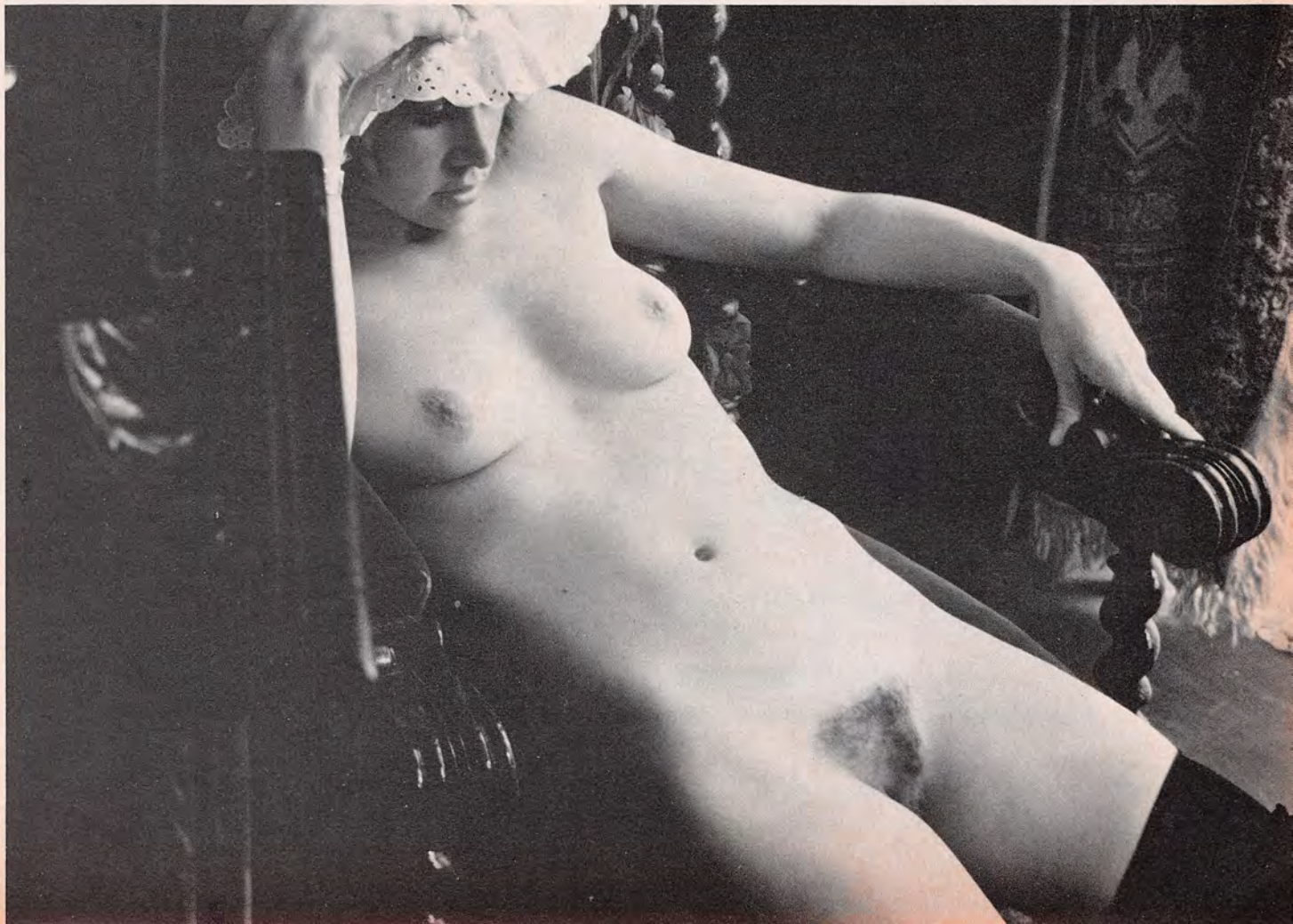
● Good servants nowadays are hard to find, as Sir Charles discovers when he hires a new "tweenie" named Fanny. A tweenie is a maid who works "between" stairs, so to speak—dusting, carrying linens and just being all-around handy.

Well, Fanny turns out to be a feast for the eyes, but she's a cheeky little wretch who not only sasses the master but neglects her duties and even nips at Sir C's prize sherry now and then. Old Sir Charles is a firm believer in discipline—aside from being just a wee bit kinky—and he decides that there's only one solution: to tan little Fanny on the occasion of her very next transgression.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," he mumbles as he gets out his trusty rod. Alas, for the next fort-night, Fanny behaves. She is not only very good to the master, but to many of the other servants as well. This is somewhat disappointing to Sir Charles because he had gotten himself all worked up over the prospect of a bit of "bottoms up." As a matter of fact, he had become obsessed with the idea of applying his rod to miss Fanny's rosy cheeks. He soon takes to lurking in dark doorways and peering through keyholes, his rod in hand. Naturally, this makes the poor girl very nervous and apprehensive and so, one day, while she is cleaning the master's bedroom, she sees two eyes peering at her from a closet. With a shriek, she drops a very old, valuable crystal vase which shatters to bits on the parquet floor. "A'hah!" shouts Sir Charles, revealing himself. "At last I have caught you with your pants down—so to speak." Forthwith he informs Fanny that she is to be severely chastised about the nether regions.

She strongly objects at first but after being threatened with an immediate discharge, she tearfully acquiesces and dutifully pulls her pantaloons down about her knees exposing her darling derriere. At first, Sir Charles almost forgets his business. Then, somewhat recovered but with trembling hand and glazed eyes, he smacks Fanny sharply on her bottom, raising not only a shriek but a pretty pink welt, too. The sight of her alabaster mounds being so defiled drives him into a tizzy and soon he is spanking her lustfully. Her squeals of pain and humiliation are to no avail. Sir Charles is really into it as he applies his rigid rod again and again until the rafters ring with shrieks and howls and old Sir C's hysterical laughter. He hasn't had so much fun since Nanny caught her skirt in the pony cart wheel. At last quiet reigns save for Fanny's sobs and whimpers as she inspects her rosy rear. "That was rather fun," she says, to his astonishment. "We must do this again soon."

And so, all's well that ends well. Fanny's behavior hasn't improved a whit but Sir Charles is much happier and that's important. Fanny *has* learned her place, which at least once a week is over the master's lap. And thus ends our little tale about a happy "end" for everyone.



had licensed Carmichael to produce a car based on his own. Clifft himself had no part in the subsequent promotion of the Dale.

At the conclusion of his filmed report, he said, "Some people think it's silly to have a three-wheeled car. At seventy miles to the gallon, I don't think it's funny, and neither will Detroit."

Back at the studio, on camera, Carroll engaged in the informal banter that is a feature of KABC's "Eyewitness News" format. One of his colleagues (Carroll says he does not remember which one) said casually, "At two thousand dollars, I'll take a couple of those."

The effect was startling. A former secretary at Twentieth Century Motors told me that "the phones were ringing off the hooks" the next morning. "People were sending in cash. The showroom was so crowded I couldn't get to my desk after lunch."

Carroll says he had repeatedly asked for permission to drive the car, but was always denied it (a working car in fact wouldn't be ready for several months). "We don't have time to check things out in television news," he says. "Just get the visuals, put in what cautionary words you can, and do it."

When Carmichael modestly allowed on film as how "we've done nothing more than any good engineer could have done," Carroll didn't get Carmichael to talk about exactly what the company had accomplished, or where her "engineers" had worked before. (Many of them had worked in aerospace, but in non-engineering capacities.) And when Carmichael said Rigidex could withstand the impact of a .45-caliber bullet fired from a distance of six feet, Carroll might have arranged a demonstration, which would have made a good visual.

To compound the subsequent embarrassment, KABC later gave a print of Carroll's report to the promoters, who kept it running in their showroom, and even refused to give it back once it was apparent that a scam was in the works.

Newsweek's Los Angeles bureau chief John L. Dotson, Jr. proposed the story, but says senior editor Clem Morgello shot down the idea when the magazine's Detroit bureau expressed doubts. *Time* correspondent Chris Ogden became suspicious when a piece of the "bullet-proof Rigidex" broke in his hands. *People* reporter Lois Armstrong was convinced that Liz was a man, and told her New York office so. However, she was not encouraged to follow it up. Don Horine, then an editor with Associated Press in Los Angeles (and now with the *National Enquirer)* thought the entire operation was a "pie-in-the-sky type of thing" and sent reporter Jerry Buck back to the plant to talk more with the "engineers." Later a piece was forwarded to New York, but never ran. The Los Angeles *Times*, which has a regional office close by the promoters' headquarters, did not do a story until after the murder on January 22 of one of Dale's salesmen (who had a prison record) by another (who also did).

Although a number of people thought the operation was flaky, no one seems to have considered the possibility of fraud. Certainly from September to January no one pursued that angle.

California Business (circulation 30,000), a regional weekly, was the first publication to question the operation. Acting on a tip and doing his own legwork, business editor Steve Ludwig wrote a tough piece which came out during the last week in December and which laid out the developing state and federal accusations (selling unregistered securities without a license, misrepresentations, etc.). According to investigators the article did little to slow the flow of money from would-be purchasers and investors.

KABC, the station which had broadcast Larry Carroll's report, received several phone calls from knowledgeable people who refused to be quoted indicating that all was not right at Twentieth Century Motor Car Corporation; too much money was coming in, and too little was being spent.

Eventually the investigation was assigned to reporter Dick Carlson and producer Pete Noyes. Together they made up KABC's "Special Unit." By talking with lawyers, investigators, police, and dissatisfied customers, Carlson was able, on January 1, to broadcast the first of several dozen reports portraying the operation as the flim-flam it was.

Learning that more than three months earlier the California Department of Corporations had issued a cease-and-refrain order against the car company prohibiting it from taking money on "options" for cars, Carlson sent cameraman Dennis Smith in with a $500 check, which was accepted—a violation of the law. When Smith came out, Carlson went charging back in, camera rolling, demanding that Smith get his money back, which he finally did. (Actually, the press coverage up until this point had been so miserable that Liz Carmichael herself had broken the story of the cease-and-refrain order, on Hilly Rose's talk show broadcast over Los Angeles radio station KFI on December 11. A second cease-and-refrain order was issued on December 27.)

As the operation began collapsing, salesmen locked themselves in their offices while angry customers pounded on the doors. Unable to get in, Carlson had himself filmed at a pay phone in the lobby as he called into the offices, asking when the doors would open. He never found out.

In spite of the growing public rec-

"In this day of Lib, you've become a legend in your own time, Bascomb."

"You're a hellova provider!"

ord indicating that Carmichael's company was a marginal operation, the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* on January 26 included the Dale in an article about the Los Angeles auto show. It described the car in straightforward terms, and included an artist's rendering of the car on another page.

But the scam fell apart completely on February 5, when warrants for grand theft were issued in Dallas against the promoters. (Carmichael, feeling the heat from California officials, had planned to move the entire operation to Dallas, but authorities there caught wind of her plans, and quickly moved against her.) With the issuance of the Dallas warrants, all sorts of media previously uncritical of the operation hopped on the paddy wagon. The Associated Press ran a story from Texas, with inserts from Los Angeles, and moved a photo of some of the promoters after they surrendered to Texas authorities.

(Carmichael, who was wanted by the FBI under the name of Jerry Dean Michael, is now in jail in Los Angeles, convicted of the 1961 bail-jumping charge, and awaits trial in California and Texas on fraud and grand-theft charges.)

The Chicago *Tribune* ran a front page story, with an above-the-fold picture of Mrs. Carmichael in happier moments. *Newsweek* ran a long inside story; *Time* gave a few inches to a pan of John Peterson and *The National Observer* for "running unconfirmed technical claims without any disclaimers"; *The National Observer* ran two pieces, one of which admitted it had been "beautifully bamboozled"; Dan Jedlicka updated and corrected his original "tongue-in-cheek" story. The local Los Angeles television stations did straightforward stories on the fraud allegations against the promotion; and when Mrs. Carmichael was extradited from Miami (where she had been arrested by the FBI on April 12) to L.A., a herd of newspeople was on hand to greet her.

Why was the press snookered? "It all sounded so plausible," says Roger Field, who did a brief spot on the car for radio station WINS in New York. "There really were no outrageous claims, such as that the engine would get 140 miles to the gallon. It might have been possible to get seventy miles to the gallon with a flyweight engine," he adds.

Roger Scott, the assignment editor at KABC who handled both the Carroll and Carlson reports, was asked over the phone if, with hindsight, he would have done anything differently. He said he hoped so, but that "on the surface, it [the promotion] appeared to be legitimate. They had large offices and lots of money."

What they didn't have were production facilities large enough to enable them to produce 88,000 cars. (A former aircraft hangar at Lockheed's Burbank facility had been rented, but Carmichael & Co. couldn't take possession until January 1, 1975—and even by then they wouldn't have had any equipment.)

KABC reporter Larry Carroll says now that "it was kind of a ruse, but it [his enthusiastic report] happened as a result of the way TV news works. We just don't have time to check things out. It's one of the most damning things about the job."

Carroll says now that "I don't know how I could have done it more responsibly." However, he acknowledges that his film was shot three days before it was aired, and that the final edit was held up until the (misleading) promotional film from Carmichael arrived.

With the help of hindsight, some guidelines seem to emerge: common sense ought to have been of some help. A bullet-proof patented plastic? Where is the bullet, where the patent? Liz claimed to have degrees from the Universities of Ohio and Miami (Florida). Where were the certificates? A call to each school would have revealed that she never received degrees, and had only enrolled at Miami to audit one graduate class.

A look at the contract, which dozens of people signed each day, would have shown the peculiar wording which obligated the company only to make a "good faith effort" to produce the car, gave no written guarantee of a refund, and clearly stated that "no warranties are made, expressed, or implied, that said motor vehicles shall be produced and marketed for sale by any specific date."

Why do a story on a car which the designers won't let you drive? Or when they won't even let you sit in it? (Liz once sat in a prototype Dale—and broke the seat.)

Telephone calls made from late September on to the Department of Motor Vehicles, the Department of Corporations, the federal Securities and Exchange Commission, the district attorney, and local congressmen would have revealed that each of these offices had received complaints about or were investigating the company. The Department of Corporations would have been a good source, since it issued the two cease-and-refrain orders.

Finally, common sense might have cautioned that the best motorcycle engines get only fifty miles per gallon or so, *without* an enclosed body. Short of a really major "revolution," how could the Dale possibly get seventy miles per gallon with a full automobile body?

Once obstacles to an uncritical story were identified, perhaps more energy might have been expended in investigating the possibility of fraud. The failure of journalists, especially those who were suspicious, to pursue this aspect of the story is unsettling. Uncritical press reports became the equivalent of free advertising—and helped the promoters (who didn't spend a dime on advertising themselves) to raise vast sums of money. Reporters who did not follow up on their own suspicions also helped insure that the public never heard anything unfavorable about the car. Carmichael herself made the point in a radio interview: "You know, regardless of how sophisticated most people become, they are still subject to being conned." □

"You will meet . . . indeed, have already met . . . a short transvestite who will offer you a blow job for five dollars. BankAmericard and Master Charge accepted."

A TASTE OF
BRANDE

● There is nothing like a few shots of our special Brande to set you up for an evening of mellow, contented contemplation. Here's something for you to do while you stretch out in your favorite easy chair and feast your eyes on this very special girl: Get out your pencil and write your own copy. Just fill in the blanks and then you'll have a Brande that suits your own particular taste. Ready? Okay. Brande is ____ years old and was born in _____. She is ____ feet tall and her measurements are _____. Brande works in a _____. Says Brande: "I like a man who wants to _____ a girl and _____ her." She also wants her particular man to have a big _____. "My favorite way to spend an evening is to get all dressed up in _____ and then have my boyfriend _____ me and at the end of the evening I like to _____ and _____." In case you want to know the real answers, they are: twenty-two; Omaha; 5'2"; 36-26-36; law office; court; respect; heart; jeans; dance with; go home; sleep.

TICKLE ME
TM
TICKLE ME ©

Why Didn't I Think Of That?

Got a bright idea? Well, here's how to make it pay off.

BY MARVIN GROSSWIRTH

● "Listen," my friend Stanley said to me one afternoon, "I've got a great idea for a new invention."

Conditions were ideal for listening to great ideas for new inventions. The sun was shining on a beautiful Indian summer afternoon. Stanley and I were on our way downtown for an hour or two of dedicated browsing at our favorite schlock shop, where good ideas for new inventions go to die, at a half to a third of their regular retail price. Eagerly, I urged him to reveal to me—in strictest confidence, of course—his great idea.

"It's a twenty-four hour sundial." I know Stanley a long time. I know when Stanley is joking. Stanley was not joking. Stanley also is not stupid. A little crazy, yes, but he is not stupid.

"Stanley," I said patiently, "you are not stupid. You know very well that a sun dial cannot function without sun and we do not have the sun twenty-four hours. How can you possibly—?"

"Not only that," he interrupted, "but you can use it indoors." My first reaction was to call for the man with the net, but before I could act, Stanley proceeded to explain his invention. It was really very simple. He had conceived of an ordinary sun dial mounted on a turntable. The turntable, driven by an electrically powered motor, would make one complete revolution every twenty-four hours. Mounted on the base and extending above and to the side of the sun dial would be a lamp. The lamp would provide the light necessary for the sun dial's pointer to cast its shadow, indicating the correct time. In other words, whereas the normal sun dial is stationary and the light source (i.e., the sun) moves around it, Stanley's Twenty-Four Hour Sun Dial (we were beginning to think of it in capital letters) would rotate while the light source remained fixed.

"For crying out loud," I cried out loud, "that is no invention. All you have done is devised a clock with a lamp. You could never get a patent on something like that!"

Upon reflection, however, I am not so sure. Patents, as we shall soon see, have been issued for far more outlandish objects. As things developed—or, rather, did not develop—the Twenty-Four Hour Sun Dial died aborning. It costs about a thousand dollars to obtain a patent and Stanley did not think his idea, which he had visualized merely as a kind of whacky novelty, was worth the gamble. So the Twenty-Four Hour Sun Dial will never be patented; the very fact that the idea has been published here makes it ineligible because it is now public knowledge.

The purpose of a patent is to protect the inventor from infringement on his idea, so that he may derive the full benefit of his ingenuity. By extension, the public also benefits, because a private monopoly on a product or a process for a limited period of time serves as an inducement to inventors to deveolp those ideas and processes. But once the idea—like the Twenty-Four Hour Sun Dial—is made public, it belongs to everyone and is, therefore, not patentable.

The principle of protecting inventors and innovators from having their creativity preyed upon is by no means a new one. In 1594, Galileo applied for a patent for a system he developed for irrigating farm land. He flatly stated that if he were granted the patent, he would then be encouraged to work on several other useful and practical ideas that were germinating in his fertile brain. His request was granted. In America, the founding fathers wrote a provision for patents into the Constitution, and one of President Washington's earliest official acts was the establishment of a patent office. As the years progressed, so did the Patent Office, now know as the Patent and Trademark Office (PTMO). Just how far the PTMO has progressed may be seen in the number of patents issued during its relatively short life: the PTMO is looking forward to celebrating the nation's bicentennial by granting, some time during 1976, its four-millionth patent.

Asked to compose a list of five, or ten, or two dozen of the most important inventions for which U.S. patents have been issued, most people would very likely choose such obvious ones as the airplane, the telephone, the electric light,

One man's bright idea—as described in this article—is the "Tickle-Me T-Shirt." It is © 1975 by Jack Martinelli. The photograph is by J. Brian King.

Thomas Wehmeyer shows three sizes of his Fish Hook Locator Extractor invention.

the automobile, the transistor, the computer, the radio, the sewing machine, the cotton gin, frozen foods, and scores of others which have literally changed the destiny of the world and its inhabitants.

Even some of the most mundane and seemingly simple devices have had important roles to play in the progress of mankind. Consider, for example, the invention of one Joseph F. Glidden, of De Kalb, Illinois, patented in 1874. If Glidden (or someone else) had not dreamed up his invention, the entire Western half of the United States might have evolved quite differently, without the prairies and fields ever being used to raise and graze cattle and sheep. Glidden's contribution to American history? The unsung and unlovely barbed wire, the first efficient material for inexpensively fencing off large land areas.

Whitcomb L. Judson, another American inventor, probably never imagined that his brainchild would profoundly affect the sexual activities and proclivities of succeeding generations of eager men and women, but who can deny that without it, sex as we know and love it today would not be the same? The fumble-fingered, the anxious, the impetuous, and the impatient all owe homage to Whitcomb L. Judson who, on August 19, 1893, was granted a patent for his invention: the slide fastener, more commonly known as the zipper.

Many of Glidden's and Judson's contemporaries, however, were bypassed by the golden touch of fame and fortune. Like the fellow who devised a rectangular toilet seat, with each side of the rectangle consisting of a roller. In the words of the patent, "the provision of rollers on the top of the seat . . . although affording a secure and convenient seat, yet, in the event of an attempt to stand upon them, will revolve, and precipitate the user on to the floor . . . " Presumably, the inventor was acquainted with, if not bedeviled by, a person or persons who went around standing on other people's toilet seats. While most civilized folk would agree that such offenders deserve to be precipitated on to the floor (Patent Office language for being knocked on their asses), evidently the problem was not sufficiently universal; standproof toilet seats never got off the ground.

Another would-be humanitarian who passed into obscurity was the inventor who received a patent in 1854 for his tapeworm trap. The sufferer was supposed to fast for a while in order to make the tapeworm good and hungry. He then baited the capsule-like trap, which was fitted with a spring arrangement, and swallowed it, making certain to maintain a firm grip on the string to which it was attached; otherwise the whole enterprise would be futile. "The worm seizes the bait," explained the inventor, "and its head is caught in the trap, which is then withdrawn from the patient's stomach by the string . . . dragging after it the whole length of the worm . . . " The tapeworm trap never made it, either.

Standproof toilet seats and tapeworm traps give cause to wonder what life in the 1800's was really like, but few inventions arouse the curiosity as much as Patent No. 641,201, dated January 9, 1900. What kind of New Year's Eve party could the inventor have attended nine days earlier to inspire a seltzer bottle, around the nozzle of which were attached three triangular projections? "The object of my improvement," the inventor stated candidly, "is to prevent the use of the siphon as a syringe by inserting it in or applying it to certain parts of the human body." A seltzer bottle? Inserted in parts of the human body? It is probably just as will the "improvement" never became popular. I know some people who would *enjoy* those prongs.

Seltzer bottles were not the only cause of distress in the good old days. As late as 1924, one inventor decided that a bicycle was no place to have one's private parts squeezed and jostled. So he devised a bi-sexual bicycle and motorcycle saddle "having a suitable cavity properly located to allow comfortable clearance for the private organs of the male rider, said saddle having also a channel adapted to allow clearance for the female rider's organs, to prevent pressure at the opening of said organs due to the weight of the rider, and tending also to keep said organs in a naturally closed state . . . "

If one forgets that one is reading a description of a bicycle seat, the specifications can be rather stimulating: "Said cavity is of suitable size, shape, and location to comfortable receive the private organs of the male rider . . . Such bill-mouthed formation is particularly useful to the comfort of the male rider both during the riding act and also during the mounting and dismounting act, said organs being slidably lodgeable or dislodgeable in relation to said opening when same is thus covered or uncovered by angular movement as compared to what may be called a vertical straight-away movement . . . " Why this invention never caught on is beyond me. Clearly, it could have served a wide variety of applications, even among people who had no intention of riding a bicycle.

Modesty, however, did prevail in some inventive quarters. A 1910 patent covers a harness-like device which fits over the torso of a nursing mother. Somewhat resembling an iron brassiere, the invention's chief components are two cups which fit over the breasts. The center of the cups are to be placed directly over the nipples. Attached to the exterior of each cup is a hose. At the end of the hose is a nursing nipple (manufactured, of course). "Whenever the child requires nursing, it is only necessary to slide one of the nursing nipples out . . . and the child can obtain its proper nourishment without the exposure of the mother's person and the consequent

Ernest Jeffrey is shown utilizing his Pitching Practicer Golf invention.

Ray Roach illustrates the usefulness of his GunTote invention.

embarassment which is thus often occasioned . . . "

Embarrassment by exposure was, apparently, only a minor problem, if we are to judge by other turn-of-the-century inventions. Who but a deeply troubled man would invent a combined clothes brush, flask, and drinking cup? Who but a man full of fear would devise a combination plowshare and cannon? What manner of Scrooge-like miserliness inspired the chewing-gum locket? How many jaded sadists hungered after the mechanical whip? How many and varied were the vermin infesting the populace that one inventor devised a combination match-safe, pin cushion, and mouse trap, while another designed a combined "grocer's package, grater, slicer, and mouse and fly trap," while yet a third developed a method for electrocuting bugs? The good old days, indeed!

A look at a current issue of the *Official Gazette* is considerably less depressing. The *Gazette* is published weekly by the PTMO and lists and briefly describes all the patents issued during the previous week. Among the 1,500-odd inventions in just one issue—that of July 22,1975—can be found such practical if unexciting objects as a vehicle raiser, a process for removing metallic ions from an electrolytic solution, a smoked-foods smoker, a pineapple slitting and conveying system, and enough electronic circuitry to keep the Japanese economy afloat for a hundred years. But there are also such pleasantries as a balancing board, described simply as a "tee-ter-totter balancing recreational device"; a machine that returns golf balls for practice purposes; a tie tree (no, no, it doesn't grow ties—it *shapes* them), and yet another electronic calculator.

About eighty percent of the approximately 78,000 patents issued each year are assigned by the inventor to a commercial or educational enterprise. Although a patent can be issued only to an individual, that individual is usually in the employ of some large organization that pays him a salary and provides the facilities for him to develop his genius. Still, there is that remaining twenty percent, people with bright ideas they feel are worth money. Anyone with a new idea, or a genuine improvement on an old one, can obtain a patent. But it is not easy.

First, a search has to be conducted. That means plowing through the nearly four million patents already issued to make sure someone else did not get the idea first. That is not nearly as formidable a task as it sounds because the PTMO has all the patents categorized and computerized. Even so, the job does require time and effort.

Then the application has to be prepared and properly worded. In almost every case, the application has to be accompanied by drawings—not an amateurish sketch, but a professional set of plans such as would be drawn up by an engineer. The average individual, with average intelligence and a lot of time, can prepare a patent application, but PTMO people strongly advise that the private inventor engage the service of a patent agent or a patent attorney.

An agent is authorized by the PTMO to file on behalf of a client. A patent attorney can do the same, in addition to representing his client in court, should that be necessary. According to Karl F. Ross, a prominent New York patent attorney, the average, not-too-complicated patent application will cost the inventor about a thousand dollars. But that is only the beginning. His next task is to try to sell his invention to somebody.

All the experts agree on one thing: stay away from the major corporations. Chances are they will not even look at your invention without having you sign a waiver holding them free of legal action in the event that they reject your idea and their research and development people come up with a similar one at a later date. It is not that they plan to rip you off; it is only that companies like General Electric, General Motors, ITT, and their ilk are paying very high-priced technicians to do nothing but conceive new inventions. Under the circumstances, it is always possible that, quite by accident, they will duplicate yours.

Another mistake private inventors often make is that of trying to manufacture and market their own inventions when they know nothing about manufacturing or marketing. They frequently lose their shirts, not to mention their pride.

Patent developers may be able to help an inventor with a hot idea. A patent developer is someone who will obtain your patent for you and then attempt to license the product. In other words, he will look for a company already in business and with a good distribution setup to make and sell your product, paying you a royalty on whatever is sold. The developer usually wants a thousand dollars up front, plus a cut—usually around twenty percent—of the payoff. Unfortunately, some patent developers are better talkers than performers. According to Stephen A. Traube, the only criterion is the developer's performance record, the number of inventions he has successfully licensed. Traube should know: he is vice president of marketing for Lawrence Peska & Associates, Inc., perhaps the country's most prominent patent developer.

Lawrence Peska and Stephen Traube are practical men. Peska told me that he does not expect another Polaroid or another Xerox to walk into his office. On the contrary, the firm continually emphasizes its slogan: "No idea is too small." Traube continues to stress that inventors should not expect to become rich from their inventions. With some sensible marketing and a little luck, an inventor can expect to supplement his regular income, sometimes quite handsomely, but he should not plan to retire on the proceeds of his brainchild.

Karl Koch's Super Putt Golf invention fits any wrist.

Peska and Traube are also cautious men. They have learned, the hard way, to ask a question or two before agreeing to accept an invention. "One day, a woman called with a really terrific idea for a household item," Peska told me. "We said we liked it and suggested that she come in for a talk. She said she'd think about it. Next day, she phoned again, with another terrific idea. And again, the following day. On the fourth day, we finally asked her where she was getting all these inspirations. 'From the Sears, Roebuck catalogue,' she said, quite matter-of-factly." Apparently, the enterprising lady believed, as many others do, that one can patent *any* idea, even someone else's.

The Peska organization almost went along with a prospective client who showed up with a plastic handle for paper milk cartons, to make holding and pouring easier. It was a simple, useful, inexpensive, highly marketable concept. Unfortunately, those very characteristics were the ones that enabled the original inventor to obtain a patent in Europe. Peska's would-be client had seen the item on a European trip and decided to adopt it as his own. His decision was over-ruled. Stephen Traube summarized the problem succinctly: "We're constantly getting people in here who have reinvented the wheel."

Sometimes even those inventions which are both original and unique need to have a wrinkle or two ironed out. One fellow showed up at the Peska offices with what he described as an invisible personal air purification system, consisting of two small filters inserted in the nostrils. The inventor proceeded to demonstrate. A few minutes later, he was in the emergency room of Bellevue Hospital, having his invention extracted from his nose.

One of Traube's biggest disappointments was the air-conditioned suit. Traube, a youthful, good-looking executive type, understands the discomfort of having to wear a jacket and tie in New York during the summer, when the air seems to be made of boiled rubber cement. He eagerly greeted the inventor, whose idea consisted of a system of thin tubes running up and down the sleeves and legs of the suit, carrying cooling freon gas. Traube's heart and hopes sank, however, when the inventor pointed out that in order for the suit to work, the wearer would have to carry around a fifty-pound backpack.

Another turndown was the cyclist who was being hounded by dogs. He had devised an attachment to a bicycle that acts like a mechanical foot, kicking out at the offending canine.

But a pair of doglovers came up with one of the Peska organization's biggest successes. Claude Kissling and Fred Longshore, two Californians who like dogs, developed a seat belt for car-riding pets after a pet dog had its neck broken in a road accident. The leather harness not only protects Fido in a collision but it also keeps frisky pups from bugging the driver. M & M Pet Products, a New York firm, liked the idea and the seat belt is now being sold in pet and department stores.

Carl Asselta, of Vineland, New Jersey, likes to garden. Unfortunately, Carl has a little back trouble. Carl's invention, the "E-Z Weeder," is, according to a Peska fact-sheet, "a lightweight, thirty-five-inch-long, all-in-one grasper, shearer, and cutting fork, controlled by means of a plastic handle at the top of the unit. Although very light in weight, the E-Z Weeder is strong, durable and easy to use for all types of weeding and gardening tasks." Look for it in garden and lawn supply stores; B.T. Corbin & Associates, an Atlanta firm, is busily marketing the tool.

Calvin Meyers was annoyed by the fact that his Volkswagen kept getting stolen. So he invented the "Bug-Lok," a security device that hooks up the gear shift and the hand brake. It is now being snapped up by owners of VWs and other small cars.

When Sam Kallus's son returned from Vietnam, he carried with him an ugly souvenir—a badly injured back, the result of gunshot wounds received while piloting a helicopter. During the recovery period, the back would require constant massage. Mr. Kallus invented a battery-powered pillow for his son so that the younger Kallus could receive back massages while driving, sitting in an office chair, or anywhere else he happened to be. Kallus brought his invention to Peska. Today, the battery-powered pillow, with appropriate variations, is being sold to hospitals, nursing homes, and for private use.

Another Peska project doing surprisingly well in nursing homes is the fruit of Marcel Weiss's imagination. Weiss, who is billed as an "educator, inventor, and champion arm wrestler," designed a mechanical "American Indian Hand Wrestling Kit." Intended primarily as a kind of amusement and practice tool for indoor sportsmen, the hand wrestler apparently has therapeutic applications as well.

Sports account for many new inventions. Ernest Jeffrey, of Ontario, Canada, is the proud inventor of "The Pitching Practicer," a putting and chipping golf device that includes a putting green that unrolls like a window shade from a lightweight portable container. To simulate an actual fairway, the putting green has both rough and smooth parts. The container itself serves as the target for the golf ball. New Yorker Karl Koch has invented "Super Putt," a beautifully simple item which braces the golf club against the wrist in such a way that it is impossible for the golfer to "break" the wrist while putting or chipping.

Fishermen should appreciate Thomas Wehmeyer's invention. Wehmeyer enjoys fishing, but he did not enjoy the mess and the damage that resulted every time he removed a fish hook from one of his finny captives. So he dreamed up the "Fish Hook Locator and Extractor," a gimmick which does exactly what its name suggests. With this device, the fishermen can locate and harmlessly remove any hook, regardless of size and no matter how deeply embedded in the fish it may be. Once the locator makes contact with the hook's surface, it disengages the hook and draws it out through the mouth, resulting in only minimal damage to fish tissue.

Hunters are inventors, too. Ray Roach, of North Bend, Oregon, has invented the "Guntote," a simple unit consisting essentially of a shoulder

(Continued on page 78)

If You Have An Idea For An Invention . . .

. . .a process, or a design, the PTMO can supply you with several interesting, explicit, and easy-to-follow booklets on how to obtain a patent, what is and what is not patentable, and how long your patent will remain valid. They will also send you, upon request, a complete list of patent agents and attorneys—*but not patent developers*—registered with them. Patent agents and attorneys are listed in the Yellow Pages, where you will find the ones in your area. They are not permitted to advertise, however, so if you see an advertisement offering help with your invention, you know immediately that the advertiser is a developer.

Requests for literature or information should be sent to the U.S. Department of Commerce, Patent and Trademark Office, Washington DC 20231. If you decide to call in person, however, you will find the PTMO not in Washington but very close by—at 2021 Jefferson Davis Highway, Arlington, Virginia.—M.G.

More Than A
Green
Thumb...

Will Be Necessary To Stop The Weeds

A chilling new story
by the author of "Carrie"
and "Salem's Lot."

BY STEPHEN KING

● Jordy Verrill's place was out on Bluebird Creek, and he was alone when the meteor traced low fire across the sky and hit on the creek's east bank. It was twilight, the sky still light in the west, purple overhead, and dark in the east where Venus glowed in the sky like a two-penny sparkler. It was the Fourth of July, and Jordy had been planning to go into town for the real fireworks show when he finished splitting and banding this last smidge of sugar maple.

But the meteor was even better than the two-pound whizzers they set off at the end of the town show. It slashed across the sky in a sullen red splutter, the head afire. When it hit the ground he felt the thump in his feet. Jordy started toward Bluebird Creek on the dead run, knowing what it was immediately, even before the flash of white light from over the hill. A by-God-meteor, and some of those fellows from the college might pay a good piece of change for it.

He paused at the top of the rise, his small house with its two outbuildings behind him and the meandering, sunset-colored course of the Bluebird ahead of him. And close to its bank, where the punkies and cattails grew in the soft marshy ground, earth had been flung back from a crater-shaped depression four feet across. The grass on the slope was afire.

Jordy whirled and ran back to his shed. He got a big bucket and an old broom. A faucet jutted out from the side of the shed at the end of a rusty pipe; the ground underneath was the only place grass would grow in Jordy's dooryard, which was otherwise bald and littered with old auto parts.

He filled the bucket and ran back toward the creek, thinking it was good the twilight was so still. Otherwise he might have had bad trouble. Might even have had to call the volunteer fire department. But good luck came in batches. The fire was gaining slowly with no wind to help it. It moved out from the crater in a semi-circle, drawing a crescent of black on the summer-green bank.

Moving slowly, with no wasted motion—he had fought grass fires before—Jordy dipped his broom in the water and beat the flames with it. He worked one end of the fire-front and then the other, narrowing the burn zone to twenty feet, ten, nothing. Panting a little, soot on his thin cheeks like beardshadow, he turned around and saw four of five burning circles that had been lit by sparks. He went to each and slapped them out with his wet broom.

Now for that meteor. He walked down to the crater, leather boots sending up little puffs of ash, and hunkered down. It was in there all right, and it was the size of a volleyball. It was glowing red-white-molten, and Jordy thanked his lucky stars that it had landed here, where it was marshy, and not in the middle of his hayfield.

He poked it with his boot, a roundish hunk of rock melted jagged in places by its superhot ride from the reaches of the universe all the way into Jordy Verrill's New Hampshire farmstead on the Fourth of July.

He picked up his bucket again and doused the meteor with the water that remained. There was a baleful hiss and a cloud of steam. When it cleared away and Jordy saw what had happened, he dropped the bucket and slapped his forehead.

"There, you done it now, Jordy, you lunkhead."

The meteor had broken neatly in two. And there was something inside.

Jordy bent forward. White stuff had fallen out of a central hollow, white flaky stuff that looked like Quaker Oats.

"Well beat my ass," Jordy muttered. He got down on his knees and poked at the white stuff. "Yeee-*ouch!*"

He snatched his fingers away and sucked them, his eyes watering. He was going to have a crop of blisters, just as sure as shit grows under a privy.

A series of thunderclaps went off behind him and Jordy leaped to his feet, looking wildly at the sky. Then he relaxed. It was just the one-pound crackers they always started the fireworks show with. He hunkered down again, never minding the green starbursts spreading in the sky behind him. He had his own fireworks to worry about.

Jordy wasn't bright; he had a potato face, large, blocky

Photographs by J. Brian King

hands that were as apt to hoe up the carrots as the weeds that grew between them, and he got along as best he could. He fixed cars and sold wood and in the winter he drove Christmas trees down to Boston. Thinking was hard work for him. Thinking hurt, because there was a dead short somewhere inside, and keeping at it for long made him want to take a nap or beat his meat and forget the whole thing.

For Jordy there were three types of thinking: plain thinking, like what you were going to have for supper or the best way to pull a motor with his old and balky chain-fall; work thinking; and Big Thinking. Big Thinking was like when all the cows died and he was trying to figure if Mr. Warren down at the bank would give him an extension on his loan. Like when you had to decide which bills to pay at the end of the month. Like what he was going to do about this meteor.

He decided the best way to start would be to have some pictures. He went back to the house, got his Kodak, went back to the creek, and took two flash photos of the thing, laying there cracked open like an egg with Quaker Oats coming out of it instead of yolk. It was still too hot to touch.

That was all right. He would just leave her lay. If he took it up to the college in a towsack, maybe they would say Jordy Verrill, look what you done, you fuckin' lunkhead. You picked her up and bust her all to hell. Yes, leave her lay, that was the ticket. It was on his land. If any of those college professors tried to take his meteor, he'd sick the county sheriff on them. If they wanted to cart if off and take pictures of it and measure it and feed little pieces of it to their guinea pigs, they'd have to pay him for the privilege.

"Twenty-five bucks or no meteor!" Jordy said. He stood to his full height. He listened. He shoved his chest up against the air. "You heard me! Twenty-five bucks! Cash on the nail!"

Huge, shattering thunderclaps in the sky.

He turned around. Lights glared in the sky over town, each one followed by a cannon report that echoed and vaulted off the hills. These were followed by sprays of iridescent color in fractured starburst patterns. It was the grand finale of the fireworks show, and the first time he'd missed seeing it on the town common, with a hotdog in one hand and a cone of spun sugar in the other, in over fifteen years.

"It don't matter!" Jordy shouted at the sky. "I got the biggest damn firework Cleaves Mills ever seen! *And it's on my land!*"

Jordy went back to the house and was preparing to go into town when he remembered the drugstore would be closed because of the holiday. There was no way he could start getting his film developed until tomorrow. It seemed like there was nothing to do tonight but go to bed. That thought made him feel discontented and somehow sure that his luck hadn't changed after all; the gods of chance had been amused to haul him up by the scruff of the neck and show him twenty-five dollars and had then jammed him right back down in the dirt. After all, Verrill luck was Verrill luck, and you spelled that B-A-D. It had always been that way, why should it change? Jordy decided to go back out and look at his meteor, half convinced that it had probably disappeared by now.

The meteor was still there, but the heat seemed to have turned the Quaker Oats stuff to a runny liquid that looked like flour paste with too much water added in. It was seeping into the ground, and it must have been some kind of hot, too, because steam was rising out of the burned crescent of ground beside the creek in little banners.

He decided to take the meteor halves back to the house after all, then changed his mind back again. He told himself he was afraid he'd break it into still more pieces, being as clumsy as he was, and he told himself that it might stay hot for a long time; it might melt right through whatever he put it in and put the house afire while he was sleeping. But that wasn't it. The truth was that he just didn't like it. Nasty goddam thing, no telling where it had been or what that white stuff had been, that meteorshit inside it.

As Jordy pulled off his boots and go ready to go to bed, he winced at the pain in his fingers. They hurt like hell, and they had blistered up pretty much the way he had expected. Well, he wasn't going to let this get away, that was all.

He'd take those pictures in to get developed tomorrow and then he'd think about who might know someone at the college. Mr. Warren the banker probably did, except he still owed Mr. Warren seven hundred dollars and he'd probably take anything Jordy made as payment on his bill. Well, somebody else then. He'd think it over in the morning.

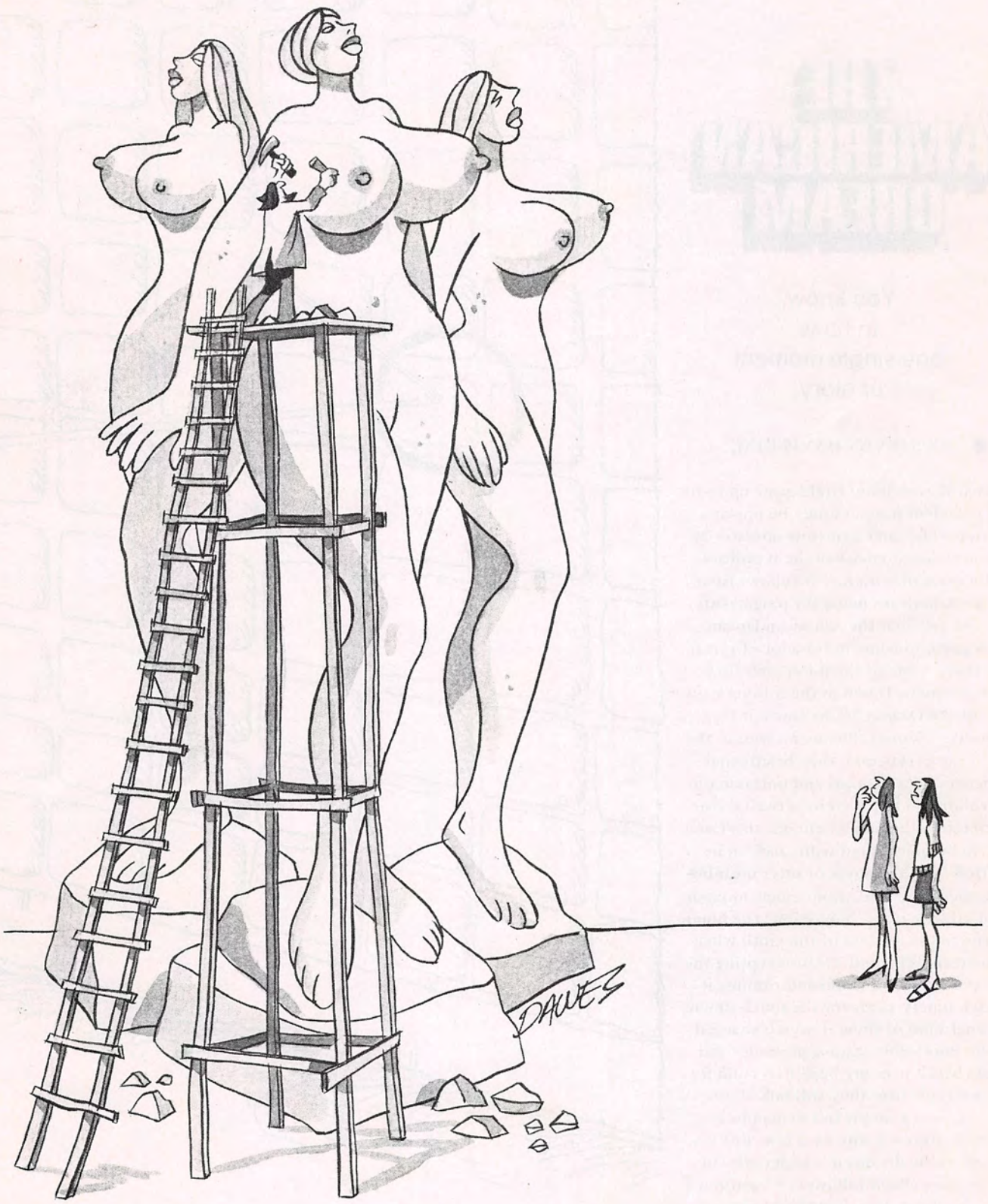
He unbuttoned his shirt, doing it with his left hand because his right was such a misery, and hung it up. He took off his pants and his thermal underwear, which he wore year-round, and then went into the bathroom and took the Cornhusker's Lotion out of the medicine cabinet. He spread some of the pearly-colored fluid on the blisters that had raised up on his right fingers and then turned out the lights and went to bed. He tossed and turned for a long time and when sleep finally did come, it was thin and uneasy.

He woke at dawn, feeling sick and feverish, his throat as dry as an old chip, his head throbbing. His eyes kept wanting to see two of everything.

"God almighty damn," he muttered, and swung his feet over onto the floor. It felt like he had the grippe. Good thing he had plenty of Bacardi rum and Vicks ointment. He would smear his chest up with Vicks and put a rag around his throat and stay in.

(Continued on page 80)

"Can I look now, honey?"



"My feelings of inadequacy began about the time Walter took up sculpting."

THE AMERICAN DREAM

You know,
to have
one single moment
of glory.

● BY STEVEN DAVIS-KING

Even if everybody could grow up to be president it would only be one at a time. The same principle operates in all fields of endeavor, be it politics, business or athletics. It follows then, we Americans being the pragmatists we are, that the American Dream is going to come in for a lot of variations, some of them less ambitious than others. Down in the southern tip of the Ozarks, in the town of Hog Scald, Arkansas, the dream was, in the time of Atwood, this: briefly and generally, a rigorous and untraumatic childhood followed by a twelve year stretch in the public schools, this latter to be punctuated with—nay, to be lifted from the abyss of utter meaninglessness by—at least one single moment of athletic glory. You know, the home run in the bottom of the ninth when the team is behind. Or intercepting the crucial goal line lob and running it back ninety yards for the touch down. That kind of thing. I myself snagged an impossibly leaping grounder and pitched it over my head to second for a double play they still talk about.

It was a simple but demanding ideal, attained only by a few. But like all viable dreams it was durable. In the years which followed, it continued to shine. Yea, it glittered like a diamond dropped into the lusterless conversation of the businessmen and loafers who drink their coffee in the Southern Grill Cafe, the youngest old timers, who are after all, the judges

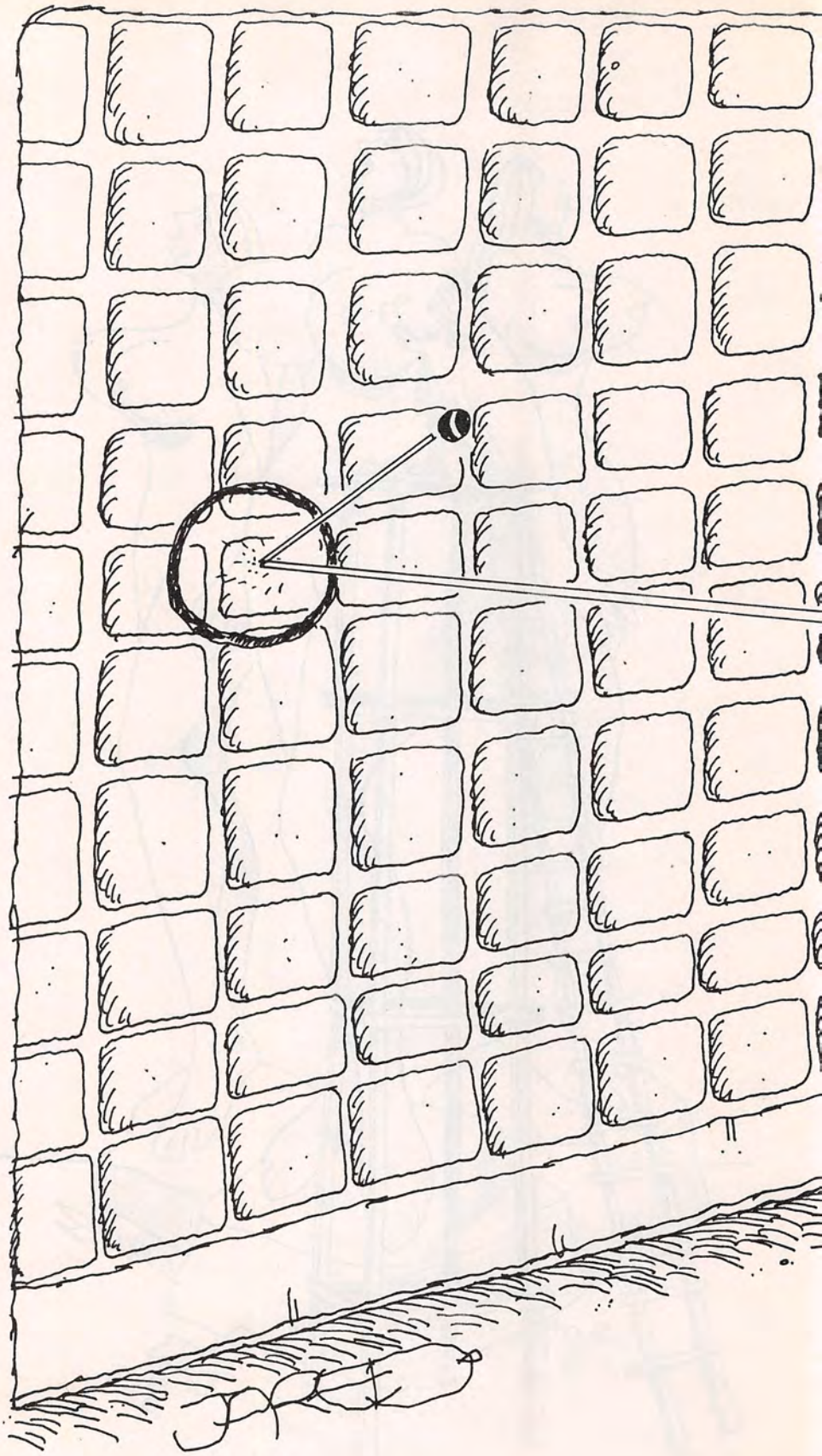


Illustration by Jared Lee

and the only real possessors of the dream. In the time of Atwood there was not a mother's son in Hog Scald who had not sought after such distinction.

I am talking about a bygone era, of course. The American Dream has disintegrated, even in Hog Scald. Without it to bring them together, the youth now set out on strange individual guests, pursuits as lonely and illusive as those of Arthur's knights going after The Grail. Today Atwood would not be the anomaly he was then, which is precisely what is significant. In retrospect it is clear that Atwood was the beginning of the end of something.

What made him different? He had no right to be. His birth was normal. His father was the town banker, a wiry gazelle of a man who had quarterbacked his team to an unbroken string of victories two years long, and for him Atwood's coming was a joyous occasion. As the next four years passed, he watched his only son growing in his own image. Like the old man, Atwood was tall and tough and quick with a slightly wedge shaped head that looked good with a flat top on it. It was at five that Atwood began his divergence from the pattern. Hear then the tale.

At five Atwood could cross his glittery brown eyes, which is not saying much, because what kid can't? But Atwood mastered the feat of crossing *his* eyes backward. Before stepping into the street he could look both ways without turning his head. A year later he could roll one eye while drilling a hole in you with the other. After locking you in like that he would blink them both shut and you would wonder what was happening under there. Suddenly they were open again and his eyes would be rolling around in opposite directions.

His father threatened him, begged him, then finally tried to bribe him with a Stan Musial glove, something no kid in Hog Scald had ever been known to refuse.

Atwood wouldn't consider it. He had integrity. He left his old man trembling in the living room and retired to the seclusion of his own room and the mirror to work on ears.

Ears were harder than eyes, being farther from that tight little core of intelligence just behind the forehead that ran Atwood. But where there is true genius no difficulty is insurmountable.

"Where is Atwood?" his father asked one night at supper. It was upwards of six months since Atwood went to his room to do ears.

"In his room," replied Atwood's mom.

The old man tipped his chair back and hollered: "Atwood! What the hell are you doing in there?"

No answer. But a door opened and Atwood's little feet pitty-patted down the hall to the kitchen. He entered grinning and came to stand beside the table.

"Hi Mom. Hi Dad."

He switched one ear, the one on his mother's side.

She stared.

"What is it?" said her husband.

Atwood twitched his other ear for the old man.

"Ears," he explained. Bearing down, he made both ears jump.

"Stop that!" growled his father. "Or I'll send you to your room."

"Good God, Henry, think about what you're saying," wailed Atwood's mom.

Atwood loved it. Chaos to Atwood was like fire to a salamander. Putting every ounce of strength he could muster into it he did ears.

"They flap!" gasped the old man.

They flap. Atwood's ears whipped back and forth like bird wings went up and down. It made ripples in the old man's alphabet soup three feet away and all the letters congregated on the far side of the bowl like ships in a typhoon.

"Stop that this minute!" yelled his father, but Atwood drilled him with a blank left eyed stare and turned his right eyeball loose in a fast clockwise spin.

"Oh God!" His father buried his face in the alphabet soup and stayed there until he heard Atwood go away. The entire alphabet passed before his eyes and the soup got saltier.

Atwood is king of eyes and ears! We yelled that. Going to school, eating lunch, playing baseball we yelled it. The next Sunday in church the collection plate passed Atwood and all the dollar bills fluttered up and away like a covey of quail.

"Atwood is king of eyes and ears." It was carved into the back of the pew.

The scoutmaster, Mr. Knott, did not like Atwood, which put him in a minority of one. Atwood was a kid you could not scold. There was no way to dress down a kid you couldn't look at and it was impossible to look Atwood in the eye if he didn't want you to.

Besides, it was dangerous to mess with Atwood. Piss him off and weird things happened. It was impossible to hold anyone's attention long enough to explain why a scout is brave once Atwood got his ears going. Even Mr. Knott forgot why a scout is brave and Mr. Knott was himself very brave when he was a scout. He struck a match for his pipe and it was extinguished by a mysterious breeze. Atwood was halfway across the room at the time. Atwood had *control.*

Naturally kids gathered around him all the time wanting to know how he did it.

"Show us, Atwood. Give us a lesson in eyes and ears."

(Continued on page 96)

DREAMING
WITH
JEANNIE

●"I always wanted to be somebody famous," says cover girl Jeannie Renfreu. Well, it takes more than dreams to make it all happen but when you're blessed with a beautiful face, bedroom eyes, skin like alabaster, and it's all wrapped up in a 36-26-36 package, your chances of being "somebody" are a lot better. We were so impressed with Jeannie that not only did we put her on the cover, but chose her for our centerfold as well. We hope this is going to be the start of something big for our beautiful dreamer. "If it isn't," she says philosophically, "I can always go back to the farm in Iowa." Somehow we don't see Jeannie in the role of a farmer's daughter, unless it's strictly a playacting thing. She'd look good in an apron with a tiny smudge on her pretty nose, but we'd hate to see her really slopping hogs and feeding chickens and all of the mundane things being a farm girl would require. Jeannie doesn't think that's going to happen though. She's a very talented singer and dancer and has a dream of becoming a Broadway star. Well, she's made it this far with her dreams . . .

Illustration by Jeff Pratt

For many years he ran a high-grade printing ranch on Third Avenue, specializing in ten-dollar notes. He owed his success to a very fine set of engraved plates.

BY HARRY PRINCE

● "Chink Martin was scragged early this a.m.," I said to Moe. "This news will be like an extra Christmas present to many citizens. Every book in Manhattan is laying nine to five that Queer Calvin, his partner, did the foul deed. Right now, the cops consider Queer Calvin the hottest man in town."

He was called "Queer" because that was the kind of money he dealt in and had nothing at all to do with his social habits. At thirty-four, he had an easy-going exterior, although in his earlier days he was known to do his own leg-breaking as sometimes became necessary in his bookie business. He had also been known to terminate a wrong Joe when the occasion required.

He was an aristocratic-looking guy who always looked like he was going to a wedding. In addition to these uptown clothes, he also had an estate on Long Island and a hunting lodge in the Adirondacks, and I do not know what all else. He rarely went home to Long Island and I heard this arrangement met with the approval of his wife, Mae. Mostly, he lived in the Harlequin Hotel.

He was always friendly, although I

did not trade tenners with him. He was liked by all who knew him as he used a different wallet when dealing with his friends and chums. This was opposite to Chink Martin, who would pass a queer tenner on his own mother . . . if he ever had one.

Queer Calvin hired many Joes who went around all day long and did nothing but buy a spool of thread or a piece of bubble gum, and pay for them with a ten dollar bill. Although it was a nuisance to carry about all these small bills, that was the way Queer Calvin liked to run his business.

"As a human being, Chink Martin will not be missed," said Moe. This conversation took place a few years back when murder was still a broiling offense in New York. I was sitting in Moe's Upstairs Coffee and Pool Emporium and playing gin with Moe when the conversation turned to current events. The current event of the moment being the passing of Chink Martin.

Inasmuch as Moe's coffee is rated an even tie with blunt instruments as a lethal weapon, we should not be disturbed by customers.

Chink Martin was a nice engraver but he was not a nice man. For many years he ran a high-grade printing ranch on Third Avenue. He specialized in U.S. ten-dollar notes and often ran Uncle Sam a close second in ten-dollar business when ten-dollar business was running . . . which I hear is almost every year. He owed his success to a very fine set of engraved plates.

Other enterprising engravers also opened private establishments, from time to time, for competing with the Treasury. However, engravers, like professors, are often forgetful people and the printing laws are very strict. When an engraver forgets that Alexander Hamilton has two good eyes or a thick left eyebrow, the cops get very upset and are liable to throw the printer into the slammer for the best years of his life.

As a matter of fact, not doing justice to portraits of our great men who are famous enough to get their pictures on folding money, is the worst felony one can commit . . . except maybe forgetting to file an income-tax form.

Many a Joe who performed a snatch or lifted an armored bank truck was considered a friend of good government. However, let him once forget to enter the snatch-bundle or the bank dough in his income tax and he is immediately rounded up and sent away without no further ado. So you see, one must be careful to file a correct income-tax form and print only the most perfect pictures of Mr. Alexander Hamilton.

I always felt that Mr. Hamilton must be a very vain Joe to make a holler about a thin eyebrow or maybe two left eyes. On the other hand, he must be an all right guy to have enough juice with the government to get all the cops in the country to neglect their other duties to see that no bad pictures of him got around.

I am explaining all this so you will see what an expert engraver Chink Martin was. In all the years, he never once offended Mr. Alexander Hamilton and Queer Calvin took great pride in handling Chink's product. And never did his passers have any trouble—except one time—when Mike McCorker followed one of Queer Calvin's men all day until he had a load of small bills, then slipped a shiv into his gullet, and heisted all the small bills. However, I do not think this can be considered a knock against the product.

"I saw on TV," I said, "that Chink Martin was found in his office in good condition except he was a little blue of jowl and there were dark marks on his throat."

"He always kept a set of very nice plates in his safe," said Moe. "I heard that even the mint would like to buy them."

"The safe was open and empty when they found Chink. Whoever guzzled him also liberated the plates." But now Moe was too busy looking for a nine for a blitz to worry about departed spirits.

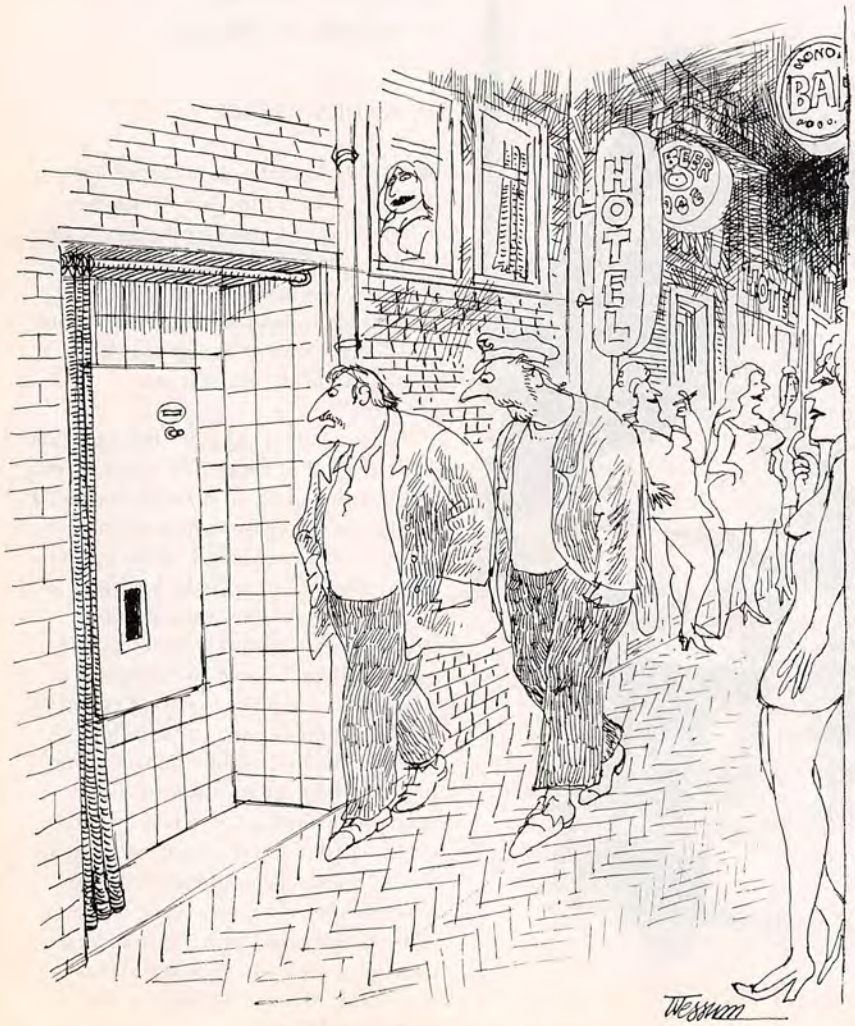
"Your pick," he said.

"I do not see how they will ever find six pallbearers to dump Chink into his grave. I think the undertaker will have to roll Chink in all by himself."

"Gin," said Moe.

At this point, I heard someone coming up the stairs and in walked no less than Queer Calvin himself. Right now, I would rather see triple pneumonia and bubonic plague arm-in-arm coming up those stairs. But he seemed jovial enough and said to Moe, "Break out a bottle as I intend to buy drinks

(Continued on page 93)



"I never like automation."

COUNTING
PENNY'S
ASSETS

● Two of Penny's best features are pretty obvious, but there's more to Penny than her incredible blue eyes. ("Which have a tendency to cross when I'm happy," she says.) Penny is also a very funny girl who is much in demand with her new comedy act which combines her singing, dancing and verbal talents. Penny's stage name is Penny Pontoons—which is an obvious reference to her magnificent seventy-inch bazooms. The audience goes wild when she walks out on stage in a see-through blouse. "You may wonder," she tells the audience, "why I call my pets here *pontoons*. Somebody said I should call them Ivory soap cause they're white, they float, and they're ninety-nine one-hundredths percent pure." We think that's funny, don't you?

Island Fever

BY DEANE E. BOSTICK

Finding total contentment . . . just half a mile off the Texas shore.

● Once exposed, there is no cure for the malady: total contentment with one's surroundings. While common to many areas, it is most pronounced on a sandy strip of beach, half a mile off the Texas shore on the Gulf of Mexico.

Meteorologists know the vicinity as "Hurricane Junction," and that is an apt description. Killer storms have wiped the tiny community completely off the face of the map eight times in the last sixty years. Yet, after each disaster the town has been stubbornly rebuilt.

Commercial fishermen consider it a veritable gold mine and the shrimping capital of the world. The surrounding waters yield a bountiful harvest that furnishes an unbelievable percentage of sea food consumed in the western hemisphere.

Sports fishermen from all over the Americas know it as "Aransas Pass . . . where they bite every day," an absolute mecca for the dedicated angler in an age where the marine ecology is being destroyed by off shore drilling for oil and industrial pollution.

To the residents it is "The Island." Technically it is Port Aransas, Texas. A haphazard jumble of homes, motels and tourist-related businesses perched on the southeast tip of Mustang Island on the coastal bend of the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. (From the air it looks as if it might tumble into Aransas Bay at any minute.)

Accessible to the mainland only by ferry boat on the east or the Padre Island Causeway to the west (frequently closed by high water) it is a community of 1,218 fiercely proud and independent people. Mainlanders say, "It is a well known fact you can't find two islanders who will agree on any given subject."

No one can explain what brought the people here or why they stay. The islanders criticize and complain, but God help the outsider who makes a derogatory comment. The common reply is, "The ferry's still takin' people to the mainland if you don't like it here." And an outsider is *anyone* living north of the ferry landing on the shore side of the bay.

The island people have always had a reputation for being obstreperous. During the Civil War a detachment of Union Marines landed on the beach just west of the pass into the bay and caught holy hell from the inhabitants. The locals calmly removed the lens from the lighthouse on adjacent Harbor Island, buried it and took to the marshes with their guns. They dynamited the lighthouse tower and for two and a half months waged guerrilla warfare from the surrounding sand dunes until the Union forces made an igniminious withdrawal. Frequent quotes from the log kept by the invading commanding officer make repeated reference to "malicious attempts and vicious attacks" by the islanders.

The government forces withdrew after forty-five days and for the balance of the Civil War the islanders went unmolested as they tended to business of raising cattle, fishing and plundering the occasional wreck washed ashore by the capricious gales blowing off the Yucatan Peninsula. The situation and times have changed but the people remain as individualistic as their forebears.

Today one coming to Port Aransas drives nine miles down Highway 361 out of Aransas Pass and stops at the ferry landing. After awhile one of the dinky little nine-car ferry boats docks and a deck hand waves the autos aboard. The boat bobs into the current, sways as if it will capsize then growls toward the island. Gulls swoop and scream after it and porpoise roll lazily beside the boat. After a five minute ride the ferry docks and the passengers drive off—into another world.

The one most unique fact about the island is that everyone living there—past or present—came to Port Aransas through choice. From "Florida" Roberts, an early settler and protagonist of the novel, *The Stubborn Fisherman,* to Jerry Whisenhunt, famed boat racer. They all came and stayed because they love their island.

Jerry Whisenhunt was international outboard motorboat racing champion for three consecutive years, competing against teams headed by Red Adair and other notables. He then gravitated to an executive position with Chrysler Marine. And one day he walked away from it all and came home. Today, Jerry operates a convenience store just to the right of the ferry landing.

Because of the location, Jerry's U-Tote-M is the unofficial information center for the island and a large number of locals gather there every morning to drink free coffee and discuss the tides, winds and former day's catches.

Jerry's mother operates another type of social center. She is the local justice of the peace. A smiling grey headed lady who looks like everybody's grandmother, she tempers justice with mercy and a tremendous sense of humor. And a sense of humor is an absolute necessity for a jurist on the island.

During a recent court day the judge had an assault case on her docket. A fight that had occured in a local tavern

resulting in several hundred dollars of damage to the saloon and a broken head for one of the combatants. Madame Judge faced the accused with a stern frown, belied by the ever present twinkle in her eyes.

"Son, you've paid enough fines for fighting to buy a house."

"Yes, maam." He hung his head in shame, "But Judge, it was different this time."

"Oh? Do you want to tell me what happened?"

"I sure do." And he proceeded to state his case. It seemed that one of the fellow's friends had recently given his (the accused) girlfriend a tiny kitten.

Meanwhile the buddy had gotten a hair cut, shaved off his beard and bought some new clothes. Thereby becoming totally unrecognizable to his best friends. (So the story went.)

On the night in question the accused claimed he and his girl went to a bar for a few drinks and a guy walked up to his girl and according to the court records:

"He said, 'Hi! How's your p---, *only he didn't say cat*, your honor, and I got so mad I hit him. And then when he was lying there I recognized him and then I really got mad and that's when all the furniture got broken.' "

The dignity of the court room dissolved in gales of laughter as the judge pounded her gavel while attempting to choke back her own mirth. When order was finally restored she imposed the fine prescribed by law, then demonstrated another of the unique aspects of island life . . . and justice.

"How do you want to pay this? All at once or on the installment plan?" Realizing the man's income would not permit him to pay the fine in one lump, pay rent and buy groceries, he was permitted to pay his debt to society on a weekly basis. It was a down to earth decision and made a great deal of sense. One must necessarily wonder if perhaps there is a lesson here for more "sophisticated" judicial systems.

In her own words Judge Whiz believes, "hitting them in the pocket book is more effective than incarceration."

To the tourist the island seems like a rustic paradise but there is a lot more to it than pleasure. Islanders like Gene Thompson, a charter boat captain, are prone to forget the lean times when they are flush from the summer tourist season. Gene has the only Radovich designed boat in the world that is for charter. The Tranquil is a beautiful craft that commands top rates during the season. Yet, off season, Gene and all the others scrape and skimp to support their boats. Captain Thompson, however, seemed to speak for all his fellows when discussing the charter boat business.

"Hell! Off season is rough but you have to take the bad with the good. My God! Those people come down here in the summer and pay us a fortune to do what we love. And in the winter we do it for fun."

Yet there is more to it than that rather simplistic statement. Years ago people with the stature of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt discovered the fishing at Port Aransas. That was when tarpon was king and the wealthy and the great flocked to the area and killed the fighting fish as if there was no tomorrow.

Today, catching a tarpon is a rarity but other game fish are caught by the *tons*, while some species considered as food fish in less bountiful areas are thought of as trash on the island, and thrown away.

The people there, the ones who catch the fish, are the real story, however. One of their oddities is that few people seem to have a last name. For instance there are the Mikes: Big Mike, Cajun Mike, Little Mike, Red-headed Mike and (plain old) Mike.

The tourists seem to be a little dazed by personal contact with the locals other than on the charter boats. Except for the thousands of kids who invade the island for the Easter vacation. They are completely orderly and when they depart the beach is as virgin clean as when they came. After that holiday adult vacationers begin to drift onto the island in ever increasing numbers. And very few of them drive onto the beaches without coming in contact with Red Berkhart. Any speeding car is pulled over by a battered old Oldsmobile and the driver is absolutely terrorized by the red headed self appointed custodian of the beaches. The same treatment is received by anyone who dares to litter "Red's beach." Whatever the offense, the recalcitrant is pushed into a further state of shock at the rear view of Red's uniform—Levis and a white T-shirt emblazoned with a slogan, "Port Aransas—Lay A Local."

At night the visitors come in contact with another self appointed patrolman. Mickey, first mate on the yacht Wolverine, patrols the bars and reports to the various bartenders.

"Pirates Inn only has four customers. Poca Mas has a dozen. The Sail Club has twenty, Rod and Gun is jumpin'. They have a band tonight. You get ready for a little action, though. Two dozen people just left Bobby's an they're headed this way."

After his report Mickey downs a fast Schlitz and roars away on his motorcycle for another reconnaisance. He offers no explanation for his Sisyphus-like nightly task but he does have one complaint: "I sure wish they'd built these damn bars closer together. I hafta burn up a lot of gas checkin em out every night." You figure it out.

Shortly after the season opens the "Calcutta" occurs: a bidding on fishing boats that runs into the thousands of dollars and lasts for two days. When the bidding is finished the money goes into a pot and the boats put to sea to catch sailfish. One cash prize goes to the boat and crew to land the first sail and the other goes to the vessel that catches the largest.

From that event until the Fourth of July the tourist invasion escalates. The people who come to fish are usually too busy to notice the peccadillos of the islanders but the latter's lives continue on what is seemingly a crash course. The Mad Russian is a prime example.

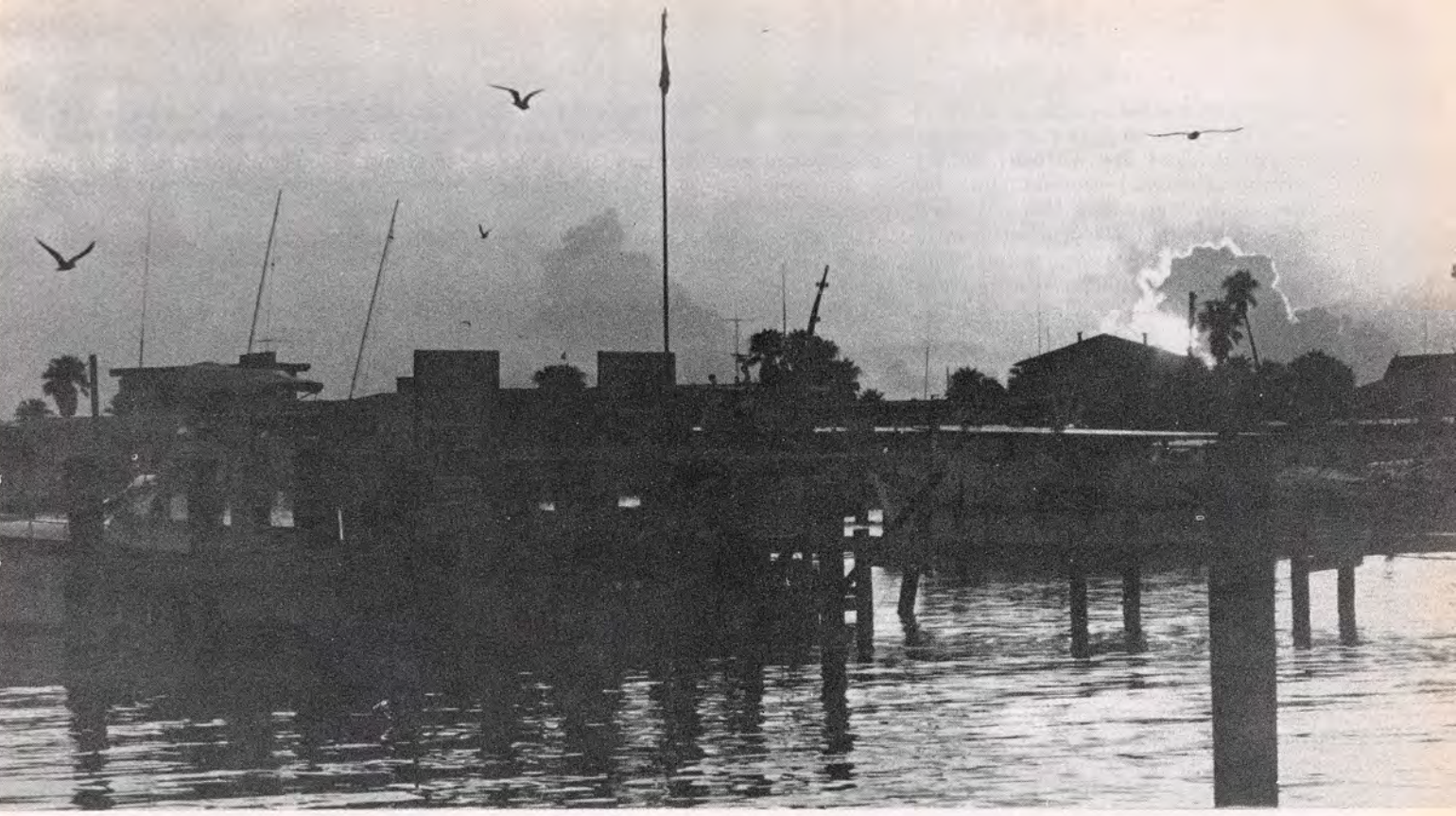
The Russian used to be the island garbage collector and began to get worried when the contract came up for renewal. In an effort to call attention to his "low bid" the Russian drove his garbage truck full tilt into the front of city hall. But it only penetrated to the windshield. The driver, somewhat incensed, perhaps embarrassed, backed out turned around and backed into the building with a more rewarding crash. The truck went completely through the front wall and out the back. "You know, those motherfuckers still didn't give me the contract. They must be prejudiced against Russians."

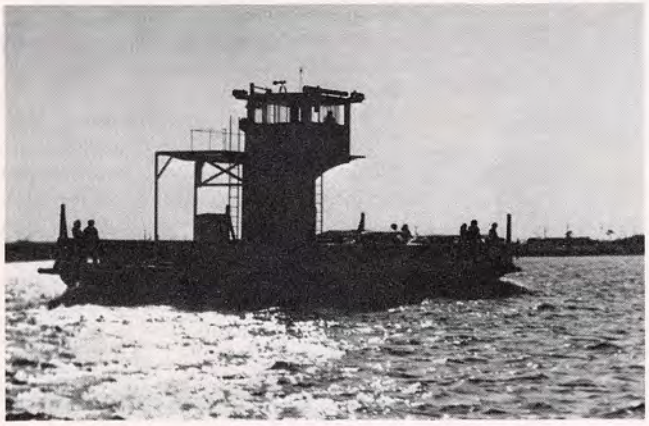
The island activities rock along at that normal (?) pace until the Fourth of July and locals are awarded thousands of dollars in prizes for largest catches of all the species at the height of the fishing season. That is the climax of the yearly sport fishing. The next and last tournament is a dog-eat-dog competition between boat owners.

The tourists drift away and the islanders turn to commercial fishing for their living. "Punkin" is exemplary of those pursuing that tenuous occupation. He works on a snapper boat, Dickey Boy, that cruises the red snapper banks for three and four day trips. Between trips he spends most of his time in his favorite bar.

One evening Punkin was drinking especially heavily and his girl asked him why.

"Because I'm going out tomorrow and the Dickey Boy might sink. Hell! I'd hate to drown with a pocket full of money." And many an islander has suffered that fate. Every so often a boat simply disappears with all hands.





Island Fever: Sunrise over the city docks is but one example of the Port Aransas scene; another is Red Burkard (right), unofficial custodian of the beaches and collector of beer cans. The Lighthouse on adjacent Harbor Island is seen in the center photo, above. Islanders refused to give it up to Union soldiers during the Civil War. Directly above: the ferry boat from the mainland. Photographs by Carole Plummer.

Victims of a sudden storm, an old boat needing repairs, or both circumstances.

After Labor Day virtually all the tourist oriented businesses close for the winter, including the one local movie. And the islanders settle in to battle the elements until spring. With no other entertainment every holiday is an excuse for a wild celebration. Even Halloween, usually reserved for children in other places. In Port Aransas young and old alike wear the wildest costumes and party all night. The gigantic masquerade is climaxed by a mass attack on the Coast Guard station with waterbombs while the laughing coasties defend themselves with fire hoses.

In October net fishing begins. Fleets of flimsy skiffs leave the city docks in the predawn mist and sail down the intracoastal canal to Point of Mustang. They move past Marker 13 (appropriately numbered if one is superstitious) and turn through Suicide Cut (another apropos designation) into Corpus Christi Bay. There, in what is called the East Flats, Shamrock or Deadman's Bay, the fishermen have set their trammel nets to capture the mass migration of spawning flounder.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds of "flat fish" are taken from the waters that grow progressively colder as autumn turns into winter. But catching the fish is only part of it. The legitimate fishermen are forced to patrol their "sets" with high powered rifles to combat the poachers who consider them fair game. Many a would-be thief has returned to the mainland with a bullet riddled boat—if he is lucky. A few others have simply disappeared over the years.

And there is always the constant battle with the treacherous elements. A fisherman clears his nets and starts back to the island in a heavily laden skiff. A fifteen mile wind has started blowing from the north. Suicide Cut has suddenly turned into a boiling maelstrom with five to seven foot seas running five feet apart and breaking like surf. A trip through that pass under those conditions is not an experience to tempt the faint hearted.

After the bay fishing ends, the balance of the winter—the really bad part—is spent pulling beach nets. Truly a miserable, inglorious and dangerous job. But the islanders do it rather than seek employment away from home.

Big Frank proves that attitude. Last winter Frank and several of his friends decided to do something else beside battle the sea during the cold months and found employment with Brown and Root Marine Operations on an off-shore drilling rig. They were able to stand life off their island for two whole days. After that time they asked to quit and be transported back to Port Aransas.

The boss informed them that was impossible whereupon Frank calmly loaded his men onto the company tug moored to the platform, cast off and sailed back to the island. All criminal charges against Frank including Piracy On The High Seas were eventually dropped. Shortly afterwards Frank married a pretty island girl and their wedding was the social event of the year. Big Frank did it in a big way, renting the community center for his reception; a party that lasted for twenty-four hours and resulted in the most massive, collective hangover in island history.

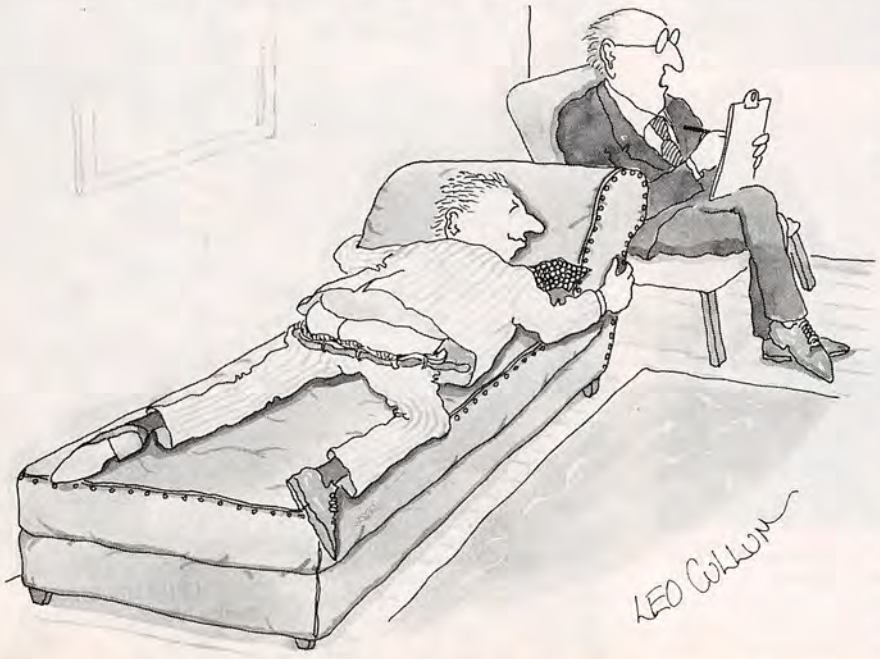
Children mature early in such an atmosphere and it is not unusual to see a tiny little tyke learning to drive his dad's boat. The Sayre family, for instance, is rather typical of young maturity. Chris Sayre is a charter boat captain and his charming and pretty wife Kathy owns the Something Different, a boutique shop on Beach St. Chip, the oldest son, is a yacht captain at the age of twenty-one. Kim, a talented artist at the age of nineteen assists her mother and Zack, aged eighteen, is a full fledged commercial fisherman.

Rustic, beautiful, a little wild, the island is slowly, grudgingly and sadly giving way to modernity. Condominiums are being built on the west end on the beach and more and more strange faces are beginning to be seen permanently on the streets of Port Aransas. Luxury Yachts like the fifty-four-foot Striker, the Sundancer, are taking up permanent births at the municipal dock.

The outsiders, when first confronted with island attitudes and island people, smile and grit their teeth for awhile, then slowly relax and get with the program. Blazers and yachting caps give way to dungarees and cut offs. Pretentions are forgotten and island fever sets in. When one *becomes* an islander, when he is accepted, he finds a new attitude. It is not uncommon during the lean winter months to pay a charge account and have the merchant ask if you can really afford it, and advise you to wait if the payment will hurt you. It is a rare situation in today's society.

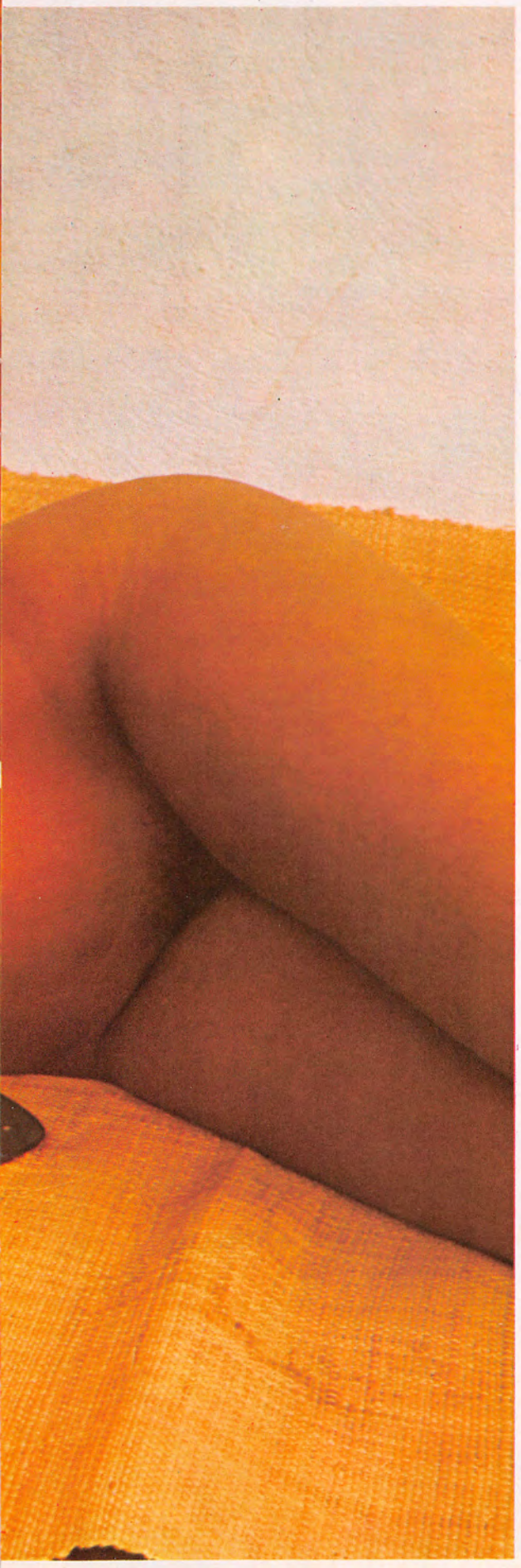
Yet with modernity there are some profitable circumstances. One is that the island obtained a permanent resident physician in October, 1975. Young Dr. Fred Warren and his wife, Wendy, moved to Port Aransas from Atlanta, Georgia. After his initial inspection, mostly by elderly island women, he was accepted. One old lady, an octogenarian, dropped in to visit with the doctor and fairly well summed up island life in a few sentences:

"When I came here sixty years ago there wasn't even a ferry boat. I took a skiff across the bay, caught me a man and stayed. A lot of people have come and gone since then. A lot of buildings have come and gone, too. But you see, doctor, God is good to us here. Every so often he sends us a hurricane and blows away what we don't need." □



"And just what is it about leather that seems to stimulate you?"

Carmen:
Doing
it
my
way



● Carmen is half Italian and half Spanish which makes for an incredibly beautiful mixture of Latin bloods. It also caused Carmen a lot of problems. "I was born and raised in Arizona," she says, "which is a wild and free part of the country—unless you come from the kind of rigidly Catholic background that I had. My brothers rode horses and raced their motorcycles and I was cloistered in the house and watched like a hawk. Believe it or not, in the swinging sixties, I wasn't allowed to go on a date unless there was a chaperon along." Well, it wasn't too long until Carmen's fierce Latin temperament and independence got the better of her and she split to New Mexico and to what she feels is a better life. "Now," she says, "I'm living my way. It may not be the kind of life my family would approve of, but I *had* to do it." She is now beginning to feel like her own person. "I make a few mistakes, but that's the only way to learn what's right or wrong and so far I've been able to survive." We're sure Carmen will make it . . . her way.

esting than it is. In bed, a duchess isn't much better than the lowliest millionairess. They do give good gifts, though. This one promised she'd present me with a Picasso of the blue period next time she comes to town. Stuff like that goes for legs and arms on the open market."

"How do you get your clients?"

"*Janes.* Once you start thinking of them as clients or patronesses you lose the irreverent touch they all seem to go for. Word of mouth is part of it. Women talk about their sex lives a lot more than men do; for one thing, women haven't got as much to sorry about—you can fake an orgasm, but you can't fake an erection. Other janes get to me through friends who aren't in the business, or just get my number somewhere and call me up. They know my price, so I figure if they can afford it I don't have to bother checking them out. And I meet lots of potential janes at parties and restaurants where I have to go with the women I'm escorting. Getting them is no problem—I couldn't handle half of 'em if I wanted to. Sooner or later, every woman, wealthy or otherwise, wants to take a lover, have a one night stand or just see what it's like paying a handsome man for sex. Plus, of course, there's the janes who only go the public relations route, wouldn't think of asking me to 'do it.' Thing is, ya never know with most janes if they're gonna want sex afterwards or not. I can't just ask them ahead of time, but it makes a hell of a difference to me, going through a whole evening not knowing."

Eric is having such a good time being himself and rattling on that he hardly noticed the mediocrity of the food, and pushes his just-served banana parfait to one side. He anticipates my next question of *what about the sex part?*

"The sex is my least favorite part. Not that any of it is exactly a thrill anymore. The whole thing's a sham. Pretense from head to foot. The bit about appearances, about seeing and being seen, being careful not to indulge last year's fads and of course, the love bit. These janes come into an affair real sophisticated ladies, then end up crying at my feet 'cause I won't give up hooking to spend the summer with them at St. Tropez. Or Biarritz. Or whatever empty-headed resort they're passing the season doing nothing at. They don't seem to realize they'll get as tired of me by the time the beautiful people move on as I already am of them. Some dames honestly think they can convert me. As if I'm the one who's leading the meaningless life, not them.

"I'm sure there are better ways to spend a life than this—not that I can think of any I'd fit into—but I wouldn't give this up for anything, and certainly not for any*one*." Eric is silent all the way back to the apartment. He kicks off the Gucci loafers and assumes the lotus position on his forested bedspread.

"I guess I'm typical hooker material. I was an orphan and I lived in several homes before finding a steady pair of foster parents. They sheltered me all through my teens and tried to keep my mind off sex by instilling me with pride and an appreciation for the finer things in life. They sort of overdid it. I didn't get anyone pregnant, true, but by the time I got out of high school, I was rarin' to start living the high life and I didn't care how I did it. It was worth anything to me to rub shoulders with the best, to buy the best, to wear the best . . . but one thing I wasn't willing to do was cheapen myself in the process. So being a male escort was a natural for me. It's been smooth sailing all along and I'm sure I can keep at it for another ten years or so. After that, I've no idea what will happen. I can't see myself married to a conventional woman. I'll just take whatever comes along. When you put too much of yourself into *things*, I guess there isn't much room left for people.

"My life never included many people, so that for a long time I was socially retarded. I still am, if you want the truth, but now I have the outer trappings of a man about town. It's all a highly polished, very profitable facade, but inside, I still don't know if people should be important to me or not. All I know how to do is please women. But if they really got to know me beyond the deluxe dinner engagements and the terrific sex, they'd wonder, 'I don't know what I saw in him.' Still, I don't regret my lifestyle. I've got a lot of experiences under my belt that most folks never even imagined. What gets me is, when I'm experiencing all these interesting things, it's as if they're happening to somebody else. Poor janes! They think we're both having the time of our lives rolling in the kip, but for me it's as if I'm up on the ceiling watching two strangers. Maybe I don't want it to be too real. Maybe I'm unhappy and don't even know it.

By the time dawn breaks, Eric has poured out much of his psyche for inspection. We finally get around to the topic of his private sexuality. "Some of my janes are prune-mouthed bats whose diamond tiaras are their best features and others are comparatively simple young things who've made the cover of a leading fashion magazine. Strangely enough, having sex with the one has gotten almost like having it with the other. It's too much of a job with me. Instead of being thrilled with the beauties who come my way, I find myself thinking about the money or what I'm going to do with it, same as I do in bed with the crones. Of course, most of the women are somewhere in between the two extremes.

"Lots of guys in the male escort business are gay, and since women aren't my bag anymore, I guess I should be too. But I can't get myself worked up over men, so I wouldn't even make a good homosexual."

Eric sighs, gets up and slaps the numbness of the lotus position out of his legs and shrugs his last shrug on the way to the door and a brand new day and at least $400. The green eyes half-smile as he says, "Actually, there are only two things I'm sure of at this point: one, I'm a prostitute and two, I'm asexual." □

"Dad threw them away, so why can't we use 'em?"

BOOB TUBE

● In keeping abreast of new beach toys, we came upon this young man enjoying his floating mattress with its unusual head rest. He says it's great for drifting, dreaming—and causing a few titters.

WISH I THOUGHT OF THAT *Continued from page 46*

strap and a waist belt. The butt of the rifle or shotgun fits into a butt pocket suspended from the belt. The gun is always held firmly in place, in the upright position recommended by safety experts, and is ready for instant withdrawal and firing. There is no danger of dropping your weapon and blowing off your companion's head or your own toe, because the "Guntote" frees both hands. The whole affair weighs a mere fifteen ounces.

A review of these inventions clearly reveals two important factors that contribute to their success. First, the people who invented them did not sit around and meditate, in the hope that an inspiration would strike them. Unlike highly paid professional research-and-development technicians, these inventors all produced an idea out of their own specific needs. Second, their inventions are simple. Most successful inventions—the paper clip, the safety pin, the rubber band, the coat hanger—are simple. Perhaps the greatest compliment an inventor can receive is to overhear someone say: "Why didn't I think of that?"

Need and simplicity are demonstrated time and again in the inventions cited in Peska's literature: a portable and collapsible needlework frame, an adjustable shoe tree, a flashlight that operates on half strength. That flashlight is so simple that when I saw it, I heard myself saying: "Why didn't I think of that?" It is a perfectly ordinary two-cell flashlight. The inventor, Theodore Farrell, added a disc that works on a pivot. When you slide the disc into place, it separates the two batteries and permits the flashlight to operate at half strength, thus conserving battery energy when a dimmer light will do or when you are in a troublesome situation and need to preserve the power for a long time.

Simple? Of course. So is the sewing machine improvement that permits sewing with three colors without changing the bobbin. So are the long-handled shears that make it possible to trim high branches as well as low bushes. And the improved hasp that makes it possible to keep a door closed without inserting the padlock. And the "Tickle-Me T-Shirt Game."

The "Tickle-Me T-Shirt Game" may well go down in the annals of invention as the most pristine example of need and simplicity ever devised by the human brain. Jack Martinelli, of Kensington, Maryland, is the inventor of the game. It consists of a gameboard printed on a T-shirt. The board comprises a sort of checkerboard pattern. Each square of the pattern has spots which match one of the faces of a pair of dice. The object is to throw the dice, and whatever faces turn up, that is where you tickle the T-Shirt wearer.

"Players," solemnly intones Peska's promotional literature, "are encouraged to move beyond these simple rules to invent their own bonus combinations. The duration of the game is always decided upon by the players themselves." One can readily conceive of the game progressing to the point where some other game, in which a T-shirt is a definite liablility, is played. For those who may require a touch of inspirational philosophy, the back of the T-shirt carries the motto: "All mental development starts with motor activity," a nicely euphemistic turn of phrase which, in plain English, means, "To get your brain going, shake your ass."

Given a choice between Martinelli's game and my friend Stanley's Twenty-Four Hour Sun Dial, I would have to vote for the T-shirt. The "Tickle-Me T-Shirt Game." Now, why didn't I think of that? □

"You're right, Charlie. She isn't wearing a bra!"

Bode's Broad/By Vaughn Bode

Watch TV and drink Bacardi and just sweat her out.

"That's the ticket," Jordy said. "That's—"

He saw his fingers.

The next few minutes were hysteria, and he didn't come back to his wits until he was downstairs with the phone in his hand, listening to that answering service tell him Doc Condon wouldn't be back until tomorrow afternoon. He hung up numbly. He looked down at his fingers again.

Green stuff was growing out of them.

They didn't hurt anymore; they itched. The blisters had broken in the night, leaving raw-looking depressions in the pads of his fingers and there was this green stuff growing in there like moss. Fuzzy short tendrils, not pale green like grass when it first comes up, but a darker, more vigorous green.

It came from touching that meteor, he thought. "I wisht I never saw it," he said. "I wish it come down on somebody else's property."

But wish in one hand, spit in the other, as his daddy would have said. Things were what they were, and he was just going to have to sit down and do some Big Thinking about it. He would—

God, he had been rubbing his eyes!

That was the first thing he did every morning when he woke up, rubbed the sleepy seeds out of his eyes. It was the first thing *anybody* did, as far as he knew. You wiped your left eye with your left hand and your right eye with . . . with . . .

Jordy bolted for the living room, where there was a mirror bolted on the back of the closet door. He stared into his eyes. He looked for a long time, even going so far as to pull the lids away from the eyeballs. He did it with his left hand.

They were okay.

A little bloodshot, and scared for damn sure, but otherwise they were just Jordy Verrill's blue forty-six-year-old peepers, a little nearsighted now so he had to wear specs when he read the seed catalogue or one of his Louis L'amour westerns or one of the dirty books he kept in the drawer of his night-table.

Uttering a long sigh, he went back upstairs. He used half a package of Red Cross cotton carefully bandaging his fingers. It took him quite awhile, working only with his left hand, which was his dumb hand.

When he was done he knew it was time to sit down for a spell of Big Thinking, but he couldn't face that yet so he went out to look at his meteor.

He groaned when he saw it; he couldn't help it.

The white stuff was all gone. The steam was gone. So was the burned crescent of ground. Where the burn had been there was now a fresh growth of dark green tendrils, already as high as clipped grass. It had begun to rain in the night, and the rain had brought it along fast.

Jordy shuddered just looking at it. The fingers of his right hand itched insanely, making him want to turn around and run back to the shed and turn on the faucet and rip off the cotton and stick his fingers under its cooling flow . . .

But that would make it worse. Look what just a little rain had done to this here.

He crept a little closer to the clear line of demarcation between yellow hay stubble and new green growth. He hunkered down and looked at it. He had never seen any plant that grew so thick, not even clover. Even with your nose practically touching the stuff you couldn't see the ground. It was the exact color of a flourishing, well-tended lawn, but the plants weren't blades. They were round instead of flat, and tiny tendrils sprouted from each stalk like branches from the bole of a tree. Except that they were more limber than branches. What they really reminded him of were arms . . . horrible boneless green arms.

Then Jordy's breath stopped in his throat. If anyone had been close enough to see him, they would have been reminded of that old saying, *he had his ear to the ground.* In this case it was literally true.

He could hear the stuff growing.

Very faintly the earth was groaning, as if in a sleep filled with pain. He could hear it being pulled apart and riddled by the strong thrust of this thing's root system. Pebbles clunked against pebbles. Clods crumbled into loose particles. And woven through these sounds was another: the rubbing of each tiny round stalk pushing itself up a little further and a little further. A grinding, squealing sound.

"Christ have mercy!" Jordy whined, and scrambled to his feet. He backed away. It wasn't the sound of plant growth that frightened him, exactly; once, long ago in his youth, he had heard the corn making. Nowadays the smartasses said that was just a story the rubes told each other, like

"Gentlemen, as part of my new incentive program, the first man to break the quota this month gets to have Miss Dunwitty here sit on his face."

Now...added Super Wide Panoramic Lens views entire room from corner to corner!

SPY EYE OPENS-UP PRIVATE LIVES!

New incredibly designed instrument sees through walls, floors, ceilings or anything up to seven inches thick. Yes, You See All without Being Seen!

The private lives of young women are infinitely more interesting than the public image most women put forth! Today's quiet, soft-spoken girls who populate the everyday offices, schools and hospitals during the daytime quickly change roles come sunset.

HIDDED SECRETS OPEN UP

As you would expect; in the cover of dark; totally new female personalities emerge; secretaries who appear virgin-like become sexual nymphomaniacs; spinster schoolteachers turn into loving lesbians and the stiff collared nurses evolve into self-lovers. You have to see it to believe it. And **you can** see it with . . . the NEW WIDE-ANGLE VIEWING SPY EYE!

HOURS AND HOURS OF VIEWING ENJOYMENT

You may employ this "simple to use" device to your hearts content AND FOR WHATEVER REASON YOU WISH. There are no limitations to its use. And no special license is required. You may install SPY EYE on a temporary or permanent basis in any wall, door, ceiling or floor. You receive complete instructions showing how SPY EYE penetrates solid structures while you REMAIN COMPLETELY UNNOTICED.

"WORTH 100 TIMES THE PRICE"

SPY EYE is purposefully priced low enough for you to afford more than one. You will find dozens of personal situations for SPY EYE . . . so be prepared by ordering several. You may use SPY EYE at home, at the office or anywhere you wish to **see without being seen.**

YOU ARE THERE AND "INVISIBLE"

You remain unseen behind solid doors, walls, etc. while your eye takes in the entire room and all that's in it!

SPY EYE
An absolute 100% Money-Back Guarantee

SPY EYE must be everything you believe it will be. Yes, SPY EYE must satisfy you or return it to us within the 10 day inspection period and receive a full, prompt refund. No questions asked.

FREE 10 DAY HOME TRIAL

ACTION PRODUCTS, Dept. S 475
P.O. Box 7777, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409

Please RUSH me the SPY-EYE's in a plain unmarked package. I have checked the number I wish to receive. I may return them within 10 days for a 100% refund. Full payment is enclosed.

☐ 1 for $8.95 ☐ 2 for $15.95
☐ 3 for $22.95

___ Please add $1 for postage and handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

© 1975 ACTION PRODUCT

Get $20. Worth of Hot Sex Books FREE!
WITH THESE
SIZZLING HOT FILMS

Each of these blistering sex books is being sold now for $5 each! You get a FREE, RED-HOT SEX BOOK with each film below! Here's HARD-ON reading and viewing pleasure — HOURS & HOURS OF TORRID EXCITEMENT at BIG SAVINGS for you!

☐ Film M-1 BROTHER & SISTER
Plus Free Book INCEST CONFIDENTIAL

☐ Film M-2 LESBIANS IN ACTION
Plus Free Book LESBIANS & PARTNERS

☐ Film M-3 OLDER WOMAN & YOUTH
Plus Free Book WOMEN & THEIR BOY STUDS

☐ Film M-4 TEENAGE THREEWAY
Plus Free Book THREE PARTNER SEX ACTS

USE THIS ENTIRE AD AS YOUR ORDER FORM

EACH FILM $30 in ☐ Reg. Color ☐ Super-8 Color
☐ ALL 4 FILMS IN COLOR plus FREE BOOKS $99. (Save $21)
I enclose $_____ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O. as payment in full. ☐ Send COD. I enclose 20% deposit. (No COD's outside Continental USA).

Send remittance with your name, address, zip code to: JOHN AMSLOW & ASSOC., Dept. 616 P.O. Box 2369, Culver City, CA. 90230

Choose Any 6 200 ft 8mm Stag Films FREE!

AT LAST A FILM CLUB THAT LETS YOU VIEW FILMS BEFORE PURCHASING!

Take your choice of any 6-200 ft. films shown here . . . worth up to $150.00 when you join the Hollywood Film for a low $10 membership deposit ($20 for color films). Enjoy all 6-200 ft. films at home for 10 days. Then keep those you like and pay only $15 for B&W & $25 for color. We will credit membership deposit towards film purchase. Return those you don't want and pay nothing but a small postage fee. That's all there is to it. But hurry! Don't delay! This offer is limited!

1 ☐ ORGY	200 ft.	5 ☐ ORAL	200 ft.	9 ☐ WIFE SWAP	200 ft.
2 ☐ RAPE	200 ft.	6 ☐ INCEST	200 ft.	10 ☐ INTEGRATE	200 ft.
3 ☐ PRETEEN	200 ft.	7 ☐ CHILD	200 ft.	11 ☐ BONDAGE	200 ft.
4 ☐ LESBIAN	200 ft.	8 ☐ ANIMAL	200 ft.	12 ☐ SPANKING	200 ft.

SEND TO: HOLLY FILM, DEPT. 616 7471 MELROSE AVE., L.A., CA 90046

Gentlemen:
Please enroll me in the Hollywood Film Club and send me my 6-200 ft. films as listed in the boxes below.

FREE GIFT if you act now
POCKET VIEWER
for those extra sharp close-ups

Enclosed is my membership deposit of
☐ $10 I want 6 films in B&W
☐ $20 I want films in color
I understand I am under no further obligation to buy anything ever and may return any items I am not 100% delighted with.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

GROUP A CLASSICS 200' REG. 8 ONLY

#1 DEEP THROAT Thrills $5 ☐
Features Linda Lovelace
#2 SMART ALEC $5 ☐
Stars Candy Barr
#3 THE NUN $5 ☐
Woman-Vibrator & Man
#4 THE HANDY MAN $5 ☐
Plumber plugs her hole
ALL FOUR FILMS $15 ☐
ALL FOUR USED $10 ☐

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC FILMS
NEW & USED
50% OFF
Tecni-Lab Box 27041
Hollywood, Calif. 90027

GROUP B IMPORTED 200' REG. & SUPER 8

#9 PUSSY PIRATE $5 ☐
Wierd sex game
#10 ERIKA GETS IT UP $5 ☐
Woman & two guys
#11 THE DILDO $5 ☐
Little girl - Big dildo
#12 ANIMAL ANTICS $5 ☐
Woman & a horse
ALL FOUR FILMS $15 ☐
ALL FOUR USED $10 ☐

FROM THE TIJUANA 8-PAGE SEX COMICS

YOUR FAVORITE CARTOON CHARACTERS IN WILDLY FUNNY EXAGGERATED SEX ACTS!
10 FOR $5
24 FOR $10
ORDER NOW — SUPPLY LIMITED
COLLECTOR'S COMIX, BOX 85417, HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90072

200 feet FULL LENGTH 8MM OF BOOB BOUNCING, KISSING, CUDDLING, FLOPPING FUN
the D-CUP girls

$3 $3 $3 $3
ALL 4 Parts PLUS FREE VIEWER $10
S. TAVA DEPT. CV5 BOX 85006, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90072

holding frogs would bring on warts and stump-liquor would charm them off. But when the summer was just right, hot every day and heavy showers at night, you could hear it. In August you could hear it for maybe two nights. Jordy's father had fetched him out of bed and they had stood on the back porch of the old place not even breathing, and sure enough, Jordy had heard that low, grinding rumble from their cornpatch.

He could remember the low, red-swollen moon casting dim fire on the broad green leaves, the jumbled scarecrow that fluttered and dangled on the fence like a horrid and grinning Halloween treasure, the sound of crickets. And that . . . that other sound. It had scared him then, although his daddy said it was perfectly natural. It had scared him plenty. But it hadn't scared him like this.

This sound was like an earthquake whispering deep down in the earth, working itself up through bedrock, shunting boulders aside, moving the ground, getting ready to make plates waltz off their shelves and coffee cups tapdance from counters to shatter on the linoleum. It was at the same time the smallest and the biggest sound he had ever heard.

Jordy turned and ran back to his house.

Now you can explain why a smart man will do something, because a smart man goes by the facts. If a smart man gets car trouble, he goes to a service station. If he gets wasps in his house, he calls the exterminator. And if a smart man gets sick somehow, he calls the doctor.

Jordy Verrill wasn't a smart man. He wasn't feeble or retarded, but he sure wasn't going to win any Quiz Kid award, either. When God hands out the smart pills, he gives some people placebos, and Jordy was one of those. And you can't predict what a man will do in a given situation after he reaches a certain degree of dumbness, because the man himself doesn't know if he's going to shit or put his fingers in the fan.

Jordy didn't call another doctor, not even after lunch when he looked into the mirror on the back of the closet door and saw the green stuff growing out of his right eye.

There was another doctor in Cleaves Mills besides Dr. Condon. But Jordy had never been to Dr. Oakley because he had heard that Dr. Oakley was a son of a bitch. Dr. Condon never acted that way, and Jordy liked him. Also, Oakley was reputed to be fond of giving shots, and Jordy still retained his childhood fear of being injected. Doc Condon was more of a pill man,

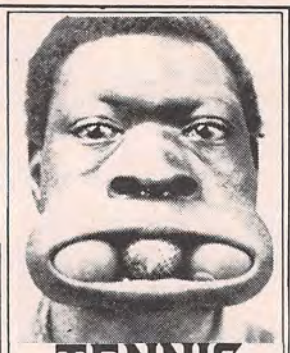
IRON-ONS, POSTERS 79c and up

Raylen Arts winter Iron-On and Poster deals are GREAT! So are our poster designs. All Iron-Ons are about 8" x 11".

INSTANT POSTER COLLECTION

$20.00 worth of posters now only $4.98. You get a little of everything: sex, politics, personalities, etc. At least 10 posters in every package. It's the poster deal of the century.

POSTERS:
C means color



TENNIS ANYONE?
$2.00 X58

X23
$2.00

X66
$2.00 C.

X1
$2.00

X15
79c

X4
$2.00 C.

X42

X3
$2.00

X62
$2.00

X63
$2.00

X17
$2.00

X64
$2.00 EAT SHIT 423 billion FLIES CAN'T BE WRONG 11x17 sepia.

ALL THE IRON-ONS ARE COLOR

6 99

83 .99

37 79

X36
$2.00

X37
$2.00

16 .79

38 .79

41 .99

106 1.48

28 .99

22 .99

X65
79c C

X47
$2.00 C

19 99

14 99¢

100 $1.48

36 99¢

111 99¢

43 $1.48

4 .79

78 99¢

75 .99

1 .79

2 79¢

66 79¢

53 $1.48

88 .99

7 79¢

NAZI AND SS

Authentic German war buckles in brushed bronze. Fit all 1" and 2¼" belts and are interchangeable. These buckles are already collector's items. Limited supply. Only $5.98 each.

KK AA

JJ BB

NEW! **$5.98**

AMERICAN EAGLE DESIGN FOR YOU KNOW WHAT! The best buckles we have ever offered.

Truly distinctive. Almost ¾ of an inch thick. Fits all 1" and 2" belts.

Size is 3¾" square.

Brushed silver NX4

Brushed bronze NX3

WW2 $2.00

WW4 C $2.00

WW7 C. $2.00

$1.00 C

X5
$2.00

X51
3-D poster
$2.00 C

TUCK-INS

CRAZY tuck ins are giant full color transfers that actually tuck right into your pants. You iron them on as shown.
TREAT FOR ONLY $1.98 each.

$1.98 R 73

$1.98 R 70

$1.98 R 68

$1.98 R 77

NIXON COLLECTOR'S ITEM

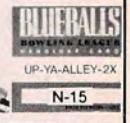
23" x 29" BW $2.50

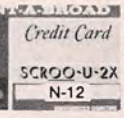
OUT OF ORDER

N-75 STRIKE BACK. Save a friend a dime! Use our own pressure sensitive OUT OF ORDER stickers on BUM PHONES, etc. A great weapon! Black on Yellow. Pad of 25, just 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed! Special: Three pads $1.00.

CREDIT CARDS

CREDIT CARDS • PLASTIC FULL COLOR
$1.50 each 4 just $5.00





To OFFSET OUR ABSURD POSTAGE INCREASES YOU GET FREE $2.00 gift certificate with every order no matter how small.

CAVALIER: The Last Word
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y. 11558

POSTERS AND NOVELTIES

ITEM	QTY	PRICE
TOTAL ITEMS		
POSTAGE		
TOTAL		

Add $1.00 postage to all orders

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Add applicable sales tax.

and usually he would give you the pills free, from samples. Paying up, that was another thing. Jordy had heard that Doc Oakley had a little sign on his waiting room wall that said IT IS CUSTOMARY TO PAY CASH UNLESS ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE IN ADVANCE. That was hard scripture for an odd job man like Jordy Verrill, especially with the hay as poor as it had been this year. But Doc Condon only sent out bills when he remembered to, which was rarely.

None of these are smart reasons for not going to the doctor, but Jordy had one other, so deep he could never say it in words. He didn't really want to go see *any* doctor, because he was afraid to find out what was wrong with him. And what if it was so bad that Doc Oakley decided to stick him in the hospital? He was deadly afraid of that place, because when you went in it was only a matter of time before they lugged you out in a canvas bag.

Still he might have gone to Doc Oakley if the answering service had said Doc Condon wasn't going to be back for a week. But just until tomorrow, that wasn't so bad. He could call Doc Condon tomorrow and get him to come out *here*, and not have to sit in anybody's waiting room where everyone could see that revolting green stuff growing out of his eye.

"That's the ticket," he whispered to himself. "That's what to do."

He went back to the TV, a glass of rum in a water glass by his hand. Tiny green fuzz was visible, growing on the white of his right eye like moss on a stone. Limber tendrils hung over the lower lid. It itched something dreadful.

And so the eye, of course, resorted to its old tried-and-true method of cleansing itself, and that's why Jordy, had he been a smart man, would have gotten over to Doc Oakley's office just as fast as his old Dodge pickup could travel.

His right eye was watering. A regular little sprinkling can.

He fell asleep halfway through the afternoon soap operas. When he woke up at five o'clock he was blind in his right eye. He looked in the mirror and moaned. His faded blue right eye was gone. What was in the socket now was a waving green jungle of weeds, and some of the little creepers hung halfway down his cheek.

He put one hand up to his face before he could stop himself. He couldn't just rip the stuff out, the way you would hoe up the witchgrass in your tomato sets. He couldn't do that because his eye was still in there someplace.

Wasn't it?

●

Jordy screamed.

The scream echoed through his house, but there was no one to hear it because he was alone. He had never been so dreadfully alone in his life. It was eight o'clock in the evening and he had drunk the whole bottle of Bacardi and he still wasn't schnockered. He wished he *was* schnockered. He had never wanted so badly to be out of sobriety.

He had gone into the bathroom to piss off some of the run, and that green stuff was growing out of his penis. Of course it was. It was wet down there, wasn't it? Almost always a little bit wet.

Jordy went just the same but it itched and hurt so much that he couldn't tell which was worse. And maybe next time he wouldn't be able to go at all.

That wasn't what had made him scream. The thought of having that stuff *inside* him, that had made him scream. It was a million times worse than the time he had gotten the bat caught in his hair while he was insulating old Missus Carver's attic. Somehow the green plants had picked the two best parts of him, his eyes and his pecker. It wasn't fair, it wasn't fair at all. It seemed like Jordy's luck was always in, and you spelled that kind of luck B-A-D.

He started to cry and made himself stop because that would only make it grow the faster.

He had no more hard liquor but there was half a bottle of Ripple in the ice box so he filled his tumbler with that and sat down again, dully watching the TV with his good eye. He glanced down at his right hand and saw green tendrils had wiggled out from underneath the cotton . . . and some stalks had pushed right up through it.

"I'm growin," he said emptily, and moaned again.

The wine made Jordy sleepy and he dozed off. When he woke up it was ten-thirty and at first he was so muzzy from everything he had drunk that he didn't remember what had happened to him. All he was sure of was that his mouth tasted funny, as if he had been chewing grass. Awful taste. It was like—

Jordy bolted for the mirror. Ran his tongue out. And screamed again.

His tongue was covered with the fuzzy green growth, the insides of his cheeks were downy with it, and even his teeth looked greenish, as if they were rotting.

And he itched. Itched like fire, all over. He remembered once when he had been deer-hunting and he had to take a squat right that minute, or else. And he had gone and done it right in a patch of poison sumac—Jordy's luck was always in. That had been a bad itch, the rash he had gotten from that, but this was worse. This was a nightmare. His fingers, his eye, his pecker, and now his mouth.

Cold water.

The thought was so focused, so steely, that it didn't seem like his own at all. Commanding, it came again: *cold water!*

He had a vision of filling up the old clawfoot bathtub upstairs with cold water, then ripping off all his clothes and jumping in, drowning the itch forever.

Madness. If he did that it would grow all over him, he would come out looking like a swamp-log covered with moss. And yet the thought of cold water wouldn't go away, it was crazy, all right, but it would be so *good*, so *good* to just soak in cold water until the itch was all gone.

He started back to his chair and stopped.

Green stuff was sprouting from its overstuffed right arm. It was all over the worn and stringy brown fabric. On the table beside it, where there had been a ring of moisture from his glass, there was now a ring of green stalks and tendrils.

He went out into the kitchen and looked into the trash-bag. More of the green stuff was growing all over the Bacardi bottle he had dropped in earlier. And a Del Monte pineapple chunks can next to the Bacardi bottle. And an empty Heinz catsup bottle next to the Del Monte can. Even his garbage was being overrun.

Jordy ran for the phone, picked it up, then banged it back down. Who could he call? Did he really want anyone to see him like this?

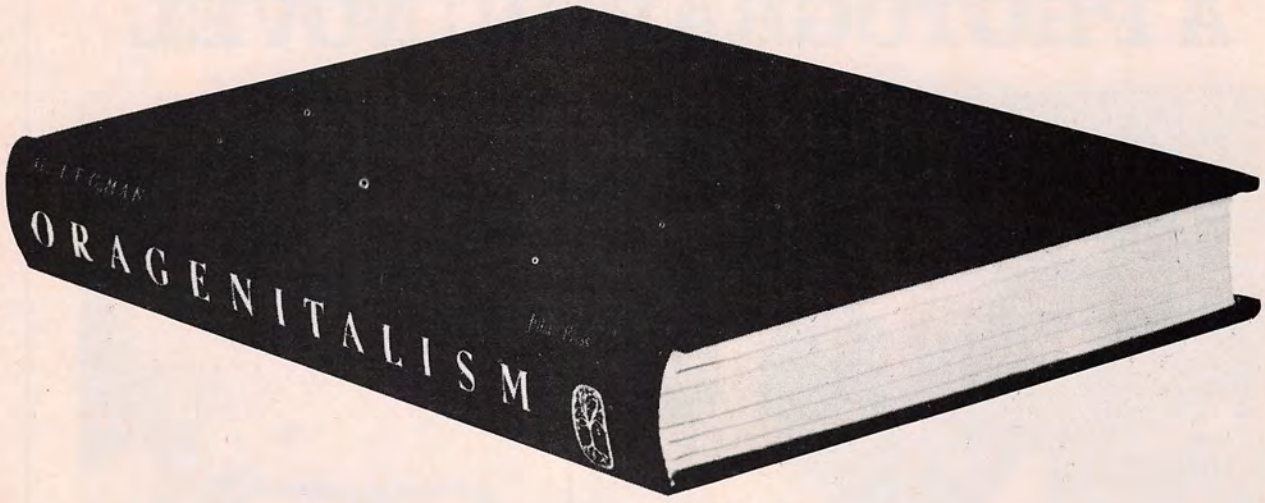
He looked at his arms and saw that his own sweat-glands were betraying him. Among the reddish-gold hairs on his forearms, a new growth was sprouting. It was green.

"I'm turnin into a weed," he said distractedly, and looked around as if the walls would tell him what to do. They didn't and he sat down in front of the TV again.

It was his eye—what had been his eye—that finally broke him down. The itching just seemed to be going deeper and deeper into his head, and creeping down his nose at the same time.

"I can't help it," he groaned. "Oh my Jesus, I can't!"

He went upstairs, a grotesque, shambling figure with green arms and a forest growing out of one eye socket. He lurched into the bathroom, jammed the plug into the bathtub drain, and turned the cold water faucet on



"There is surely no one else in the whole world who knows as much about erotic literature and erotic art and sex itself as Gershon Legman."—*Avant Garde*

Oragenitalism

BY G. LEGMAN ORAL TECHNIQUES IN GENITAL EXCITATION

Never before in any language has a manual of this kind been published. "*Oragenitalism* is every man's guide to 'Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation.' Legman, an experienced chronicler of erotic love, is, happily, not given to euphemisms or snickering. He offers straightforward information and advice as to the ways and means of cunnilingus, fellatio and related arts; and this instructive book should make a useful addition to one's library of plain-spoken literature on subjects that, until lately, could hardly be spoken of at all."—**Playboy.**

"Beyond a doubt the most comprehensive and explanatory manual ever printed on this exciting subject."—**International Science and Technology Digest.**

"Highly recommended .... *Oragenitalism* is a valuable and entertaining book. Hugh Hefner, Albert Ellis, Isadore Rubin, Wardell Pomeroy, even Ralph Ginzburg himself could learn much from reading this book .... Merely as a fund of sexual information, the book should prove fascinating, especially if you have a dirty mind. And a dirty mind, as the English lexicographer Eric Partridge once said, 'is a joy forever.' "—**Avant-Garde.**

THE JULIAN PRESS, INC.
150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011

CAVALIER—The Last Word
P.O. Box 158
Island Park, N.Y., 11558

If your local bookdealer doesn't have a copy, you can order one from CAVALIER. Send a copy to your local bookdealer, send copies to your friends. Love your enemies; send copies to them, too.

But make very, very sure you buy one NOW.

Enclosed is my check or money order for $15.00. Please send [ ] copy/copies of ORAGENITALISM by G. Legman to:

Note: Please add 50 cents to each order for postage and handling.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

New York State Residents add applicable tax.

2 Women in Love:
A PHOTOGRAPHIC NOVEL

Renee and Susan are two women in love. This most sensual and erotic relationship has been photographed with complete candor and sophisticated understanding. From the casual caress of two lovers to the most intimate erotic embrace every nuance of their love has been brilliantly photographed for you.

We know that no matter how knowledgeable you are . . . no matter how sophisticated you are . . . no matter how many books you have seen . . . you have never seen such an exquisite and passionate relationship before so fully and so completely photographed.

2 Women In Love: A Photographic Novel is packed with 32 pages of full-color photographs and many dozen pages of black and white pictures.

2 Women In Love: A Photographic Novel will officially be released in April of next year, and it will retail for $25.00. But now, as a special pre-publication offer you can preview this remarkably exquisite book for only $14.95. But you must act quickly because we have only a limited number of these preview editions.

P.H. Sales *CAV-8*
2 Park Place, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708

Gentlemen: Please send me.....copies of *2 Women In Love* at the pre-publication price of only $14.95 for which I enclose 1) full payment enclosed, and I will save postage and handling charges. 2) Please send me the book C.O.D. for which I enclose a $5.00 deposit per book and I understand that I will pay the postage and handling when the book arrives. I can examine this unique volume for 10 days and then may decide to return for a complete refund.

Name _____ Age

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

full. His jury-rigged plumbing thumped and groaned and clanked. The sound of cool water splashing into the tub made him tremble all over with eagerness. He tore his shirt off and was not much revolted by the new growth sprouting from his navel. He kicked his boots off, shoved his pants and thermals and shivvies down all at once. His upper thighs were forested with the growth and his pubic hair was twined with the limber green tendrils that sprouted from the plants' central stalks. When the tub was three-quarters full, Jordy could no longer control himself. He jumped in.

It was heaven.

He rolled and flopped in the tub like some clumsy, greenish porpoise, sending water sheeting onto the floor. He ducked his head and sloshed water over the back of his neck. He shoved his face under and came up blowing water.

And he could feel the new growth-spurt, could feel the weeds that had taken root in his body moving forward with amazing, terrifying speed.

Shortly after midnight, a slumped, slowly moving figure topped the rise between Jordy Verrill's farm and Bluebird Creek. It stood looking down at the place where a meteor had impacted less than thirty hours before.

Jordy's east pasture was a sea of growing green weeds. The hay was gone for a distance of a hundred and sixty yards in every direction. Already the growth nearest the creek was over a foot and a half high, and the tendrils that sprouted from the stalks moved with a twisting, writhing movement that was almost sentient. At one point the Bluebird itself was gone; it flowed into a green marsh and came out four feet further downstream. A peninsula of green had already marched ten feet up the bank on Arlen McGinty's land.

The figure that stood looking down on this was really not Jordy Verrill anymore. It was hard to say what it might be. It was vaguely humanoid, the way a snowman that has begun to melt is humanoid. The shoulders were rounded. The head was a fuzzy green ball with no sign of a neck between it and the shoulders. Deep down in all that green, one faded blue iris gleamed like a pale sapphire.

In the field, tendrils suddenly waved in the air like a thousand snakes coming out of a thousand Hindu fakirs' baskets, and pointed, trembling, at the figure standing on the knoll. And on the figure, tendrils suddenly pointed back. Momentarily Jordy had a semblance of humanity again: he looked like a man with his hair standing on end.

Jordy, his thoughts dimming with the tide of greenness that now grew

The Stimula® Condom.

"It's like hundreds of tiny fingers urging a woman to let go."

Now you can reach a level of sexual pleasure that only months ago was unheard of.
A condom delicately ribbed to give a woman gentle, urging sensations. Yet, with a shape and thinness that let a man feel almost like he's wearing nothing at all.

Made with a new "nude" latex that transmits body heat instantaneously. Stimula is supremely sensitive. It's anatomically shaped to cling to the penis. And SK-70, a remarkable silicone lubricant works with natural secretions so Stimula's scientifically patterned ribs can massage and caress a woman effortlessly.

Made by the world's largest manufacturer of condoms, a million have already been sold in Sweden and France. Orders are shipped in discreet packages. Send for your sample today.

Stamford Hygienics Inc., Dept. CA-2
114 Manhattan Street
Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me: (Check Box)

☐ $4 sampler of 12 Stimula
☐ $4 sampler of 3 each of 5 erotic condoms
☐ $25 super sampler of 120 condoms

Free catalog sent with order.

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O. Enclosed

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State, Zip_____

Let's Connect!

If it's the personal touch you're missing, stop searching. Here I am. Come and get it. Send $3 and a self-addressed stamped envelope for my picture and sensuous letter.

Write to: Jan Sims
Box 73, F.D.R. Station
N.Y.C. 10022

MORE THAN A CATALOG!

For the FIRST time in America - a catalog so seductive and exciting, a visual display of hundreds of intimate rubber garments modeled by Hollywood beauties (many in full color!).

ULTRA LATEX

Forty-eight pages and over 200 items enticingly displayed for your pleasure! See the actual embrace of the latex – exactly how it should fit – before you buy. Note the shine - the shimmer - the appeal - the body hugging qualities of form-fitting latex! The realism of Rubber is what you experience as you browse through this latest and greatest catalog from SLIMWEAR OF AMERICA !

SLIMWEAR OF AMERICA, INC.
Dept. V4 P. O. BOX 24937
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, USA

VISUAL FOREPLAY!

Specializing only in the best publications of: BONDAGE, DOMINATION, LEATHER, RUBBER, SPANKING and ADULT CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS!

For information and fully illustrated brouchers, send $1.00 to:

HOUSE OF MILAN, Dept. V
Box 24080, Los Angeles Ca. 90024

NOTICE: We have made our ad a little smaller than the other doll ads you'll see around. This is how we save money on advertising and pass the savings on to you, giving you the very best doll at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE!

"YOUR PERSONAL SEX SLAVE"
THE X-RATED GIRL THAT NEVER SAYS NO!

MEET Dottie THE LIFESIZE TEENAGE DOLL

USE HER ANYWAY YOU WANT!

DOTTIE HAS ALL HER FEMALE FEATURES
BREASTS THAT ARE FULL AND FIRM!
OPEN MOUTH IS AN INVITATION TO LOVE!
VAGINA LIGHTLY COVERED WITH PUBIC HAIR!
GREEK STYLE FEATURES THAT MAKER HER COMPLETE IN EVERY WAY!

We feel Dottie can satisfy your every sex fantasie, you will love each other. She is not just a toy, but a life-like playmate who can fulfill your every need. Budding breasts and childlike charm, make her a picture of teenage lust. Shapely hips and rounded thighs coupled with the vibrating effect of her nymphete vagina make her an experience you'll never forget.

PLEASE RUSH ME_____DOTTIES @ 9.95 EACH — TOTAL __ ENCLOSED
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE_____ ZIP_____ AIR MAIL ADD $1
COLE SHIPPING Dept NY Box 46014 W. Hollywood, Ca. 90046

this is the greatest
LEG-SPREADER
even better than SPANISH FLY!

Want her to TURN ON? . . . want her to go-go-go? With a little help from NYMPHOS, she'll be hot-to-trot to your tune . . . no matter what you want to play. Be prepared for fast acting results. Use it yourself. Completely safe. Lasts for hours. Adults only!

Take my word for it . . . they work! Linda
one box NYMPHOS $5 ● special! 2 boxes $9

Send to: Miss LINDA Suite 6 Dept. 616
7251½ Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

ENLARGE YOUR PENIS TO MAMMOTH DIMENSIONS!
WITH PETER PUMP

Selling elsewhere for $29.95 our price $14.95

Yes, this big 13" device is scientifically designed to enlarge your penis. It can develop those muscles which control size and firmness of staying power during intercourse and the strength of ejaculation during climax. Sensational massaging action with every use!

Send to OMEGA Dept CV5 7106 Alabama Ave., Canoga Park, CA. 91303

TRADE-IN MOVIES
HURRY WHILE THEY LAST
4 for $3.00
HARD 8MM FILM TAKEN IN ON TRADE
SUPPLY LIMITED – ORDER NOW!!!
FILM EXCHANGE, DEPT. CV5
BOX 85311, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90072

GUARANTEED TO BE THE REAL THING!
SEX BETWEEN HUMAN & ANIMALS

A subject written on but never so graphically illustrated. See how they do it. Will shock and amaze you. Also receive FREE illustrated film catalog. Both only $5 Must be 21. State your age.

Send $5 to: MISS LINDA Suite 6 Dept CV5
7251½ Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

from the very meat of his brain, understood that a kind of telepathy was going on.

Is the food good?

Yes, very good. Rich.

Is he the only food?

No, much food. His thoughts say so.

Does the food have a name?

Two names. Sometimes it is called Jordy-food. Sometimes it is called Cleaves Mills-food.

Jordy-food. Cleaves Mills-food. Rich. Good.

His thoughts say he wants to bang. Can he do that?

What bang?

Don't know. Some Jordy-thing.

Good. Rich. Let him do what he wants.

The figure, like a badly controlled puppet on frayed strings, turned and lurched back toward the house.

In the glow of the kitchen light, Jordy was a monster. A monster in the true sense, nearly as ludicrous as it was terrifying. He looked like a walking privet hedge.

The hedge was crying.

It had no tears to cry, because the growth was mercilessly absorbing every bit of moisture that Jordy's failing systems could produce. But it cried just the same, in its fashion, as it pulled the .410 Remington from its hooks over the shed door.

It put the gun to what had been Jordy Verrill's head. It could not pull the trigger by itself but the tendrils helped, perhaps curious to see if the bang would make the Jordy-food more tasty. They curled around the trigger and tightened until the hammer dropped.

A dry click.

Jordy's luck was always in.

Somehow it got the shells from the desk drawer in the living room. The tendrils curled around one of them, lifted it, dropped it into the chamber, and closed the slide mechanism. Again they helped to pull the trigger.

The gun banged. And Jordy Verrill's last thought was: *Oh thank God, lucky at last!*

●

The weeds reached the edge of the highway by dawn and began to grow around a signpost that said CLEAVES MILLS, TWO MILES. The round stalks whispered and rubbed against each other in a light dawn breeze. There was a heavy dew and the weeds sucked it up greedily.

Jordy-food.

A fine planet, a wet planet. A ripe planet.

Cleaves Mills-food.

The weeds began to grow toward town. □

Public execution: drawn and quartered.

THIS'LL KILL YA!

● Executions just aren't much fun anymore. It seems that the more advanced technologically man becomes, the more impersonal become his methods for annihilating his fellow beings. It is beside the point to belabor the fact that man, of all living things, is the only creature who has always killed his own kind for the sheer hell of it. Other animals do it for self-preservation—either defense or food—man does it because of many reasons, mostly for pleasure. But, as we said, the fun seems to be going out of it.

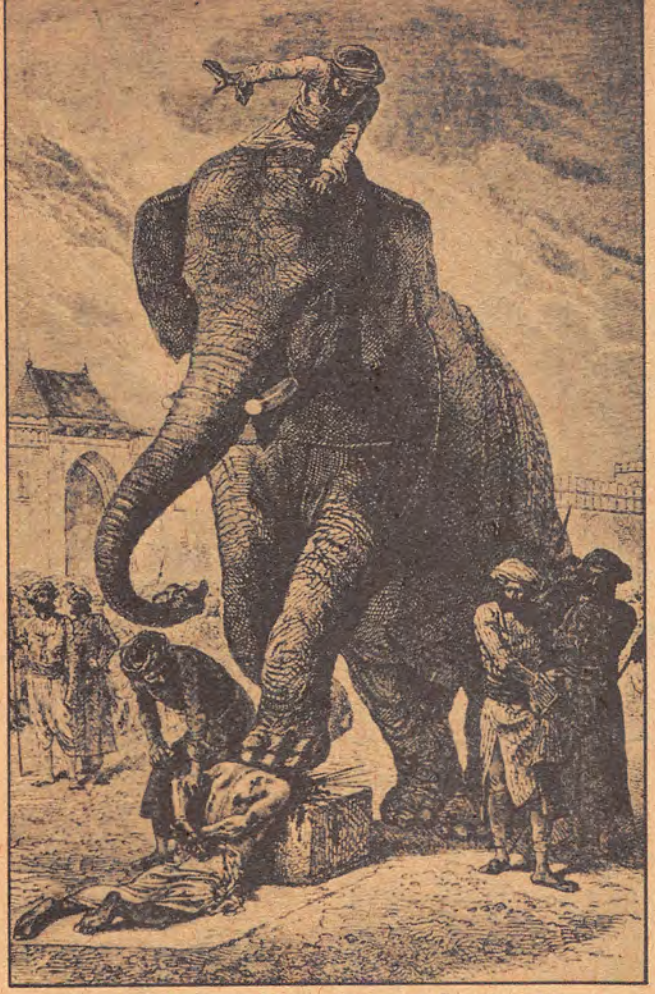
Back in the days of the Roman Empire, for example, the populace would plan for days to attend the circus. They would don their best togas, lug great baskets of food and wine to the coliseum, and spend an entire day feasting, drinking and watching thousands of Christians and other offenders of the Empire being devoured by lions and other wild beasts; people being burned at the stake; dragged behind flaming chariots or impaled by brave gladiators.

Even earlier, the Chinese were inventing their own forms of entertainment—sawing people in half, burying them up to their necks and then running a herd of cattle over them, or the old Chinese water torture where someone was tied under a hollow bamboo rod where the droplets of water would steadily drop onto his forehead until he went loony.

But perhaps the most inventive methods of all were those employed by the Roman Catholic Church during the Inquisitions in Europe and Spain in the thirteenth century. Some of them were ingenious indeed—the iron boot which crushed the foot to jelly; the rack which slowly wrenched the limbs from the body; boiling oil poured through a funnel down the throat (after which a confession was difficult, indeed) or the iron maiden which slowly closed on the victim, impaling him with a thousand tiny spikes. There were instruments that pulled the tongue out by its roots (another deterrant to confession) or slowly crushed the legs to smithereens, and many others too numerous or ghastly to mention. As a matter of fact, many of the tortures designed to extract confessions from suspected heretics were so rough that few of the recipients lived long enough for the main event—execution in public either by being drawn and quartered or burned at the stake.

In 1789, great masses of the masses assembled in the Place Vendome in Paris to watch the beheading of thousands of enemies of the French Revolution—most notable among them King Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette. Of course, this was done by what was considered a most 'humane' method—the use of the Guillotine, an instrument invented by a French physician named Antoine Louis, which was guaranteed to do away with the possibility of human error which sometimes occurred when they used an axe. It was a very swift and supposedly painless way to separate a person's head from his body, although no one actually survived to testify to the fact.

During the sixteenth century in England, Henry VIII and later, Queen Elizabeth I put on some pretty good public shows. The more imaginative tortures were usually employed in the comparative privacy of the dungeon which caused the public to miss the best parts, but everyone was invited to the execution which consisted either of hanging, drawing and quartering, or beheading by sword (a method usually reserved for royalty—Anne Boleyn, for instance). Later, the heads of the executed were displayed on spikes on

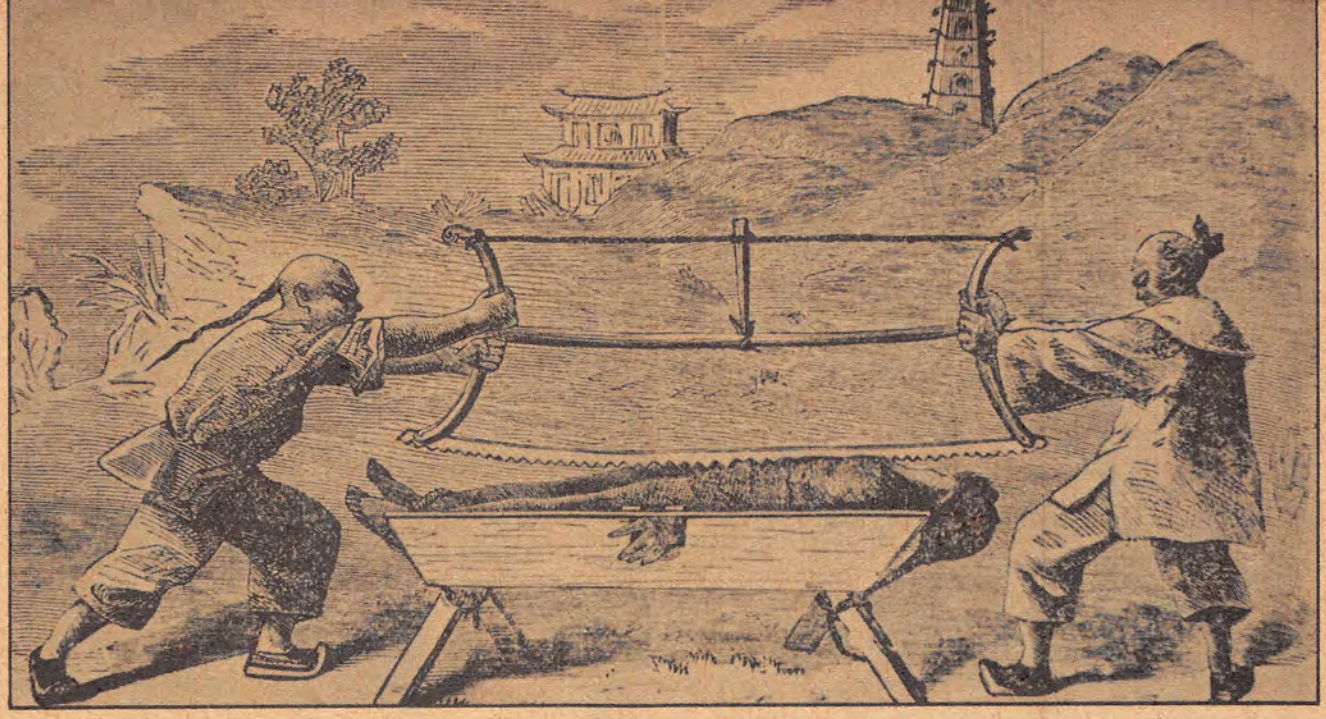


A criminal executed by an elephant at Baroda, India.

The Spanish in America: huge dogs on the loose.

How many forms of torture can you find in this old print?

Russians buried Polish invaders up to the neck . . . then used a scythe.



Punishment of a parricide in China.

London Bridge for those who missed the event and for the crows to feast on.

There were a number of public lynchings, hangings and burnings at the stake in the United States in the early days, but great, staged public executions seemed to be on the wane.

During World War II, Hitler's followers executed a few million people in gas chambers and ovens but these were kept very hush, hush, and only a select few ever actually saw them except for those who were waiting their turn to be done away with. He even wiped out a few towns and cities and had all of the residents shot, but nobody was invited to attend. At the same time the Japanese (very inventive) were doing such things as inserting bamboo splinters under fingernails and lighting them, burying people up to their necks (a very old custom) and even employing that popular standby, the water torture, but when it came to actual execution, the prisoners were usually shot. Unimaginative.

Participants in the Vietnam war became quite inventive—using cattle prods on private parts, throwing people from hovering helicopters, stoning children begging along the roadways, or machine-gunning unarmed peasants, but again, these weren't public spectacles. The big, mass executions were usually done by someone dropping a few tons of napalm or bombs on a village from miles in the air so even the executioner didn't get to see the people he was killing.

Today, with capital punishment being banned hither and yon, even the few people who were allowed to watch executions are being denied the opportunity.

And so . . . since nostalgia is *in* these days, here's a brief peek into the past at some of the more ingenious methods of execution, back in the days when the method was as important as the deed . . . □

Chinese death cages.

all around." Moe turned several shades lighter than white and scuttled off to get the bottle.

I was no more nervous than a ten-minute bride . . . used to be. Queer Calvin sat down and said, "You do not look so good. Why don't you go fishing more often? That's the best way to tone up the nerves."

I could not tell Queer Calvin that the only cure for my nerves would be to forget that I ever knew him . . . at a time like this. Instead, I smiled and said, "I hope the gendarmes are not too hot on your trail as I would not like to be an accomplice or a consorter or any of the other things the cops call a Joe when he is caught with a hot prospect."

Moe came back. He had a bottle in his hands and was shaking like he was mixing a cocktail. Queer Calvin laughed and told us to relax. Then he poured smiles all around.

"I just came from the D.A.'s office," he said, "and he gave me a clean bill . . . as I could prove I was home with Mae at the time of the cooling."

Personally, I know that if I had such a looker as Mae for a wife, I would be home every night, alibi or no. I asked him, "What time did the dastardly deed occur?"

"The coroner made it four a.m. as the body was found soon enough after. Also, Chink's watch was smashed in the ruckus at four a.m. ."

Although I didn't say so to Queer Calvin, I was thinking to myself that his squaw would have to be very ambidextrous to be both at home and also in front of Papantonio's Pizza Palace, where I saw her at 3:45. She was with a skinny guy known around as Charlie D. He hailed from Chicago and had been a member of a mob which now headquartered in Leavenworth. Since coming to New York, he showed no visible means of supporting his bookie, except that now and then he did a little spool-of-thread and bubble-gum buying for Queer Calvin.

He was considered a bear with the ladies and I am here to say that he must have been a real good bear to be able to mooch a double-sawbuck, now and then, from a smitten squab. It is contrary to the upbringing of bright-lights dames to give double-sawbucks to guys—even if they answer to "Charlie." Receiving such double-sawbucks is considered unorthodox in some circles, but Charlie D. could not get into these circles so I guess it is okay for Charlie D. to pick up a double-sawbuck now and then.

For some time now, everybody except maybe Queer Calvin knew that Charlie D. and Mae were an item and that his style of living was on the upgrade. It is possible that no one told Queer Calvin as it is not considered polite to burden husbands with such details.

On this particular morning, I saw Charlie D. put Ms. Queer Calvin into a cab. The cab pulled away and Charlie D. lit a cigarette and walked off toward Third Avenue. I know that even a New York cabbie could not get to Queer Calvin's house in Long Island in fifteen minutes . . . not even if he was using LSD instead of gasoline.

Inasmuch as Queer Calvin was happy about being at home with Mae, I did not wish to spoil his fun and tell him what I saw. Besides, I must have been daffy last night and was seeing things because Queer Calvin certainly knew his own wife when he saw her at home at four a.m.

When he told us where he was this a.m. he considered this part of the conversation closed and poured himself another smile, and turned to me.

"I, too, feel the need of a vacation. Since I no longer have a business here, I'll go to my lodge and bother the fish for a spell. And as for you, my friend, you may go with me. I do not take nay for an answer. As we can only fish in the daytime, we will have long evenings and I like to play gin. You are the one man in this town who can give me a good game. Therefore, I will tolerate no beefs. So go right home and pack your boots and tackle. Benny, my chauffeur, is downstairs. He will take you and I will play your hand with Moe until you return."

I did not want any part of his invitation as I did not relish spending the next couple of weeks with a possible candidate for the State barbeque. Such association would only give me a bad name in many places including the D.A.'s office as I didn't fully believe Cal's story.

However, he was not such a guy as to be put off. Behind his happy exterior was an iron hand—or even a piece of iron in that hand, so I said, "Fish gives me indigestion and besides, I have no tackle."

"I have plenty of tackle and bicarbonate of soda and if there are no further objections, we will leave at once." Then he said, "Moe, whosoever strangled Chink and took the plates, may also not wish me well. So this vacation is a secret and if you tell anyone where we went, I will be

2 FREE SCREWS

SCREW, the weekly sex review, wants to meet you. Order **any** subscription and we will immediately send you two SCREWs absolutely **free**.

SCREW: the most outrageous and controversial newspaper published. And, when it comes to sex, SCREW is always **first** with the most exciting photos, interviews, news, plus reviews of current films, books, and products...all of it delivered with doses of Swiftian satire and side-splitting humor guaranteed to keep all your glands glad.

There's nothing quite like a SCREW. Check it out. Order any subscription—even the super-cheap 10 issues for $9.95—and get a bonus of two SCREWs **free**.

....Special Introductory Offer:
10 issues for $9.95
26 issues ....$19.95 (3rd Class mail)
or ....$29.95 (1st Class mail)
52 issues ....$37.00 (3rd Class mail)
or ....$54.00 (1st Class mail)

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State & Zip .....
I certify by my signature that I am not a government or postal agent engaged in entrapment and that I am of legal age: .....
Make check or money order payable to: **Milky Way Productions, Inc.** Mail to: **Subs, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.** CA-1

NEW! SPANISH FLY improved with GINSENG
EXCLUSIVE NEW FORMULA!
THE REAL THING ... for increasing sexual desire. Use it yourself or give it to a friend. Not only will it turn-em-on .... the imported Ginseng can help solve all energy problems. Be prepared for a balling hot time. Safe and simple to use. Long lasting results. You'll be back for more!
New $6 size at low introductory prices!
☐ one box introductory price only $5
☐ for extra savings order 3 boxes only $10
Send to: OMEGA Suite 6 Dept. 616
7251½ Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

0-0-0- HONEY!
I NEED YOUR LOVE
CLUB JOY invites Swingin' Love Hungry, Broadminded, Sexy, Orally Active Gals N' Guys. Thru Club Joy you can receive names, addresses monthly. For registration & membership card for one year of delightful experiences send just $1.00 to: CLUB JOY (CVJ) Box 1548, Pompano Beach, Florida 33060.

100 DIRTIEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD
THE BEST from the GREATEST SEX BOOKS IN THE WORLD NOW in one HARD COVER BOOK. FULLY ILLUSTRATED. Every act imaginable between men and women, men and men, women and women, described and illustrated. A TRUE COLLECTORS ITEM. Cannot be bought on newsstands. This book has taken one year to prepare – there is no other book like it in the world!
Send $5.50 plus 50¢ for handling to:
STUDIO ONE
6311 Yucca St., Dept 1729 Hollywood, Ca. 90028

try one French Tickler ABSOLUTELY FREE!!!
Send only $1.00 for postage and handling
PROTEX ENTERPRISES – Dept. 1729
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
SPECIAL LARGE ASSORTMENT FOR ONLY $5.00
GUARANTEED NOT TO BE A GIMIC

200 FT. 8 MM ANIMAL ROMANCE FILM PACKAGE

COLOR B&W
☐ $15 ☐ $10 ANIMAL LOVING LADIES
☐ $15 ☐ $10 TEEN LESBIANS AND ANIMALS
☐ $15 ☐ $10 FANNY'S FOR LEGGED LOVER
☐ $15 ☐ $10 HOT HONEY AND A HORSE
☐ $30 ☐ $20 ALL 4 PARTS
HF CLUB, BOX 27932, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90027

MOPPET MOVIES
FULL LENGTH 100' 8MM
☐ $2 Part 1 PUSSY PLAYING
☐ $2 Part 2 INCEST CHILD
☐ $2 Part 3 TEENIE ORGY
☐ $5 All Three Parts
FREE VIEWER!
COLLECTORS SERVICE DEPT. CV5
BOX 85311 HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90072

500 ACTION PHOTOS-FREE!!

Gigantic assortment of 500 completely uncensored SWEDISH ACTION PHOTOS is YOURS FREE to prove that we have the finest! Adults over 21 only. Age and signature required. Enclose $1.00 to cover postage and handling. Send today!
ACTIVE, Dept. CV5
BOX 21 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11230

disappointed in you and will have to speak to you harshly."

Moe, who was still chattering, said, "I will not even admit it to myself." And I believed him. As for me, I am known as a Joe who will out-silence a corpse about such items and I know that this is one of the reasons I was selected as a playmate.

Soon we were on our way with Benny driving the car. Benny was a quiet Joe. Some years ago, Benny took a three-year fall for Chink Martin in a safe-cracking rap and Chink was supposed to turn ten grand over to Benny's wife for services rendered. She was living in a one-room deadfall on First Avenue, the ticket for which could not possibly run over twelve bucks a week. While Benny was in the jug she took sick and needed an operation but it seemed there was no dough. It was not hard to figure she never saw the ten "G"s. Her sickness led her to potters field.

When Benny graduated, Chink told him he did not know what the missus did with the ten grand but to show he was still a right guy, offered Benny a job. Then Chink turned Benny over to Queer Calvin to be his chauffeur and bodyguard, and Queer Calvin picked up the tab. So Benny, being a quiet guy, went along and did nicely in his steady job.

We were riding maybe a half-hour when Queer Calvin said, "Since you will be my guest for a while, it is only fair to explain that for the first time in my life I am innocent. And I would gladly rip-off the guy that did it as he loused up a very profitable arrangement. I will now tell you a secret. I was not at home last night like I said. As a matter of fact, I was sitting in Chink's office, talking business, 'til maybe ten to four.

"It was Benny's night off," he said, "so I walked awhile and decided to go home to Long Island, and I took a cab. It was about five a.m. when I got in and Mae was asleep so, when the law put the arm on me, I used Mae as an alibi. I knew she'd be smart enough for that, which was exactly what happened."

Hearing this tale did not make me at all happy. A Joe who carries a lot of excess information around in his skull sometimes becomes a very undesirable element. If Queer Calvin wakes up some a.m. regretting that he told me this tale, he may not want me walking around . . . with the tale in my coconut. Many a Joe who hears a tale he should not hear has found himself in a very expired condition.

Queer Calvin had a tired look on his face and for the first time, I began to think that maybe he really was innocent—of this particular mayhem. However, I could not understand why he took the powder at this time . . . if he was innocent and had such a good alibi.

I put this to him and he said, "The D.A. knows where I am going and will keep in touch to ask embarrassing questions from time to time. He wanted me out of the way so the guy who wiped out Chink wouldn't make a clean sweep . . . to play it safe."

I was now feeling sorrier and sorrier for Queer Calvin and before he got through I was ready to do violence, if necessary, to defend an innocent man. When I thought about his little woman playing fast and loose when she should be doing the cooking and crocheting, and other womanly things, I began to feel that maybe Queer Calvin was getting a worse deal than the Republicans got from Watergate.

When we got to the lodge, Queer Calvin sent Benny and the car back to the city. But first, Benny unloaded two cartons of supplies and groceries.

The lodge turned out to be a very classy layout. It was built on the side of a hill and we entered from the top floor which was the living room. The next floor down had three bedrooms with twin beds and baths. The lower floor was a huge den and a kitchen. The walls of the den were covered with the heads of game animals, guns and tackle.

Queer Calvin did not want anyone else around so we did our own housekeeping and that's when I found out that a broom is not only for rapping on the ceiling when you want to get some sleep. I felt the only thing missing here was the country-music quartet we sometimes had at Jack's *Loading Zone* on Forty-Fourth Street. I would not miss that too much either as it was usually Jack's idea and his voice was only good for frog parts. Also, my father told me to enjoy all the good things in the world and try everything once. He said, "There are only three things you must avoid at all cost. They are incest, folk dancing and folk singing." So maybe it is just as well we did not have a country-music quartet.

For the next three days we did nothing but fish and play gin. It did not take me long to find out I would never cause Ike Walton no worry. I did not catch a single fish—except at the card table, where I did very well.

Queer Calvin seemed to be as much at home in two feet of water as he was in the kitchen where he cooked fish every night for dinner and sometimes for breakfast. I had a hard time explaining how a guy who gets indigestion from fish can eat so many. I must admit I had the time of my life as it was the first time I saw a mountain . . .

except maybe in a movie or a geography book when I was just a short order. I told Queer Calvin, "I will not be able to sleep without taxi horns and hollering drunks, which I have been used to all my life."

"Do not worry," he said, "we have crickets and hoot owls, and other attractions which are just as good." And he was right. It was just as noisy here and I slept like a night watchman.

On the fourth day, Queer Calvin and I were chopping wood as it gets nippy at night. I was doing very well except for a few blisters and a nick on the leg where the axe bit me the first day. The phone rang and Queer Calvin dropped his axe and went inside. He did not come back so I finished the pile and went in. I found him in the den smoking a big cigar and looking thoughtful.

"How do you like that Charlie D. for a ghoul?" he said. Benny just called and said that the D.A. pinned the murder on Charlie D. He was seen near Chink Martin's office at the witching hour. He is now being set up for the electric smokehouse. I never thought he was ambitious and wanted to get ahead in the printing business. I figured him to be just another guy named Charlie. He will need more than health if he expects to reach a ripe old age. I wonder what he did with the plates."

All this was very interesting to me but I did not say anything as it was quite possible that Charlie D. did the deed. I was beginning to feel even better about Queer Calvin.

But the next morning three police cars came screaming up to the lodge and about a dozen of the finest came charging in. They were led by a plain-clothes dick by the name of Honest Dan Fogarty. Dan was an honest cop. Never once in his career did he ever double-cross a guy who paid off—and that is about as honest as any fair-minded citizen can expect.

They grabbed Queer Calvin and in no time had him chained like he was Houdini . . . in the old days. I was by no means neglected although I noticed only two cops handled my case, where no less than five serviced Queer Calvin.

All this was very confusing to me as they already had one murderer, to wit, Charlie D. If the gumshoes have only one guzzling and two guzzlers, they cannot come out even.

When we were speeding back to town, Dan Fogarty said to Queer Calvin, "We looked for a motive. Then we found out about the missing plates and we had our motive. You have knowledge of and are next closest to the plates. That makes you our run-off candidate."

When we got back to town, Queer Calvin said to Honest Dan, "You must let my friend go. He is as innocent as the driven snow . . . and he was my guest. You have nothing on him, except maybe he cheats at gin, as I did not win a single game. I found him at Moe's coffee house."

Moe also testified and went my bail so I was not too bad off at that, except for the tan which would not come off, and a few blisters. It was the first tan I ever had, except the time I fell asleep in Bryant Park and the newspaper slipped off my face, which was an accident and does not count.

It developed that Charlie D. claimed an alibi and Queer Calvin was more than a little surprised when it was the same as his. Charlie, too, said he was with Ms. Queer Calvin at four a.m.

This called for a recount on Mae's part so the boys in blue trotted out to Long Island. When Mae heard that Charlie D. also needed her for an alibi, she hesitated long enough to breathe and stated, "I cannot tell a lie. I was with Charlie D. at the time and when I got home, Queer Calvin was still not there." This put Queer Calvin's chances on a par with those of the landlord in a Chinese opera.

I was discharged with an apology from the court and the judge said that I should select my friends more carefully in the future. Moe got very insulted, even when I explained the judge meant Queer Calvin. But Moe was not sure and said that the judge should be more careful with his knocks.

Queer Calvin fried on the appointed day and Mae wore mourning for some time as someone told her she looked good in black. She married Charlie D. and they took a boat for a long honeymoon—which I was sure they already had had. But that was none of my business. I felt sad about Queer Calvin and thought that Mae was wrong to marry Charlie D. in the mourning clothes she bought for Queer Calvin's funeral. And that ended the story about Chink Martin and Queer Calvin. That was, like I said, a few years back.

It was only yesterday I bumped into Pedro Diego, a professional head-crusher from Frisco, who came to town to practise his trade on a welcher who racked up a big negative score in Reno.

Pedro told me he ran across Benny, Queer Calvin's chauffeur in San Diego where he was doing very well in the printing business. He printed only the most perfect pictures of Mr. Alexander Hamilton and was operating quietly, doing his own passing, and did not wish to enlarge or become famous . . . like . . . may they rest in peace, Queer Calvin and Chink Martin.

YOUR NAME IS WORTH $21 TO US!

WE WILL SEND YOU **NEW** SEX EDUCATION INFORMATION consisting of:

1. Manual of Sexual Intercourse (Photographically Illustrated) ..... $3 list price
2. How To Arouse A Woman To Her Fullest Potential (Photographically Illustrated) ..... $3 list price
3. 14 Techniques For Making Longer-Lasting, More Vigorous Love (Photographically Illustrated) ..... $3 list price
4. 6 Basic Mistakes In Sexual Techniques (Photographically Illustrated) ..... $3 list price
5. Advanced Oral Sex Techniques (Photographically Illustrated) ..... $3 list price
6. Sexual Gimmicks and Gadgets (Illustrated) ..... $3 list price
7. An Illustrated Guide To The Gentle Art of Seduction (Photographically Illustrated) ..... $3 List price

TOTAL VALUE $21.00
IT'S ALL YOURS FREE!

Over 350,000 copies sold.

State your age. Available to persons 21 years of age or older.
JUST SEND YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND $1 to cover postage & handling charges.

OVERLOOK COMPANY
Dept. 1729 — 6311 Yucca St.
Hollywood, California 90028

GREAT VIBS!

#34 10 inches that take away aches & pain as it soothes frustrations & relaxes you. Deep, gentle penetrating action stimulates like nothing else. Operates on C batteries, not included. Completely safe. Deluxe model. 2 for $8.50. $4.88 ea. Add 50¢ rush postage & handling. Cal. residents add 5% sales tax.
FREE! Coupons to use like cash & unusual catalogue of hard to get items! Or send 25¢ for single issue of catalogue
REGENCY SQUARE, DEPT. J1729
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Cal. 90028

HARD-BLACK-STUD RIDES
TIGHT WHITE GIRL ALL THE WAY!
BLACK Sample **$2.00**
BLACK & WHITE BANG JOB
SUSIE & DONKY MEET
EAT DARK MEAT
→ **ALL 3 SAMPLES: $4.00**
B&W apx 200' $10.00
COLOR apx 200' $16.00
All 3 B&W $22 All 3 Color $38

LIBERTY P.O. Box 74187
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90004 Dept CV5

SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered" proportions!
- SMOOTHES TORSO
- BUILDS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable long line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smoothes out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming-power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White only.

INSTANTLY HOLDS STOMACH IN! $8.99

FROM THIS ... TO THIS ...

10 Day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Purchase Price Refundable if not 100% Satisfied

R. S. SALES, Dept. 1729
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

My chest is _____ inches. (Exhale & measure chest.) SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44), ☐ XL (46-48), ☐ 2X (50-52) Add 50c per order postage & handling. Total Enclosed $ _____ Calif. residents add 6% tax. For COD enclose $2.00 deposit.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SPANISH FLY spice

THE NEW TURN ON!
Everybody's talking about *the turn-them-on pills!!* Provides extra exciting results fast. Drive her wild. Completely safe. Lasts for hours. *Adults only.*

Box of 24 pills $5 • Special value 2 boxes $9
send to : LION PRODUCTS Dept. CV5 .
13510 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, Ca. 91403

UNUSUAL ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

$2 EA. 2 for $3, 4 for $5
GIANT CATALOG INCLUDED FREE
WMS BOX 885, LEMON GROVE, CALIF. 92045

11 FREE SEX FILMS

Guaranteed to be Full Lgth—THIS IS NO GIMMICK
Send $2.00 to cover postage and handling.
or 17 Films—Send $6.00 PHOTOS $6.00
Crystal, Box 85024 L.A., Calif. 90072 Dept. CV5

FREE! 4 Illustrated Orgy Books

PLEASE ENCLOSE $1 POSTAGE & HANDLING

AND OUR GIANT DISCOUNT CATALOG!

DIRECT SERVICE, 6311 YUCCA ST., HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028

AMERICAN DREAM

Continued from page 54

He was so generous with his time that already a small coterie of sour grapes had it that it was all an ego trip. Nevertheless he stopped whatever he was doing and lifted his curly red duck tail off his ears so everybody could see. Slowly, very slowly so that nobody could miss how it was done, he raised his ears. They rose an inch, paused there quivering like a bunny's nose, then settled back into their original position and—godalmighty, look!—kept going down until I thought they'd end up dangling from his chin like a turkey whatchamacallit.

"Like that," he said, letting his ears spring back into place.

Then everybody tried it. Tongues protruded, eyes squinted. A few lucky ears even trembled a little.

"Hey, that's it," Atwood encouraged the tremblers. "Do it harder now. Really bear down on it."

One kid with a jawbreaker in his mouth bore down so hard he cracked two molars and Atwood's trouble with mothers began.

But nobody—*nobody* ever learned to do ears like Atwood. Genius can not be taught.

Nor does it follow the crowd—by age ten Atwood still couldn't bat his way out of a wet paper bag with a Louisville Slugger. But his genius was always on the move, subordinating more and more of Atwood's body to its unfolding plan. At eleven, he drew everybody away from baseball practice merely by announcing that he was going to shoot marbles.

Marbles was his only legitimate sport, but even there Atwood ignored the competitive aspects and went straight to the heart of the thing—style. Nobody shot marbles like Atwood.

"Don't push! Out of my way. I can't see!" Kids rushed off the diamond into the can where the demonstration was. Coach Fulton gave his plug of Red Man a ferocious munch and smacked a grounder to three second stringers who stayed for brownie points. As they argued over whose turn it was to make the catch, the ball rolled past them into center field. Fulton spat.

Inside the can there was a six-inch circle drawn on the tile wall. Atwood, ten feet away in the middle of the room, placed his taw on the concrete floor and dropped his pants. He was not self-conscious about the display of his body. It was the instrument of his genius and nothing more. Is Hank Aaron ashamed of his bat?

200 FT 8MM HARDCORE COLLECTORS SPECIAL

FREE VIEWER! ADD $1 EXTRA FOR AIR MAIL

ALL 4 ONLY $9

☐ $3 pt1 Oral Orgy
☐ $3 pt2 Tortured Teacher
☐ $3 pt3 Animal Love
☐ $3 pt4 Pre-Teen Climax

CINEVIEWER DEPT. CV5 BOX 85417 HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90072

10 FREE SEX BOOKS

Guaranteed to be Full Length — THIS IS NO GIMIC
Send $2.00 to cover Postage and Handling
CR SALES — 6311 Yucca St.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028 Dept. 1729

FANTASTIC FILMS ONLY 25¢

PHOTOGRAPHED SO VIVIDLY YOU CAN COUNT THE HAIRS AND FEEL THE SKIN!

IMPORTED FROM COPENHAGEN

4 BOY-GIRL FILMS $1 ☐ OR 20 MIXED ACTION MOVIES FOR $5 ☐ WITH FREE VIEWER

CLASSIC IMPORTS, BOX 27041, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90027

72 PICS PER SET

FINGER STICKIN GALS

CLOSE-UPS PHOTOS OF UNUSUAL SELF SEX!

GIANT CATALOG INCLUDED FREE!

ONLY $1

☐ $1 LITTLE GIRLS
☐ $1 TEENIE BOPPERS
☐ $1 EROTIC WOMEN
☐ $2 All Three (216 pics)

SPOTLITE, 6311 YUCCA STREET, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

I WANT TO SUCK YOU...

into accepting a **FREE GIFT!** I'll send you a full carton of blistering sex-drenched Hard **IMPORTED** photos, mags, books and film (worth $15.00) **FREE**, to prove I've got what you're looking for! Enclose **$2.00** cash or stamps for postage and handling for immediate air mail shipment! **SEND NOW!**

HALLMARK
Box 230 CV5 BKLYN, N.Y. 11218

GOOD SWEDISH MAGAZINES

6 different color magazines, only $15. Film • Color Slides • Magazines • Books Free Catalogue. Collection of photos and slides, $1.00. Write in today!

HALSAN
Box 3009, Norrköping 3.600 03, Sweden

1. ANIMAL SEX FILM
2. THE WIFE SWAPPERS
3. TEENAGE SUCKING
4. GANG BANG RAPE
5. ORAL SEX CLUB

100' 8MM Color Film BUY WHOLESALE

WE WILL SEND YOU ALL 5 OF THESE BRAND NEW COLOR SHOWS PLUS A SURPRISE CLIMAX FILM AND OUR WHOLESALE CATALOG—ALL FOR ONLY $10—INDIVIDUAL STAGS $3 EA.

TANA BOX 85006 HOLLYWOOD, CA 90072

CASE HISTORIES OF STRANGE SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS

THE BOOK BARN, BOX 942, NATIONAL CITY, CALIFORNIA 92050

SUCKING teen nymphos

DOZENS OF EXPLICIT TEENS!

COLOR LOADED MAG $5 value only $1

NOT ON NEWSTANDS!!

C.R. Dansk • Box 786 • AU Reseda, Ca. 91335

There was awed silence as Atwood hunkered over the marble, cheeks flared. He touched the floor, did something with god knows what muscles, then lifted himself up.

"Where's the marble?"

"Shh. He sucked it right up his—"

"Phutt!" Bent at a ninety-degree angle with his backside to the target, Atwood let fly like a human pellet gun. The marble zinged through the air.

Clack!

"Jeez! Dead center."

Who could compete with Atwood at marbles? He was in a league of his own. Besides, Atwood's message was not imitation. Nevertheless, a few did try to emulate him. Some of the marbles did not come out and there was more trouble with mothers.

"Atwood never *made* anybody do *anything* with their marbles," said Atwood's mom, holding the phone away from her ear so that she would not be deafened by the other mother's screaming. "If your son doesn't have any better sense than to do *that*, then there's nothing *I* can do about it. Have you tried an enema?"

A week later I passed his house on my way to baseball practice (I was turning into one hell of a first baseman) and saw him lying flat on his back in the front yard. I got off my bike and went over to him.

"What do you want?" he said, glaring up at me like I had violated something by coming into his yard.

"Look here," I said. "I just came over here to tell you I saw you fart marbles the other day."

"I can't teach *you* how to do it," he said. "Either you *have* control or you *don't* have it."

That wasn't what I expected. The life of an altruist is always full of surprises though.

"I don't want to know how to fart marbles, Atwood. What I came here for was to tell you that anybody who can do what you did has a good enough eye to be at least an outfielder if you apply yourself."

He sat up and looked at me. Then his eyes went crazy and he fell over on his side in the grass laughing.

"I don't *want* to be an outfielder. God, how corny can you get. *Baseball!*"

"Listen here," I said, getting mad. "I've got something else for you to laugh at. Everybody knows who Willie Mays is because he's good at something *real*—right? And everybody knows about President Eisenhower because he's good at something else *real*. But nobody is ever going to give a rat's ass who is the world's champion marble farter, and that's because marble farting is *not* real."

OVER 50% OFF ON ALL ITEMS

COMPLETE HARDCORE SELECTIONS AT WHOLESALE PRICES

DEALERS WHOLESALE OUTLET
7471 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles California 90046

Absolutely FREE LIFESIZE LOVIE DOLL
Free with any $ 9.95 order or more we will send you a lifesize LOVIE DOLL While They Last Hurry Supply Limited!

BIG DICK
Hand Held 8 Inch! Rubber Dildo
Reg. Price $14.95 Your price $7.50

FREE $20
Credit slip With any $20 Purchase From our Catalog!

ARTIFICIAL VAGINA
"Feels like the Real Thing"
Reg. Price $19.95 Your Price $9.95

BIG DICK VIBRATOR
Reg. Price $9.95 Your Price $4.98

Universal PENIS EXTENSION
Needs no Belts
Reg. Price $7.95
Your Price $3.49

FRENCH TICKLERS
Set of three fool-proof exciters
Reg. Price $5.95 Your Price $2.49

HARD ACTION SEX BOOKS GRAB BAG
10 Sizzling Illustrated Novels of Unusual Sex Practices
$25.00 Value Your Price $6.00

HARDCORE ADULT GRAB BAG MAGAZINE
Couples • Spread Beaver Orgies-Lesbian
All 4 Hot Titles $20 Value Your Price $3.00

SPANISH FLY
Spice Packet.
Reg. Price $5.00 Your Price $2.00

GIANT 8x10 ORGY PHOTO SETS
5 Different Sets
12 Close-Up Shots Per Set
Reg Price $15.00
Your Price $3.00

200 Ft. Reg 8mm Only
MOVIE GRAB BAG
4 Different Reels in B&W
Approx. Value $40 Your Price $9.95
4 Different Reels In Color
Approx. Value $80 Your Price $19.95

Handy rush order form — FREE WHOLESALE CATALOG WITH EVERY ORDER

☐ Big Dick	@	$7.50 ea.
☐ Penis extension	@	$3.49 ea.
☐ French Ticklers	@	$2.49 ea. set
☐ Spanish Fly spice	@	$2.00 ea.
☐ Vibrator	@	$4.98 ea.
☐ MOVIE GRAB BAG	@	$9.95 B/W
	@	$19.95 COLOR
☐ SEX BOOK GRAB BAG	@	$6.00 (All 10 Novels)
☐ MAGAZINE GRAB BAG	@	$3.00 (All 4 Titles)
☐ 8x10 ORGY PHOTOS	@	$3.00 (All 5 sets)
☐ Artificial Vagina	@	$9.95

I am Over 21 Years of age
BE SURE TO INCLUDE MY FREE LOVE DOLL
FREE $20 CREDIT SLIP ON FUTURE ORDERS (with any $20 Purchase)

NAME (please print) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

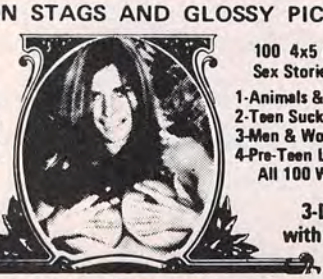
WHOLESALE OUTLET Dept. 616
7471 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles Ca. 90046

• Sold as novelty item only

PORNO LOVERS!
HARD ACTION STAGS AND GLOSSY PICTURES

200 Ft. Complete Stag Each Part 8mm B & W
1-Gang Bang 2 Men 3 Girls ☐$10.
2-Les Party - 4 Teens ☐$10.
3-Candy Sucks 48-26-38 ☐$10.
4-Stud - 2 Girls 1 Horse ☐$10.
All 4 Parts ☐$25.

REMEMBER TO DEDUCT $5.00 FROM ANY ORDER WITH THIS COUPON



100 4x5 Glossy Sex Stories - 25 Per Set
1-Animals & Girls 25 ☐$10.
2-Teen Suck 25 ☐$10.
3-Men & Women Orgy 25 ☐$10.
4-Pre-Teen Lovers 25 ☐$10.
All 100 Wild Glossy's ☐$25.

3-Day Service with Cash or M.O.

Send To: COUPON, P.O. BOX 6609, TORRANCE, CALIF. 90504

YOU CAN DO IT WITH
PASSION PLUS
GET HER HOT ANYTIME YOU WANT!
For a balling hot time put some PASSION PLUS in her food or drink. She'll be turned-on for hours of passionate lovemaking. Makes her too hot to wait—so use some yourself and be just as ready. Extra strong. Safe to use.
and
STAY HARD
... with ERECTO. Control your ejaculation! Makes male organ hard! Be the BIG MAN where it counts. She'll love every inch of you!
☐ PASSION PLUS $5 ☐ ERECTO $5 ☐ BOTH $9
send to: OMEGA Dept. 616 P.O. Box 199
Woodland Hills, CALIF. 91364

do you measure up?
now you can
ENLARGE YOUR PENIS! STRENGTHEN & HARDEN YOUR ERECTION!
Penis enlargement is possible! A tested product . . . PENISTRETCH is a device available for the man WHO: Wants to extend the size of the male organ to it's absolute maximum size • Wants to increase his control over ejaculatory muscles • Wants to have erections that are harder . . . stiffer . . . bigger . . . longer lasting! Fits any male adult • simple instructions • plain wrapper
Thousands sold at $10 . . . now only $7
Send $7 to: HOTLINE Suite 6 Dept. CV5
7251½ Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!
NO BULL!
That's right! Your name is worth $5 to us . . . so we'll send you absolutely FREE an explicit $4 imported DANISH magazine, plus our $1 sex gorged action packed catalog, plus a valuable surprise gift!
Positively no gimmicks • Must be 21 to order
Send $1 to cover postage and handling to:
PRIVATE PRESS Suite 6 Dept CV5
7251½ Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

I'll stick it in!
YOUNG GIRLS MASTURBATING! FULL LENGTH COLOR FILM MUST BE 21
$1
Volume Sales - Box 7993 - AU Van Nuys, Ca. 91409

FREE SEX
ACTION PHOTOS
Plus GIANT "NO BULL CATALOG" featuring the greatest selection of sex products, films, photos, books, magazines, etc. Plus a valuable FREE GIFT. Adults 21 or over, state your age. Just send $1 to cover postage & handling to: Parker Sales Co., Dept. CV5 P.O. Box 203, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

GROUP SEX MAGAZINES
FULL SIZE — HARD ACTION!
Only $1 Ea. All 3 For $2
FROM SWEDEN
☐ FORCED RAPE
☐ WIFE SWAPPING
☐ TEEN GROUP SEX
Rush to: SVEN PUBLISHING DEPT. CV5
BOX 32, N. HOLLYWOOD CALIF. 91603

200 FT 8MM
WHOLESALE MOVIE OFFER!
HELP US! CLEAN OUT OUR WAREHOUSE AND SAVE BIG MONEY ON LIMITED QUANITIES OF RANDOM TITLES!!!
GUARANTEED BRAND NEW!
HARDCORE FILM
ODD LOT ASSORTMENTS OF RANDOM TITLES TOO NUMEROUS TO LIST!!!
☐ 8 B&W $15 ☐ 8 COLOR $25
FREE CATALOG WITH EVERY ORDER
ONE SAMPLE FILM COLOR $5 ☐ B&W $3 ☐
WHOLESALE OFFER Box 85006 Hollywood, Ca. 90072

I think it hit him pretty hard because he was still lying there looking at me when I got on my bike and rode away. I was a block down the street before he found his voice.

"*I* AM THE WORLD CHAMPION MARBLE FARTER!" he yelled.

It was about this time that I realized Atwood was different. I mean *really* different. Not that he went about things in a unique manner, but that Atwood's *things* were unique.

This was the beginning of Atwood's dark period. Puberty made him aware of parts of his body that he had ignored, parts that, in the collective parental mind, were better left that way.

"His balls go up and down like a yo-yo."

"Lord! Look there at his whanger crawlin back inside itself like a snake in a—"

Now Atwood was evil. Everywhere he went he was met with suspicion and distrust. Mothers would not let their daughters go out with him. Their daughters wouldn't go anyway, because of the rumors.

"He can do it to himself without touching it."

"How?"

"With his *mind*. He just thinks real hard and pretty soon it happens."

"Muck! How awful! How would you feel if he did it while you were *with* him? It doesn't make any difference to him whether you're a nice girl or not."

"Whaddya suppose he thinks about?"

Puberty passed, leaving its scars. Atwood, damaged by the years of virtual ostracism, got it together again. After a mere month's retirement, he came out of his room and went to school to make his comeback.

"Who's doing that?" Coach Fulton yelled at the study hall. Coach was sitting in the middle of the room behind a big desk and somebody was whistling "Yankee Doodle."

"Whoever is doing that is going to whistle another tune when I get through with them!"

Obligingly, the tune changed. Now it was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Everybody was looking around. The whistle, which was very tiny, was nevertheless plainly audible and seemed to be coming from all parts of the room at once.

I let out a guffaw.

"Shut up!"

Coach Fulton slammed his meaty fist on the desk top and there was silence . . . except for the "Battle Hymn," which marched along just as before.

WANNA SEE MY P.P.?
Cine, Box 85417 Hollywood, Calif. 90072
100 FT. 8 MM PLEASURE PACKAGE OF VERY LITTLE GIRLS COMING AND GOING!
ONLY $2 PER TEENY TOT
ALL 7 DIFFERENT $10

HOOKERS HANDBOOK
GIANT NEW LIST — GIRLS AVAILABLE!
COMPLETE WITH REVEALING PHOTOGRAPHS
INCLUDES PHONE NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES!
ONLY $5 PER COPY
F SERVICE, BOX 69765, LOS ANGELES, CA 90069

3 ADULTS ONLY FULL LENGTH SEX BOOKS FREE
or 20 for $5.00
Send $1 to cover postage & handling
TIFFANY ENTERPRISES Dept. 1729
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
GUARANTEED NOT A GIMMICK

OUR REGULAR 200' FILMS SELL FOR $10 EACH — SO GRAB THIS SPECIAL OFFER NOW!
FREE HARDCORE MOVIE
WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THIS FILM FREE! WITH ABSOLUTELY NO OBLIGATION, BECAUSE WHEN YOU'VE SEEN IT, WE KNOW YOU'LL BE ORDERING MORE FROM OUR CATALOG!
Enclose $1 Postage & Handling
KIDNAPPED!
KIM COMP. DEPT CV5
6311 YUCCA ST. HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90028

the "ZINGER*" is guaranteed to make her HOT!
3 for $1.00 3 for $1.00
IF DIRECTIONS FOLLOWED EXACTLY!
*A NOVELTY ITEM ONLY
PROTEX ENT., DEPT. 1729
6311 YUCCA ST.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

SUCK AND STROKE MOVIES
of complete coming action
1. Super Suck (Man & Woman)
2. Hot Pants Virgin (Girl Only)
3. Gang Bang (Group Action)
4. Wet Lips (Two Girls)
8MM B/W $1 EA ALL 4 FILMS $2
"CD", BOX 85067, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90072

eager TEENS
The most luscious, most writhing, young bodies ever exposed in magazines!! See these little sex kittens stiffen the manhood of their favorite young studs. THEY DO IT ALL! COLOR PACKED magazines. Must be over 21. State age
☐ 1 magazine $4 ☐ 2 for $7 ☐ all 3 for $9
Send to: HOTLINE Dept CV5
P.O. Box 199 Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364

100 FT. REG 8 or SUPER 8
DANISH & SWEDISH HARDCORE PORNO FILM
FEATURETTES Reduced For 8mm Home use in U.S.
☐ RAPE ☐ SUCKING ☐ ANIMAL
☐ ORGY ☐ PREETEEN ☐ LESBIAN
$3 EACH ANY 2 - $5 ALL 6 $10
MOVIE OFFER BOX 85006 HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90072

200 FEET OF 8 MM HARDCORE AVAILABLE IN B&W OR COLOR
1¢ SALE
BUY 1 PART AT REG. PRICE RECEIVE 2nd FOR ONLY 1¢
B/W 5.99 COLOR 9.99
TEENY FINGER FUN ☐ ☐
SATISFIED SEX PET ☐ ☐
MAMA'S LITTLE GIRL ☐ ☐
VIOLATED VIRGIN ☐ ☐
CHOOSE YOUR SECOND FILM 1¢ FOR ONLY
BUY 2 GET ALL 4
SANTANA CO., BOX 85006, HOLLYWOOD CA 90072

ALL NEW 1976 HARD ACTION SEX MERCHANDISE Has Just Arrived!

PUBLIC SALE* LAST CHANCE TO BUY Sexually Oriented Merchandise BELOW WHOLESALE!

Major National Distributor Must Vacate Warehouse.
Our Loss Is Your Gain. But, You Must Act Quickly!

5 Lots Of Adult Sex Merchandise You Can Buy For Peanuts...
AS LOW AS ~~14¢~~ 12¢ ON THE DOLLAR!

ALL NEW FRESH BRANDED STOCK! EVERY ITEM FIRST QUALITY TOP GRADE MERCHANDISE!

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS YOU CAN BUY...

$49.70 WORTH OF ADULT MERCHANDISE FOR ONLY $5.88
$69.60 WORTH OF ADULT MERCHANDISE FOR ONLY $9.88
$101.50 WORTH OF ADULT MERCHANDISE FOR ONLY $14.88

LOT #1 ~~$49.70~~ Value — Adult Sex Package — PAY ONLY $5.88

(plus $1 for postage & handling)
SHIPPING WEIGHT - 3 lbs.

- 500 Wild Action Photos Plenty of Action Close-Ups.....($10 value)
- 180 Page Hardbound Sex Book Torrid Accounts of Oral/Anal Sex.....($5.95 value)
- 192 Page Book: Group Sex Action....($1.95 value)
- 160 Page Book: Teenagers & Incest..($1.95 value)
- 160 Page Book: Male Homo.....($1.95 value)
- 172 Page Book: Lesbianism.....($1.95 value)
- 192 Page Book: Nymphos.....($1.95 value)
- 32 Full Color Danish Sex Photos.....($3 value)
- A–Z Sex Dictionary.....($3 value)
- 12 Dirty Little Sex Comics: The Famous 8 Page Tijuana Bibles Featuring the sex lives of your favorite cartoon characters..($5 value)
- 100 Page Swingers Magazine - Gals & Guys in All Parts of the Country...($3 value)
- All Color Sexy Calendar: 12 Months with 12-8½ x 11" Explicit Photos.....($1 value)
- Sex Manual: How to Arouse a Woman to Her Fullest Sexual Potential: These Secrets Can Change Your Life!.....($3 value)
- Manual: The Secrets of Sex Foods Dozens of Foods - Recipes - Secrets!.....($3 value)
- Sex Party Games: Your Friends Will Love these!.....($1 value)
- Erotic Sex Puzzle.....($1 value)
- Signed Autographed 8 x 10" Photo of Linda Lovelace: Suitable for Framing.....($1 value)

LOT #2 ~~$69.60~~ Value — Deluxe Adult Sex Package — PAY ONLY $9.88

(plus $1.50 for postage and handling)
SHIPPING WEIGHT - 5 lbs.

- Sex Credit Card - Full Color–Wallet Size.....($1 value)
- Sex Greeting Cards - Mail Them to Special Friends.....($2 value)
- Bottle of Pussy Power - "Makes Her Hot!".....($1 value)
- Packet of Special New Prophylactics.....($1 value)
- One Adult Action Photo Reader: Red Hot Story plus 75 Action Photos.....($2 value)
- 32 Page Spread Beaver Magazine.....($3 value)
- 2 Factual Sex Case History Books....($3.90 value)
- Illustrated Manual: Mental Sex Magnetism. Learn How to Attract Women Like Flies.....($3 value)
- 40 Page Lesbian Love Magazine.....($3 value)

PLUS EVERY HOT ITEM IN LOT NO. 1 ~~$49.70~~ Value
EVERY ITEM IN THIS PACKAGE-TOTAL VALUE $69.60

Copyright © 1976 MAJESTIC DISTRIBUTORS

LOT #3 ~~$101.50~~ Value — Super Deluxe Adult Sex Package — PAY ONLY $14.88

(plus $2 for postage and handling)
SHIPPING WEIGHT - 7 lbs.

- Giant 32 Page All Color Nudist Magazine.....($5 value)
- Giant 23 x 35 Inch Color "Keep On Sucking" Poster.....($3 value)
- 32 Page Male/Male Magazine.....($3 value)
- 32 Page "Big Tit" Magazine.....($3 value)
- 32 Page Sexual Fetish Magazine.....($3 value)
- Deck of 54 Full Color Sexual Intercourse Playing Cards.....($5 value)
- Packet of Comic Sex Post Cards Mail Them to Your Friends.....($1 value)
- 288 Page Book: Famous Olympia Sex Classic.....($1.95 value)
- 160 Page Book: Hot Danish Novel Pub. in Denmark (English Text).....($1.95 value)
- 12 Full Color 35mm Action Slides.....($5 value)

PLUS EVERY ITEM IN LOTS NO. 1 & 2 ~~$69.60~~ Value
EVERY ITEM IN THIS PACKAGE-TOTAL VALUE $101.50

LOT #4 ~~$34.90~~ Value — Swinger Sex Aid Package — PAY ONLY $14.77

(plus $1 for postage and handling)

- Latest 7 x 1½ inch Artificial Penis - Unbelievably Realistic–Feels Like Human Flesh–Hollowed to Accept Vibrator Complete With Straps.....($9.95 value)
- Powerful 7 Inch Vibrator.....($3.95 value)
- Assortment of the Latest in French Ticklers.....($4 value)
- Cock Ring.....($1 value)
- French Sleeve - Fits Over Vibrator, Artificial Penis or Penis.....($5 value)
- Deluxe Penis Extension.....($2 value)
- Packet of New Prophylactics in Colors.....($1 value)
- Assortment of Flavored Sex Lubricants.....($1 value)
- Illustrated Manual: Sexual Gadgets and Gimmicks.....($3 value)
- Illustrated Manual: Secrets of Sexual Seduction.....($3 value)
- Illustrated Manual: Premature Ejaculation: Its Causes and Cure. Teaches You to Make Love for Hours.....($1 value)

LOT #5 ~~$200~~ $100 Value

Color 10 SUBJECT FILM PACKAGE — PAY ONLY $27.77
B&W 10 SUBJECT FILM PACKAGE — PAY ONLY $13.77

(plus $1 for postage and handling)
Film Package–Available in B&W or Color–Reg. 8mm or Super 8

1. Group Sex–Over a Dozen Couples Perform Unbelievable Sex Acts!
2. Sex Cartoons–Unbelievably Hilarious
3. Lesbian Acts–Two Voluptuous Beauties Together!
4. Male/Male Film–Real He-Men Studs!
5. Couples In Action–Includes Oral Love
6. Spread Beaver–Great Looking Girls Show All!
7. Big Tits–Nature Was Good to Them!
8. Old Classic Porno–From the Good Old Days
9. New Danish Porno–Filmed in Denmark
10. Linda Lovelace In Action–Genuine Film

ORDER FORM

Majestic Distributors P.O. BOX 500, VAN BRUNT STATION, BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11215 Dept. CV512

I, the undersigned, hereby declare and represent the following: I am an adult person over 21 years of age. I hereby authorize you to ship the lots of sexually oriented merchandise indicated above to me as per the shipping instructions stated below. I am not a member of any law enforcement agency or censorship group or working for such directly or indirectly. The material I am now purchasing does not, in my opinion, go beyond the contemporary community standards of my community regarding sexually oriented materials. I am not ordering any sexually oriented material on behalf of minors or persons who do not desire sexually oriented merchandise.

Signature _____

We can not fill your order without your signature above.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ EXTRA SPECIAL PACKAGE DEALS! ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

☐ THE SHARP HORSE-TRADERS SPECIAL-A $236.40 Value!! Lots No. 3, No. 4 & No.5 ...Includes EVERY ITEM in this Ad! Only $39.66 plus $3 postage & handling TOTAL $42.66

☐ HORSE-TRADERS SPECIAL With COLOR Film-$336.40 Value ONLY $51.66 Plus $3 post. & hand. TOTAL:$54.66

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THE ODD-LOT GIVEAWAY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

☐ We've got several skids of various merchandise but in quantities too few to advertise. We'll fill a carton to the top if you help us move this stuff off our premises. We'll estimate the retail value over $30.00 per box. EXTRA SPECIAL: A Fin ($5) (We'll pay postage.)

*This sale is limited to adults over 21 years of age only!
Please Sign Statement Above.

GENTLEMEN:
I know a good deal when I see one so please accept my order indicated below. I understand that if I am not 100% pleased, I may return any Lot intact for a refund.

QUANTITY

_____ Lot No. 1 - A $ 49.70 Value.....ONLY $ 5.88 (plus $1.00 post. & hand.) TOTAL–$ 6.88
_____ Lot No. 2 - A $ 69.60 Value.....ONLY $ 9.88 (plus $1.50 post. & hand.) TOTAL–$11.38
_____ Lot No. 3 - A $101.50 Value.....ONLY $14.88 (plus $2.00 post. & hand.) TOTAL–$16.88
_____ Lot No. 4 - A $ 34.90 Value.....ONLY $14.77 (plus $1.00 post. & hand.) TOTAL–$15.77
_____ Lot No. 5 - (B & W) A $100 Value.....ONLY $13.77 (plus $1.00 post. & hand.) TOTAL–$14.77
_____ Lot No. 5 - (COLOR) A $200 Value.....ONLY $27.77 (plus $1.00 post. & hand.) TOTAL–$28.77

PLEASE SEND LOT No. 5 In: ☐ Reg. 8mm ☐ Super 8

☐ I have enclosed $_____ in Full Payment.
☐ I have enclosed a $3 deposit. Please send C.O.D. ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(New York Residents Please Add Appropriate Sales Tax.)

Enclose Full Payment With Your Order, SAVE Post Office C.O.D. Fee Of Approx. $1.

FREE Super Bonus With Every Order! "The Hardcore Sex Ball Point Pen"

FREE EROTICA CATALOG

WITH ANY PURCHASE

44 PAGES
317 PHOTOS

UNBELIEVABLE Super Low DISCOUNT PRICES

OVER 400 HARD-TO-FIND ITEMS

FULL COLOR
WORLD'S LARGEST
DISCOUNT SELECTION

films · photos · magazines · books · marital aids

INTRODUCTORY 100' MOVIES - ONLY $3

OVER 40 MORE FILMS IN OUR GIANT CATALOG!!

1. "WIFE SWAPPING PARTY": The pleasures of group love are graphically depicted in exciting scenes of explicit passion. The lusty French girl with special daisy chain talents steals the show!! .....#1 $3
2. "3 GIRLS ON ONE MAN": Every man's favorite fantasy!! Imagine yourself there: 3 horny nymphs satisfying you with loving eagerness. They'll show you little - known how's and where's, and you'll love every bit of it!!.....#2 $3
3. "CANDY AND DICK": Adult action too hot to describe here! Suffice it to say that even WE WERE SHOCKED at the uninhibited antics of this dynamic duo. Enormous breasts. Beautiful loving lips. This film is already a classic!! .....#3 $3
4. "SEARING SEX SCENES": Dozens of the hottest scenes from films produced before the recent Supreme Court ruling. An exciting smorgasbord of sensuality. This crowd-pleaser has something for everyone's erotic tastes. ..... #4 $3

NOTHING OVER $3

SUPER VIBRATORS

World's most popular sex aid. Penetrating vibrations awaken her genital sexuality. A million tiny butterfly wings create a new woman!! Quality 7 inch vibrator.

#9 $3

FRENCH TICKLERS

Variety for lovemaking. You get long & short models, plus new super tickler-extension. Over 40 different styles in catalog.

#10 All 3 for $3

ADULT MAGAZINES

Latest imported o-p-e-n beaver PLUS hot sexaction. 100's of books & mags in catalog. 2 full-sized mags.

#11 $3

PHOTOS/SLIDES

10 color slides...open beaver and sizzling action.

#12 $3

8 glossy 4x5 o-p-e-n variety photos, from 100's in catalog. #14 $2

NOTE: You must be at least 19 yrs old & sign affidavit:

I WANT:

CHECK ONE: REGULAR 8 ☐ SUPER 8 ☐

LIMIT 3 ITEMS

_____

_____

_____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED $ _____

I declare that I am an adult 19 years of age or over. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements and authorize you and affiliated companies to mail me such advertisements, unless and until I notify you in writing to stop sending me such advertisements. I prefer to receive these advertisements in plain envelopes, rather than having the words "Sexually Oriented Ad" or any similar information appear on the outside envelope. I am receiving or purchasing the sexually oriented material for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish or exhibit it to minors. I believe that an adult citizen has the Constitutional right to view or read ANY material he desires, including sexually explicit material.

I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. In the event I ever make such a request, I agree to so notify you in writing within 3 days, requesting you to remove my name from your lists.

AGE _____

NAME _____ SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ AU

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. • 7422 Melrose • Hollywood, Calif. 90046

HOT TEEN-AGE STAG REELS ALL THE WAY!

teen meat

The Young Snatch
She Went Down
On Him
Hold Me In It

Sample $2.00

☐ B&W appx 200' $10. ☐ COLOR $16.
☐ All 3 B&W $22. ☐ All 3 Color $38.
☐ 3 Samples $4. ☐ C.O.D. send $3.

PROBE, 7471 Melrose Ave., L.A., CA 90046, Dept CV5

GIANT SEX SAMPLER GRAB BAG

MUST BE 21

ONLY $1.87 BRINGS $22 WORTH OF 1ST CLASS SEX PRODUCTS!

COLOR FILM · COLOR PHOTOS
BOOKS · SEX COMIX
RUBBER GODDS · SEX MANUAL

PLUS FREE $3 ADULT EROTICA CATALOG WITH 100'S OF HOT OFFERS

WAREHOUSE LIQUIDATORS
Box 7495 AU Van Nuys, Ca. 91409

Fulton remembered that Atwood was in the study hall and glared at him. But Atwood was looking around just like the rest of us. He even had a ballpoint pen in his mouth. It couldn't be him.

"Take that damn pen out of your mouth, Atwood," said Fulton, and Atwood obeyed.

Fulton looked outside the study hall door, but the hallway was empty. Every time he turned his back people laughed. His study hall was coming apart at the seams and it was still twenty-five minutes until the next bell.

"The next guy that laughs is gonna get it right along with the whistler."

Silence. Then, "Way down upon the Suwannee River."

It was coming from Atwood's side of the room, and that decided it for Fulton. He stalked over to Atwood and stood there for an entire chorus. It sounded louder the closer he got to Atwood, but Atwood's mouth was shut. Fulton bent down and stared at Atwood's closed mouth. Atwood looked past him on both sides at once.

We are all quiet now, waiting for the inevitable. Why didn't Atwood stop before Fulton got so close? Now Fulton was going to ask him a question and when he answered the music was going to stop and Fulton was going to tear him a new one.

"Way down upon the Sewaneeeeeeeeeee . . ."

"Atwood, is that you?"

"Nope."

". . . River, far far awayyyyyy . . ."

Atwood spoke while the note was sounding and Fulton was beaten. Shaking his head he walked back to the desk. Maybe he does it through his ass, he thought, but damn if I'm going to check him for that.

After school the word went out. "Atwood whistles through his nose!"

Once again Atwood was in, a hot social item, and people crowded around him.

"Do you still have your adenoids?"

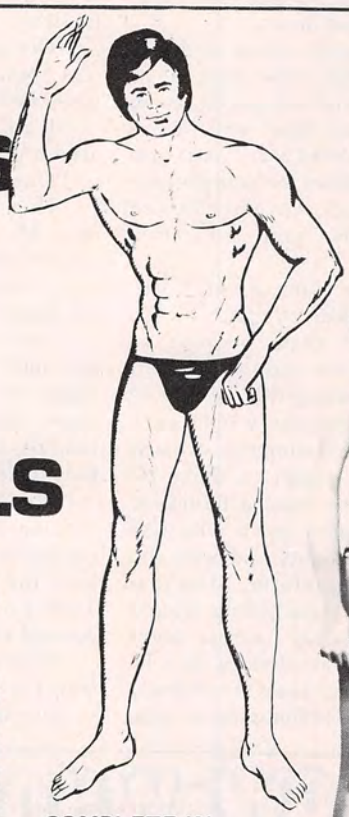
"Play 'Melancholy Baby,' Atwood."

He passed a jaundiced eye over the following. It was an odd moment for him, the beginning of a new and painful awareness. This is what he thought he wanted, but he was disappointed. They are so fickle, he thought. With me today, gone tomorrow . . .

"Give us a tune."

It wasn't the same. He shrugged and with a reluctance that was as new to us as to him, did "Shave and a Haircut" in two part harmony, his mouth taking the low part. Then, while we were still applauding, he walked away and didn't look back.

FULFILL YOUR WILDEST DREAMS with MALE & FEMALE *ELECTRONIC* EVERYTHING DOLLS



ONLY $17.50*

PERFECT MALE COMPANION:

Finally — one of the world's greatest inventors has come up with the most innovative, pleasing companions. A true duplication of the man of your dreams. Someone who will cater to your every need. Someone who will share your every wish. This strong, solid companion is as perfectly equipped as just about any man you've ever seen.

NOT A TOY

Make no mistake — The Perfect Male Companion is not a toy. He's not just any plastic doll that you blow up and just stare at. He's truly masculine — always willing to satisfy your every need.

SATISFY YOUR WILDEST DREAMS

Start an exciting life today — right now with the perfect male companion. Satisfy your wildest fantasies. Your companion will give you the wildest, most exciting experiences. And he will be there, for you, whenever you want him.

INCLUDES THESE FEATURES

■ Flesh-like vinyl body ■ Perfectly proportioned ■ French and Greek design ■ Erect vibrating penis that ejaculates ■ All male parts built-in ■ Instant action open mouth

ELECTRONIC "EVERYTHING" FEMALE DOLL:

BETTER THAN ANY OTHER DOLL

Don't confuse the ELECTRONIC "EVERYTHING" DOLL with any other doll. She is different — quite different. She stands a perfect 5'2" and she is satisfying in every detail. Large breasts, soft to the touch, but most important, she has an actual female organ built right in. Make no mistakes. THIS IS NOT A TOY DOLL. She is as real as she can possibly be.

RAGE OF SCANDANAVIA

Started in Scandanavia, the "EVERYTHING" DOLL has become the second most popular companion. Virtually everyone owned her. Now you can own her too!

COMES COMPLETE

The "EVERYTHING" DOLL comes to you complete, including batteries. SHE'S READY FOR ACTION!

INCLUDES THESE FEATURES

■ Deep throat action ■ Open mouth ■ Built in female organ ■ French and Greek design ■ Spongy detailed breasts ■ Flesh-like body ■ Human-like action

COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL —

- ★ Female doll has soft, spongy detailed breasts
- ★ Life-like — actually warms to the touch
- ★ Perfectly proportioned
- ★ Each doll has electronic functioning organs
- ★ Simulates actual body movements
- ★ Always available — ready for action!

DOLLS UNLIMITED, 6311 Yucca St., Dept. 1729 Hollywood, CA 90028

Please mail my DOLL(S) to:

Name: _____
(please print)

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Send $1.00 extra to cover postage and handling. California residents add sales tax.

Please rush my Perfect Male Companion Doll,

A ☐ I enclose $29.95 for my Male Companion.

B ☐ I enclose $44.95 for my Electronic Male Companion.

C ☐ I enclose $49.95 for my Male Companion with Electronic Ejaculator.

☐ Please send C.O.D. I have enclosed $3.00 extra to cover C.O.D. fees and handling.

☐ I want Male Companion Doll C, $49.95, and Female Everything Doll C, $45.00, for the special reduced price of $82.95, saving $12.00.

☐ I want Male Companion Doll B, $44.95, and Female Everything Doll C, $45.00, for the special reduced price of $79.95, saving $10.00.

Please rush my Female Everything Doll,

A ☐ I enclose $17.50 for my Everything Doll with one opening.

B ☐ I enclose $29.95 for my Everything Doll with three openings.

C ☐ I enclose $45.00 for my Electronic Everything Doll.

☐ Please send C.O.D. I have enclosed $3.00 extra to cover C.O.D. fees and handling.

It was our senior year but he was not often seen around the school. Even when he was seen you had to beg him to get anything out of him. About the most he did anymore was the scalp wiggle thing where he put on a hat and made it jump up and down.

He took long walks alone at night, and those who got close enough to hear, heard him whistling two tunes at once. Say "Rock of Ages" and "Summertime Blues." Word went out that Atwood's brain, under the tremendous strain of being inside Atwood all these years, had finally split into two separate brains.

He must have known of these rumors, at least indirectly, but he did nothing to dispel them because he didn't care what we thought of him anymore. All of us together could not produce one decent ear wiggle or a single pair of professionally crossed eyes. To hell with popular acclaim. He started hanging out with a bunch of hoods from a nearby town who had not heard of his talents and who did not expect him to perform. After that he was seen with them riding around in his daddy's Caddy late at night drinking beer. It was obvious that he had passed his prime years. Everybody lost faith in him, perhaps even—who knows the sufferings of genius—Atwood himself. In any case it was a dark night of the soul.

One night that spring I drove home after a date and saw the Caddy parked in front of my house. Atwood was in it, alone.

"Get in," he said. "Beer?"

I took one and we sat there for a while drinking in silence.

"I got to get out of here," he said after a bit.

"Out of where?"

"Hog Scald. I've gone as far as I can here. I've got to find a place where I'm appreciated for what I am."

I noticed that his right eye was jerking like a neon sign with a short.

"You're making a big thing out of nothing," I told him. "In three or four years you're going to be right down at your daddy's bank getting rich and nobody is going to be thinking about how different you used to be."

"No."

That was all he said for a while. He crumpled his empty and dropped it into the paper bag on the back seat. Then he got us both a fresh beer and opened them.

"First I want to apologize for the way I acted that morning you came by to get me to play baseball. I shouldn't have laughed at you."

I started to protest but he held up his hand.

"No, man. I shouldn't have laughed. Baseball *isn't* corny. It was just that it was such a funny idea—me playing baseball. It just wasn't in the cards. You were talking about *you* that day, just like you are now." He jabbed the air between us with his finger. "*You* are going to be in *your* daddy's real estate business. But I can't do that. It would be a sell out for *me.*"

"That's shit, Atwood."

"Because I *am* different. I have been touched by genius."

I didn't know whether to laugh or get mad. Then I noticed his eye again and did neither. I felt sorry for him.

"What if you never find a place where people appreciate you?" I said.

"I will. There's a place for everybody in this world."

I don't remember what we talked about after that. I didn't really believe he was serious about it anyway. I helped him kill the six pack and went inside to bed.

The carnival came to town a few days later, only a week before graduation. It was not a big carnival, just the crummy little one like always, but

BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES

A GANG-BANG SELECTION OF ADULT BOOKS, MAGAZINES, FILMS, SEX AIDS, NOVELTIES, ELECTRONIC GADGETS, ETC. AT PRICES ANYONE CAN AFFORD!

DIRECT BY MAIL— FROM WAREHOUSE TO YOU

SNATCH & HATCH
A prickly FRENCH SLEEVE for the snatch and a RECTAL REAMER for the HATCH! plus FREE $7.95 vibrator $22 value
You pay $7.95 save 65%

imported sex-action PLAYING CARDS
The kind you've always wanted! 52 full-color no-holds-barred action playing cards $7.50 value—you pay $3 special 2 decks only $5
save 66%

pussy tickler! HAPPY TOPS
Fits your dong or any vibrator. Better than a French tickler.
$5 regular—you pay $2.50
3 different tops only $5
save 66%

never worry again! ERECTION CONTROL
No pills. No lotions or creams. Slips on penis and controls size and firmness of erection. It prolongs intercourse. A MUST!
$19.95 regular. you pay $6
save 70%

DISCOUNTS UP TO 75% GUARANTEED

better than the real thing!! deluxe ELECTRO MASTURBATOR
Relax—flick the switch and get-it-off. More thrills with less work. Feels like a blow job! $24.95 value
you pay $9.95 save 60%

superb hardcore collection! PLEASURE PACKAGE
A RED HOT treasury of pleasure-filled reading and viewing with a built-in satisfaction guarantee! You receive
1. An orgy filled all color FILM
2. An animals as sex partners BOOK
3. A photo-crammed hard action MAGAZINE $34.95 value—
you pay only $8.50 save 75%

PENIS ENLARGEMENT course
Amazing NEW scientific discovery turns you into a rock-hard tower of passion and perpetual readiness. Fits any adult male. Course contains: Enlarger, manual, instructions and lubricant. $25 list price—you pay $7.95
save 68%

MAGAZINES & BOOKS save 75%
Horny teens, shaved & split beavers, blistering orgies, masturbation, oral sex, etc. it's all here!
"A" Four $5 color-packed magazines. $20 regular
you pay $5
"B" Six meat beating books guaranteed to turn-you-on. $12 regular—you pay $3
SAVE! Both "A" & "B" only $7

SEDUCTION pills
1. PUSSY POWER PILLS Makes her spread for you! $5 regular you pay $2
2. HARD-ON PILLS Makes your pecker a wrecker! $5 regular you pay $2
Both only $3 save 70%

FREE $5 GIFT CERTIFICATE WITH ANY ORDER

deluxe ELECTRO PUSSY
Screw it! Suck it! Bang it! Hang it! Looks, feels and vibrates like the real thing. It NEVER says no! It's portable and yours anytime you want. $29.95 regular price
you pay $9.95 save 66%

*Sold as novelty items only.

DWS DIRECT WHOLESALE SUPPLY CO. Dept. 616
6311 YUCCA STREET, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

☐ Snatch & Hatch	$7.95	☐ Pussy Power Pills	$2.00
☐ Erection Control	$6.00	☐ Hard On Pills	$2.00
☐ Action Playing Cards	$3.00	☐ both pills for only	$3.00
☐ 2 decks cards	$5.00	☐ Electro Pussy	$9.95
☐ Happy Tops—one for	$2.50	☐ Penis Enlargement Course	$7.95
☐ 3 different tops	$5.00	☐ Magazines (4 titles)	$5.00
☐ Electro Masturbator	$9.95	☐ Books (6 titles)	$3.00
☐ Pleasure Pack (film, Book & Mag.)	$8.50	☐ Both above (4 mags 6 books)	$7.00

☐ Send my FREE $5 gift certificate and discount catalogs

SIGNATURE _____
I am 21 years of age or older
NAME (print) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Low Low Wholesale prices. As manufacturers and distributors of hardcore merchandise we are testing a new policy of selling wholesale to the public as well as to dealers. We want you to see and read our giant discount catalog. So hurry and take advantage of this fantastic offer while it's still available.

RUSH TO BARGAIN SHOP 6311 YUCCA ST. LOS ANGELES, CA 90028

GIANT HARDCORE DISCOUNT OFFER!!!

8mm Films

BUY DIRECT FROM DISTRIBUTOR AND SAVE BIG $$$

LOW LOW WHOLESALE PRICES

B & W PORNO FILM

50 FT — LESBIAN ACTION — $1.50 ea.
- ☐ Playing With Pussy
- ☐ Breast Sucker
- ☐ Super Snatch
- ☐ Dildo Doll
- ☐ Mother Lover
- ☐ All 5 Parts $5

100 FT — TEENAGE SEX — $3.00 ea.
- ☐ Highschool Lesbians
- ☐ Spanking Girls
- ☐ Afterschool Sex
- ☐ Teenie Gang Bang
- ☐ Preteen Striptease
- ☐ All 5 Parts $10

200 FT — ORGY ACTION — $6.00 ea
- ☐ Family Orgy
- ☐ Greek Couples
- ☐ Vibrator Comers
- ☐ Gang Bang Rape
- ☐ Six Way Sex
- ☐ All 5 Parts $20

☐ SPECIAL — ALL B&W SUBJECTS $25

WITH ANY FILM PURCHASE **FREE VIEWER!** FOR THOSE UNBELIEVABLY RAZOR SHARP CLOSE UPS!!!

NEW — FANTASTIC — EUROPEAN & DOMESTIC **PORNO FILM**

Reduced and available for 8mm U.S. home viewing in color and B & W.

COLOR PORNO FILM

50 FT COLOR — LITTLE GIRLS — $2.50 ea.
- ☐ Sally's First Dick
- ☐ The Little Lesbian
- ☐ Babysitter Sex
- ☐ Love Child
- ☐ Little Pussy
- ☐ All 5 Parts $8

100 FT COLOR — ORAL SEX — $5.00 ea.
- ☐ Sticking and Sucking
- ☐ '69 Daisy Chain
- ☐ Loving Wet Lips
- ☐ Teenage Oral Orgy
- ☐ Coming Together
- ☐ All 5 Parts $15

200 FT COLOR — ANIMAL SEX PRACTICES — $10 ea.
- ☐ Girl & A Dog
- ☐ 2 Women & A Horse
- ☐ Four Legged Lapper
- ☐ Dog Fashion Fun
- ☐ Sex Pets
- ☐ All 5 Parts $30

☐ SPECIAL — ALL COLOR SUBJECTS $40

ADULT BOOKS

VALUES TO $3.50 EA.

SEX PACKED POCKET NOVELS
- ☐ Oral Sex Lovers
- ☐ Teenage Rape
- ☐ Wife Swappers
- ☐ Anal Swingers

ANY 2 $2 ☐ ALL 4 $3 ☐

VALUES TO $5.00 EA.

ADULT MAGAZINES HARD ACTION
- ☐ Spread Beaver
- ☐ Lesbian Love
- ☐ Girl-Box
- ☐ Group Sex

ANY 2 $3 ☐ ALL 4 $5 ☐

VALUES TO $7.50 EA.

SEX STORY PHOTO BOOKS
- ☐ Girls and Animals
- ☐ Incest Relations
- ☐ Preteen Experiences
- ☐ Bondage Spankers

ANY 2 $4 ☐ ALL 4 $6 ☐

SPECIAL ALL 12 BOOKS AND MAGS. $10 ☐

GRAB BAG #1 — only $5
- ☐ 1 100 ft. film
- ☐ 1 pocket novel
- ☐ 1 adult magazine

plus 4 sex comics

GRAB BAG #2 — only $10
- ☐ 2 100 ft. films
- ☐ 2 pocket novels
- ☐ 2 adults magazines
- ☐ 2 photo books

plus 4 sex comics

EXTRA BONUS Oversexed comic characters

FREE 4 from the DIRTY LITTLE COMICS with any $5 order

50% DISCOUNT TO NEW CUSTOMERS ON THESE ITEMS

ELECTRO POCKET PUSSY — FULLY SATISFYING REG. ~~$24.95~~ YOURS ONLY ☐ $9.95

VIBRO MATE MASTURBATOR — ELECTRO TYPE REG. ~~$12.95~~ YOURS FOR ONLY ☐ $4.95

PERSONAL VIBRATOR — ~~REG. $7.95~~ ONLY ☐ $2.95

TO ORDER: CHECK BOXES OPPOSITE ITEMS DESIRED, CLIP ENTIRE AD AND RUSH TO — **BARGAIN SHOP**, 6311 YUCCA ST., DEPT. **616**, LOS ANGELES, CA 90028

I ENCLOSE $ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

NOW TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME

THE BOOK AND THE MOVIE

TELLING & SHOWING

"THE SECRET JOYS OF SEXUAL FULFILLMENT"

INTRODUCTORY OFFER — BOOK AND MOVIE $30.00 VALUE

TOTAL COST only $14.95

LEARN FROM THE BOOK - SEE ACTS OF LOVE IN THE MOVIE

THE BOOK . . . CONTAINS 300 PHOTOS — FULL COLOR AND BLACK & WHITE PLUS . . . • New Orgasm Promoters • Ways for Women to Reach Peak Climaxes • Male Arousal Techniques • Aware Lovemaking Skills • Adventurous New Female Arousal Techniques • Prolonging Intercourse Techniques • Oral-Genital Sex • New Positions Yielding New Sensations • Clitoral Stimulation Techniques • Masturbation — Means to Sexually Satisfying Your Passionate Lovemaking "Turn On" Skills — and many more topics.

THE MOVIE . . . FULL COLOR

• Bold Uninhibited Lovers Depicting Sensational Positions of Love • Explicit Lovemaking

AN ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE THAT GOES BEYOND the TYPICAL 10 DAYS After reading the book and seeing the movie, **you will be a much better lover, your sex life will be improved.** • Your entire purchase price will be returned to you promptly--if you're not absolutely satisfied!

FREE 2 WEEK HOME TRIAL

UNCENSORED — UNABRIDGED
199 PAGES • FULL SIZE • PERFECT BOUND
EXPLICIT LANGUAGE — UNRETOUCHED
PHOTOGRAPHS . . . BEAUTIFULLY INTEGRATED

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
YOU WILL RECEIVE
THE BOOK — VALUED AT $14.95
THE MOVIE — VALUED AT $14.95

A $30.00 VALUE ALL FOR ONLY $14.95

Now Publications 6311 Yucca St. Dept 616 Hollywood, Cal. 90028

• Please rush me in plain wrapper the special Combination Offer (Book and Movie) as per your 2 Week Money Back Guarantee. Enclosed is $14.95 for the book plus movie.

Send me ☐ 8mm, ☐ Super 8mm film.

Signature _____ I am over 21 years of age

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FROM THE LAND OF THE ACUPUNCTURE MIRACLE

Ginseng!

CAPSULES

Ginseng – the unique Oriental herb! Used by wise men of the Orient for 5,000 years – once paying **$1,000 a pound for it!** They brew it like tea, or swallow it like a vitamin capsule. Some call it the **'life root.'** Today, movie stars, celebrities, athletes – they're all trying Ginseng capsules! Just ask your doctor and you'll know what the excitement is for!

NOW AVAILABLE HERE!

SUPER GINSENG BRAND capsules are the real thing! IMPORTED! Available only from us! **Guaranteed!** Order direct and save BIG!

Starter Size – $3.95!
50 Capsules – $5.95!
100 – $10.50! 200 – $18.50!

Send check or cash to:
SUPER GINSENG, Dept. 1729
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

Life-Like SEX AIDS and DEVICES

Our ARTIFICIAL FEMALE ORGAN is undoubtedly the most unique sex aid ever offered. It is medically evaluated and can help overcome anxiety, tension, and other problems related to sex.

We have also designed a brand new ARTIFICIAL MALE ORGAN. It is medically tested and approved—and may help you and your partner experience the bliss of mutual satisfaction. *Send $1 for our fully illustrated brochure on these sex aids & devices.*

Send to: CONTINENTAL Dept. 1729
6311 Yucca Street
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

WRESTLING WAS HER FETISH

SEX OR SADISM?
LESBIAN WRESTLING
SAMPLES $2 – 2 for $3
200 REEL FILM
B&W $10 2 for $16
Color $16 2 for $26
Photos $5

SEE THE BIZARRE ACTION FILMS CV5

Write: CONTACT, P.O. Box 74307, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004, Dept.

MEET SWINGERS

The swinging couples & singles who you only dreamed about. We've over 15,000 members who want to meet you. Free details & sample ads.

SEEKERS: Box 5100 Dept. 41
Cherry Hill, N.J. 08034
You must state your age.

those who were on the midway that first night saw one hell of a show.

Atwood and his hood buddies, on the downhill side of drunk already, were stumbling down the midway making cracks about the general run down character of the place, when they saw The Girl coming toward them.

She was not a beautiful girl, but she was well above the home town average. She had short blonde hair and small firm breasts and hips, and she wore a two-piece bathing suit made out of silver fish scales. In the colored midway lights she glowed like mother of pearl. But what really knocked me out was the way she walked. There was snap to it, all taut muscle and forward motion. Nothing on her moved that wasn't supposed to move.

Atwood's buddies divided to make way for her, but Atwood was struck dumb. He stood staring at her until she was about to run over him. Finally she looked at him.

He rolled his eyes in opposite directions, grinning.

She stopped.

"Do that again," she said.

He kept one eye rolling around and looked her up and down with the other one.

"Godalmighty!" she guffawed. "I never—"

His ears were going now. His buddies, who had never seen the act, half expected him to lift off like Dumbo into the cool night air. But the girl stood and stared like she was turned to stone.

He made his scalp jump like there were snakes under it, and she was all eyes for him, would not look away, even though his buddies were making cracks about freaks and true love and the crowd of onlookers around them was getting bigger every second.

She waited until Atwood had finished his whole bit, then said, "You don't know it yet, but you've just found a friend."

Then she fell over backward. She was fainting with love. No, not fainting—her back was arching and she was falling on her head in some kind of weird carnival love ritual. No, she did not fall. She kept right on bending back until her navel was the highest part of her body, stretched out into a soft shallow cup. Then her head poked out through her quivering parted thighs. She was smiling at Atwood from down there.

He gave her a few bars of "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing" in two part harmony.

"Meet me after the show," she said, unbending herself.

Atwood lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it.

You'll have a BALL with this ACTION WEAR

Order these sensuous items as a set and SAVE. Bra—Garter Belt—Gloves and Opera Hose 4 piece set
#FS SET

#105

#250

#28

#26

#701

#801

#804

No crotch

#360

#85

Separates and Lifts

#25

Hand set Rhinestones

#270

#116

#948

Hand sewn sequins

#18

#215

#105 PIGALE. Let it all hang up with this Black Satin Bra **$5.95**

#250 MOMARTRE. Black Satin garter belt with 6 garters **$5.95**

#28 SINARA. Shoulder length, stretch nylon gloves. Black. S-M-L **$8.95**

#26 OPERA HOSE. Hip-length, sheer nylon. Black. Sizes 8½ to 11 **$5.95**

ORDER ABOVE 4 ITEMS AS SET AND SAVE #FS SET $25.00

#701 FRENCH CURVE. Curvaceous cut-outs, Sheer nylon. Black. S-M-L. **$8.95**

#116 "OUT OF SIGHT". Shorter than shorty nighty. Sheer nylon. Red or Black. S-M-L **$8.95**

#948 STRIP STAR SET. Hand sewn sequin pasties and sequin studded gee-string. Great on stage or bedroom. Silver, Black. S-M-L **$12.95**

#215 FANNY HILL. Lace trim sheer nylon garter belt. Does it all. Black. S-M-L **$6.95**

#801 FRENCH FROLIC. Shimmering rows of naughty fringe. Nylon. Black, Red, Aqua. S-M-L **$3.95**

#804 LOVE IN. A whisper of a panty with no sign of a crotch. Black, Red, Nude. S-M-L **$3.95**

#85 DERRIERE. Separates and adds cleavage to your fanny. Black. S-M-L **$4.95**

#25 SHOW BIZ SET. THE BRA lifts, points up and separates the breasts. Sizes 32-42, A, B, C, D cups. THE PANTY gives fanny separation and firm rounded effect. S-M-L. **SET $15.00**

#18 FRENCH DELIGHT. No crotch at all, sheer nylon and lace. Black, Red, White, Nude **$2.95 3 for $7.95**

#360 TEENIE WEENIE BIKINI SET. Dreamy "little nothing" in stretch nylon lace. Black, Red, White, Nude. Bra 32-38 A to C cup. Panty 22-30 **$4.95**

#270 WRAP SESSION. Display gorgeous curves any way you wear it. 40 denier nylon. Black lce. S-M-L **$16.95**

Mail Orders to **LILI ST. CYR** Dept. 1729
7471 Melrose Ave. Hollywood, Ca. 90046

Please rush me the following items. I have enclosed
☐ **Check** ☐ **Cash** ☐ **Money Order for FULL amount.**
(SORRY — NO C.O.D.'S.)

HOW MANY	ARTICLE	STYLE #	SIZE	COLOR FIRST	CHOICE SECOND	PRICE
					TOTAL	

Bust _____
Cup Size _____ Hip _____ Waist _____ Height _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Calif. res. add 6% tax

BEST BY MAIL

Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, Fl. 33578

$300.00 WEEKLY, addressing envelopes. Details 15¢. Delta, Box 143, Riverside, NJ 08075

FANTASTIC Government Lottery. Win valuable oil lease. Details, application, $1.00. Albert Leasing-MM, Box 45, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218

UNLIMITED home earnings, stuffing envelopes!! Information: rush stamped envelope. Services, Owego, N.Y. 13827

PERSONAL

LONELY girls need men, lonely men need girls. Names, photographs, descriptions, just $1.00. Ladysmith, Box 5686-CP, Lighthouse Point, Fla. 33064

JAPANESE friendship! Photographs, information, $1. Inter-Pacific, Bx. 304-CM, Birmingham, Mi. 48012

IMPROVE your sex life. Sleep in pyramid. Details $1.00. Pyramid Club, 2112 First National Bank, Mobile, Ala. 36602

SEEKING friendship, love, marriage? Nationwide introductions! Free information! Identity, Box 315-C, Royal Oak, MI. 48068

1000 LADIES Photos matrimonial catalog. $3.00. Intercontact, Box 737, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33302

ADULT-XXX Movies. 8mm color sample and catalog $1. Sign over 21. Ursa, Box 655, San Francisco, Ca. 94101

SEXCITING books, films, magazines! Illustrated catalog $1. RS Sales, 18810 Carrie, Detroit, Mich. 48234

BEAUTIFUL Mexican girls needing American boyfriends. Details, photos "FREE". World, Box 3876-HH, San Diego, Ca. 92103

GALS Swinging Service accepts men! Application: 10¢ stamp! Susan Hall, Bx. 3-C, Raritan, N.J. 08869

JAPANESE girls make wonderful wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $1. brings application, photos, names, descriptions, questionnaire, etc. Japan International, Box 1181-MM, Newport Beach, CA 92663

ATTENTION: Hard Core Collectors!

STAG FILMS CATALOG!

with over 700 "Live Action" PICTURES

Brand new 52-page catalog jam-packed with over 700 imported and domestic, photo-illustrated, film selections. Single Girls, 2 or More Girls, Boy & Girl, Bond/Spanking (Girls), Bond/Spanking (Boy/Girl), Black Man/White Girl, White Man/Black Girl, Single Male, 2 or More Males, Transvestites, and much, more . . . for your private collection! Also included are other hard-to-find adult "sex educational" materials. Only complete catalog of its kind in the world! Order today. Money-back guarantee!

You must be over 21 to order. Only $3.00 Add 25¢ post.

CLIMAX PRODUCTIONS, P.O. Box 119 -CA576
Murray Hill Station, New York, N. Y. 10016

SPECIAL
200 FT. 8MM
OFFER
FROM THIS AD ONLY!
AIR MAIL ADD $1 PER FILM
$6 WOMAN AND A DOG
2 GIRLS AND A PONY $6
BOTH ONLY $10
4 X 5 PHOTO SETS BOTH ONLY $5
FILM CORP., DEPT. CV5
BOX 85311, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90072

New ERECTILE Creme

Never Offered Before ■ Positive Results Guaranteed

■ $5.00 Tube Absolutely FREE

Enclose $2.00 for handling and shipping costs
TIFFANY SALES – Dept. 1729
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
ALL ORDERS RUSHED

BONDAGE!

Bondage pictures, devices, and correspondence club. See–meet nude slave women! For club magazine and photo-illustrated brochures, send $3.00 to: KARAVAL, Box 35719, Houston, Texas 77035 Dept. CA

During the week the carnival was in town the only time anybody saw Atwood was when Julia—her name was Julia—was performing. Then he sat with his friends in the front row watching Julia walk around the ring on her hands with her feet behind her head. When she looked his way he would flap his ears at her. The rest of the time, nobody saw either one of them because they stayed inside her trailor parked down behind the carnival's big generator truck. They did not even come out for meals.

"What do you do in there all day?" asked one of his buddies with a sly grin.

He answered no questions.

"I'll bet she's got a few tricks she don't do out in public," leered another.

It was a mistake. Atwood grabbed him by the throat.

"Don't!" he hissed, and his buddy backed down. Nobody had ever seen him angry before. Who knew what he was capable of?

And that's about it. The carnival left a few days later and Atwood went with it. When it came back the next summer he and Julia were both gone. What happened to him? His old man wouldn't say, and after I asked a couple of times I realized that he didn't want to be reminded of it, so I quit asking.

That was fourteen years ago and there has been only one tiny bit of news, a post script of sorts with which this story will end. In the meantime Hog Scald has changed. Athletics are not very important any more. There is even a new police station where the baseball diamond used to be. The dream has disintegrated, like I said, and now the kids strike out on quests so strange and various that nobody at the Southern Grill can make sense of them. It doesn't worry me too much, though, because I sell land and no matter how much things change, people are still going to need *that*. But as for the post script, it is this:

I was in Kansas City talking with a man who is going to turn a great deal of northwest Arkansas into a retirement village. We had lunch at the Golden Sirloin and came out onto the street. It was one of those summer afternoons when you feel like the sun is coming at you through a gigantic magnifying glass, and I had had too much to eat (as usual) and a couple of drinks more than I should have had. So I was slogging up the walk wondering whether I was going to make it to the security of my air conditioned Caddy before I dropped dead.

I noticed the girl with an armload of pamphlets coming toward us when

No.1 BEST SEXUAL SELLER!

now over 1500 EXPLICIT PICTURES

The Complete PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE to ORAL LOVE and SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

Over 50 Sexsational Couples $4.95
Totally Uncensored & Unretouched

SEE and LEARN the Ultimate in SEXUAL PLEASURES

Regain the thrills of sexual intercourse . . . achieve greater heights of sexual enjoyment and eliminate bedroom boredom forever! You'll find all the answers in words and pictures for a more fulfilling and satisfying sexual relationship in the new enlarged "COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO ORAL LOVE & SEXUAL INTERCOURSE". In addition to the straightforward and honest text you'll see over 1500 explicit pictures of dozens of sensual young couples photographed in actual positions of oral love and sexual intercourse.

Originally made to sell for $12.95, this new and outstanding achievement is now available through the mail (save $8.00 if you order now)! only **$4.95**

(NOTE: Please add 30¢ for postage & handling)

FREE BONUS: Giant money-saving sex education catalogs sent FREE with each order.

You must state that you are over 21 to receive this merchandise.

PHOENIX DIST. BOX 320 – CA576
Murray Hill Sta., New York, N.Y. 10016

better than SPANISH FLY!

PUT HER IN YOUR MOOD *with*

TURN ON!

Put a pinch in her food or drink. Sit back and relax while it warms her up. Motivates body action and urges her to crave you. She'll be "hot to trot." Lasts for hours. $4

and just what you've been looking for

PETER-POWER

Why ejaculate prematurely? Satisfy her always. Passion will increase. Keep "it" up longer and be the lucky "stiff" in her life. Capsules imported from Switzerland. $4

☐ TURN ON $4 ☐ PETER-POWER $4 ☐ BOTH $7

HOTLINE Dept. 616 7106 Alabama Ave. Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

100 8MM SWEDISH STAGS

☐ OPEN & WILLING (2 GIRLS - 1 MAN)
☐ DO IT AGAIN (1 GIRL - 1 MAN)
☐ KISSING COUSINS (2 GAY GIRLS)
☐ SELF MANIPULATION (1 GIRL)

ONLY $3 EA | 2 FOR $5 | ALL FOUR PLUS SURPRISE GIFT $10

ESSEX PRODUCTS, BOX 2666, VAN NUYS, CALIF. 91401

a woman and a dog - different

COD $ OK Send $3.00 for cost

Send $2.00 for full sample reel. Dept. CV5
200 ☐ B&W $10 ☐ Color $16
UNIQUE, P.O. BOX 85037, L.A., CA. 90072

INTERCOURSE BOOK

Shows all different positions of intercourse in actual close-up, nude, hard photos. So explicit that it has been banned in some cities. Originally published at $10.00 . . . . yours now for **only $2.98.**

I.N. COMPANY, Dept. 1729
6311 Yucca St.
Hollywood, CA 90028

(Please add $1.00 postage)

Practice makes perfect when you tackle the wildest sexual techniques with your own delicious, life-like sexual partners!

Two fantastic, inflatable, love dolls!

SEX MATES

Judy & Susan, two tantalizing love-dolls can create a new, unforgetable sexual orgy ...every night of the week!

Only $19.95 for Judy or Susan!

Judy

Imagine coming home one evening and two of the most gorgeous female creatures you have ever laid eyes on are relaxing in your living room—totally naked—without a stitch of clothes—smiling—patiently waiting for you. "Hi," they coo, "you big hunk of man, come in and join the party!"

Well you had better be prepared because Judy and Susan can make your most exotic fantasies come true! These two action-packed dolls have learned to be totally submissive— completely responsive to your every command!

So, you're invited to jump right in and have yourself an orgy! There is no limit to these girls' capacity! They'll take everything you've got! They're both designed to serve you—the master—and no one else—except, of course, with your permission.

Judy and Susan are human-like in almost every detail. Their flesh-like vinyl skin is smooth and lovely to the touch. Both SEX MATES are perfect in every way . . . each one a full life-size 5'4" with large 37" voluptuous breasts, a handsome, tapered 24" waist and well-rounded 36" hips. Soft and flexible, your SEX MATES can be positioned to your liking. With no objections!

And here's a special treat! Your SEX MATES LOVE PAK comes complete with the sexiest, most tantalizing adornments; a Peek-a-Boo negligee, a revealing daring bikini . . . etc., they're all included when you order the SEX MATES LOVE PAK.

Judy and Susan are yours forever! Play them as singles or couple them for a dual engagement! They're both guaranteed to please you or your money is refunded in full. Use the coupon to order your very own Judy, Susan or Both!

100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Your SEX MATES must please you time after time . . . if, however, you are not absolutely delighted with your SEX MATES; simply return them and receive back every penny. No questions asked! Order now!

Susan

"Hi, big fella, come and enjoy me!" "Hey, man, feel me, hold me close!"

FREE 10 DAY LOVE-EM HOME TRIAL

LONDON SALES, Dept. J-1277
P.O. Box 7643, VAN NUYS, CALIF. 91409

Please RUSH my inflatable SEX MATE(s) to me for a 10 day free home trial. I must be 100% satisfied or my money will be refunded promptly.

☐ Send Judy (White girl) ☐ Send Susan (Black girl)

☐ I enclose $19.95 cash, check or money order + .95 postage for my SEX MATE checked above

☐ I enclose $35.90 cash, check or money order + .95 postage for both SEX MATES.

☐ Please add the SEX MATES LOVE PAK including the negligee, bikini, etc. at only $5.00 for each SEX MATE.

☐ Please RUSH — I enclose $2.00 for special rush delivery.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Photos shown are the actual live models from which the SEX MATES were fashioned.

"ROOM TO KEEP YOUR COOL IN!"

10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

ALL NYLON 1-MINUTE WASH-DRY MONO-KINIS!

#283 You'll love to be loved in these custom sheer panel-kinis. The best for the most of you. Black, White or Nude. S-M-L. $3.49 ea. 2 for $6.49.

#286 A wild bit of jungle for the male animal! Muscle hugging design with french-legs to let you go ape with torrid pleasure. Jungle print. S-M-L. $2.99 ea. 2 for $5.88.

#207 V-Dip zip-front swim & brief marvels to mix fun with male power. A must for a man! Black, White or Nude. S-M-L. $4.49. 2 for $8.49.

#377 Sleek Adonis briefs that will give you sex-appeal no lover can resist. Built in support like never before. 40 denier. White, Blue, Peach or Gold. $2.99 2 for $5.88.

#422 The "wet-look" jersey nylon briefs that cling and hug every muscle, regardless of size. Fabulous in Black Seal. $2.49 ea. 2 for $4.88.

#19 A sling-shot cachette that is the briefest ever! Real man-size support for modeling, under your jeans or swimwear. White, Black or Nude. $2.69 ea. 2 for $4.88.

#49 The coolest brief yet, for the masculine taste in almost invisible next-to-nothing 15 denier tricote. For the continental man. White, Black, Helio, Mar Green or Nude. $2.49 ea. 2 for $4.88.

#105 Incredible design with dime-size opening that stretches open wide. Muscle hugging cut in Black, White or Nude. $4.49 ea. 2 for $8.50.

Regency Square, Dept. H1729
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca. 90028

RUSH ME ITEMS: # _____

_____ Size _____ (S-M-L)

Add 50c post. & hdl. ea. item plus 5% sales tax. Enclosed is $ _____

(PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY ON ORDER.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

PROFESSIONAL SOLID BRONZE $3.95 each BADGES

#203 A Private International Investigator – $3.95

#203 B Private Detective $3.95

#203 C – Official Press Photographer – $3.95

#303 A – Special Investigator – $3.95

#303 B – Special Agent Solid bronze – $3.95

#250 Deputy Sheriff "Law Man" 5-point star. $3.95

#403 – Professional Investigator – $3.95

#603 A – Special Officer – $3.95

#603 B – Security Officer – $3.95

Now available — the same professional badges used by investigators and detectives all over the world. Not toys, gags—but the real thing to display with pride!

FREE with orders ONLY... Catalog of Police & Detective Equipment

#450 Genuine Leather Case Flash your badge in an official manner; Vinyl I.D. window. Slack strap. **$3.00**

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Send payment with order; we pay postage.

POLICE EQUIPMENT CO.

7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

Police Equipment Co., Dept. 1729

7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

Send payment with order. We pay postage. No C.O.D.s.

☐ Send Style # _____ @ $3.95

☐ Send Style # _____ @ $3.95

☐ Send Style #450 Case @ $3.00

I enclose $ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

she was about twenty feet away. There was a guy with her, and a little boy, but I wasn't paying them any attention. I was struck by her. She was blonde and slim and the way she walked was all taut muscle and forward motion. She wore jeans and one of those white muslin things you see a lot of these days, and when she got close enough for me to see her face I saw that the godawful heat wasn't bothering her at all. There wasn't a drop of sweat on her face and she was smiling like she had an Arctic breeze that followed her around everywhere she went. The guy with her went past us but she stopped and held out a pamphlet.

"Control your life by controlling your body," she said.

I might have recognized her then but she wasn't walking on her hands and she didn't look old enough.

She smiled sympathetically at me.

"Your body has a thermostat—all you need to do is learn where the switch is," she said.

My friend laughed.

"I know where *my* switch is, baby," he said. "Want to turn me on?"

That embarrassed me. And her too. She put the pamphlet back on her stack and glanced down at her son. I followed her gaze. The boy had red hair and a wedge shaped head—he was a miniature of Atwood! Then I remembered that the guy with her had red hair, and it all came down on me at once.

"Julia?" I got out.

That surprised her. She looked from me to my friend, trying to make the connection. Then her mouth went tight.

"I am Kamala," she said.

She grabbed the kid by the arm and took off. A second later he looked back over his shoulder and flapped his ears at me. I was still watching when they joined the red-haired guy down the street. Finally my friend nudged me.

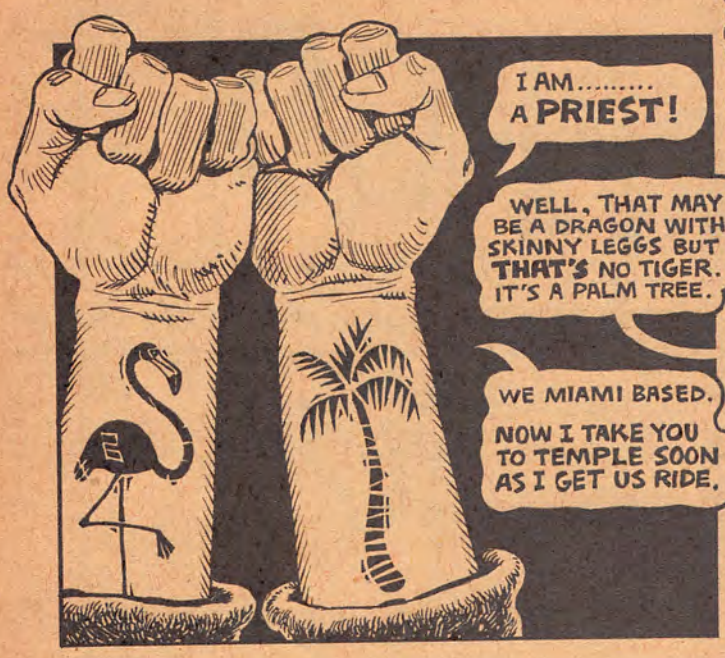
"You know her?" he said.

"No," I lied. "I just thought I did."

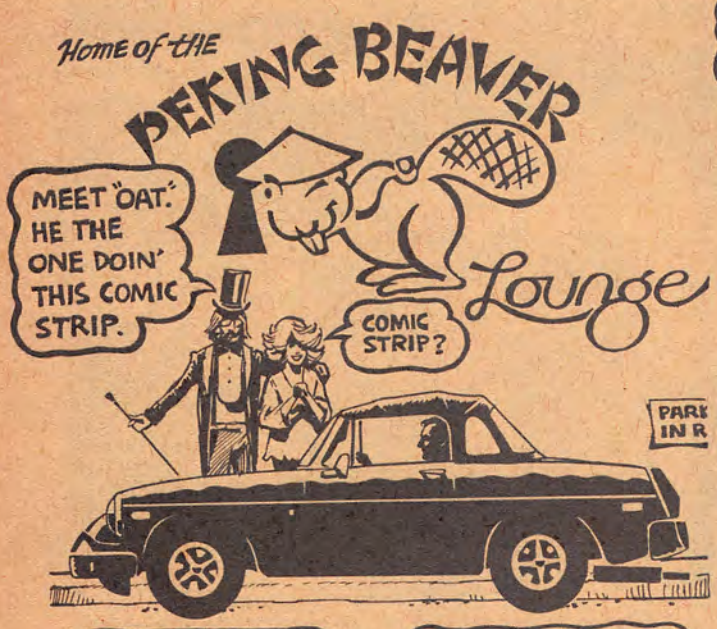
"Come on. Let's get the hell out of this damned heat," he said. "You're old enough to be her father anyway."

A minute later we were moving up Main in the Caddy, chilled to a neat sixty-degrees by the only kind of air conditioning I know how to switch on. I thought about telling him that what he'd said was wrong—that I *wasn't* old enough to be her father. But then I would have had to explain Atwood, which was more than I was up to at the time. So I let it drop. Anyway, after I thought it over, I realized that it was closer to the truth than it *should* be. Which is why I came home and wrote this story. □

Uncle Fatie
WELL RALSTON, WHAT CAN WE SAY ABOUT THIS STORY? "ARF ARF" ALRIGHT, WHAT CAN I SAY, EXCEPT THAT IT'S THE HONEST-TO-GOD TRUTH! ...JUST AS IT HAPPENED AT.....
MANGO motel
WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED by OTIS SWEAT
GOSH, WA-KING KANE. CAN'T FIGURE IT. I GOT "COME CRUSH ME" EYES, CUTE LITTLE "APPLE LIKE" TITTES, ...
NO NO. YOU WANT "APPLE ZITTI" YOU GO TO ITALIAN JOINT ON CORNER.
..... THE "FINEST HINEY" THIS SIDE OF "CHINEY"; AND I DONT WEAR PANTIES.
Uncle Otus'
MANDARIN BEAVER RESTAURANT
BUT I NEVER GET ANY ACTION!
THAT YOUNG MAN IN THE FOREGROUND! WATCH HIS FORE HEAD! HE'S ABOUT TO HAVE... .....
.....A FLASH BACK!
IF I HAD SOMEONE TO "PLESS MY DUCK, I'D "WATER HIS CHEST NUTS"
YOU FINISH THE SHOPPING, "LUBBER CLICKET," I SEE YOU BACK AT TEMPLE!
RICE
WHACK
HI I'M "JOHNNY HOLLYWOOD"
YOU IN LUCK "COOKIE". I TAKE YOU DOWN-TOWN MAKE YOU "PRIESTESS" THEN YOU GET PLENTY ACTION! BE BEATIN' GUYS OFF WITH STICK, OR WHATEVER.
ME? A PRIESTESS? BUT HOW?
IT EASY,.... "FOR YOU SEE".....


I AM..... A PRIEST!
WELL, THAT MAY BE A DRAGON WITH SKINNY LEGGS BUT THAT'S NO TIGER. IT'S A PALM TREE.
WE MIAMI BASED. NOW I TAKE YOU TO TEMPLE SOON AS I GET US RIDE.

BREAKER 1-9 THIS'S TH' RUBBER CRICKET. YOU GOT A COPY ON ME MASTER OAT, COM'ON? A-A-A 10-4 "RUB". WHAT'S YER 20, COM'ON? TH' TEMPLE WITH A COOKIE ON THE SHEET. MERCY SAKES, GOOD BUDDY, LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OURSELVES AN "O-OH BO-O-OY", COM'ON? THA'SA BIG 10-4 PICK YA UP ON TH' FLIPP-FLOPP!
SO WHAT'RE YOU PRAYIN' FOR A TAXI?
BETTER THAN THAT, "COOKIE", A SPORTS CAR.


Home of the PEKING BEAVER Lounge
MEET "OAT". HE THE ONE DOIN' THIS COMIC STRIP.
COMIC STRIP?
PARK IN R

SOON AS YOU GET THIS ON, "COOKIE", YOU BE 20% PRIESTESS.
SHIFT TO 3RD AGAIN AN' MAKE IT 50%
MANGO motel

YOU GUYS TICKLE THE "PEE PEE" OUT OF WHAT!
OH YOU SAY WRONG THING NOW "COOKIE".

BEGIN WITHOUT ME JOHNNY. I MUST GO 'CROSS TOWN AND CHECK OUT USE OF HER WORDS IN THIS STRIP. BE KIND, BE GENTLE BUT USE "TA-KING-BE-VER" ON HER IF YOU MUST!
NU-NGO

OH FAR-R-R-R OUT! THIS BIG ACT JUST TO GET IN MY LITTLE BOX.
THIS IS NO "ACT" COOKIE.

A "SHOE-LINE" PRIEST CAN WALK TROUGH WALLS, HAIR, WHAT EVER.
OUR PRIESTHOOD IS FOUNDED APOUN THE "SHOE-LINES" OF THE ANCIENTS WHICH I NOW RECITE.
LISTEN UP.
NO GOOD. WALK THROUGH FINGERS TOO. HERE IS FIRST "SHOE-LINE".....
GUY GOES INTO SHOE STORE, SEZ, "GOT ANY RATTLE SNAKE SHOES"? MAN SEZ, "YOU GOT ONE WITH FEET"?
MEANWHILE "MASTER OAT" IS HIGH-A-TOP THE CAVALIER BUILDING IN THE OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.
AH COME ON, HUH?...50¢?.....30¢?
HEY DOUG, CAN I USE "PEE PEE" IN MY STRIP?
MANGO motel WEEKLY RATES
cavalier
SURE! ANYTHING TO GET HIM OUTTA HERE 'CAUSE I AIN'T GONNA BUY HIS MAGAZINE!
BACK TO THE MANGO AND "SHOE-LINE" NUMBER 53...
GUY GOES INTO SHOE STORE, SEZ, "HAVE ANY LOAFERS"? MAN SEZ, "SURE, I FIRE 3 THIS MONTH."
GUY GOES INTO SHOE STORE, SEZ, "LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING NICE IN PAIR OF HIGH HEELS". MAN SEZ, "COME BACK 5:30. REAR DOOR."
AND THERE THEY ARE "COOKIE". WHAT YOU THINK?
O-O-OH JOHNNY-Y-Y-Y-Y THEY'RE.....

BEAUTIFUL!!!
WEEP TRULY, FOR ONLY AFTER YOU UTTER "SHOE-LINE" OF YOUR OWN WILL YOU BECOME TRUE PRIESTESS!
ME? BUT HOW?...
I COULD NEVER.... I GOT ONE!
HOLD IT "COOKIE" TILL I GET MY ROBE!
GUY GOES INTO SHOE STORE SEZ, "HAVE ANY THONGS?" MAN SEZ, "THURE, HOW 'BOUT LADY OF THPAIN"?
YOU GOT IT "COOKIE". STAMP'ER UP!
MANY HAPPY FLASH BACK!
STAMP ACT
STAMP ACT
STAMP ACT
STAMP ACT
INK PAD
NEXT DAY
YOU IN LUCK WA-KING-KANE. I TAKE YOU DOWN-TOWN MAKE YOU PRIEST THEN YOU GET PLENTY ACTION!
NO NO. "ACK-SHIN" CALL IN SICK TODAY. LAST NIGHT SHE EAT AT ITALIAN JOINT ON CORNER!
COOKIE, IF YOU READ THIS, YOUR PRIESTESS-HOOD IS UP FOR RENEWAL THIS MONTH. CALL.

THE ADVENTURES OF Sweet Gwendoline

BY JOHN WILLIE

A Rare And Valuable Collection Of Bondage Art

John Willie's illustrations and watercolors for his "Gwendoline" serials of the 40's and 50's are valuable collectors items, hoarded by their few lucky owners. This unexpurgated collection of his classic cartoons, drawings and watercolors, all taken from real-life photographs, were drawn from art collections around the world. They cover the subjects of **BONDAGE, FLAGELLATION AND LESBIANISM**. And whether you are a collector of art or erotica, you will be EXCITED, SHOCKED and TURNED ON by Gwendoline, the innocent young virgin who continually finds herself the hapless captive of one diabolical villian after another. You will surely squirm watching her exquisite tortures and daring escapes. Whether on your coffee table for your friends or your night stand for just you and your lover, you will treasure this unique and exciting book. We offer THE ADVENTURES OF SWEET GWENDOLINE for just $12.95 plus postage and handling. Buy it, read it, and if not fully satisfied, return within 10 days for a FULL REFUND.

Cavalier: The Last Word
P.O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y., 11558

Please rush _____ volume(s) of
THE ADVENTURES OF SWEET GWENDOLINE at
$12.95 each plus $1.00 postage and handling.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP _____

Sorry, no COD accepted.

A chess set designed to commemorate the Bicentennial Celebration of the United States.

Each chessman is historically significant to the American Revolution.

The KING is George Washington; the QUEEN, Martha Washington; the BISHOP, Benjamin Franklin; the KNIGHT, Paul Revere; the ROOK is the Liberty Bell, which bears a readable inscription of the Proclamation of Liberty as it appears on the actual Bell in Philadelphia.

CAVALIER - The Last Word
P.O. Box 158, Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Please send me the chess sets checked below for which I enclose check or money order. (New York State residents include appropriate tax.)

Sets	Description	Total
	The "1776" Series	
[ ]	No. 603 @ $25.00 each	.....
[ ]	No. 604 @ $50.00 each	.....
[ ]	No. 640 @ $150.00 each	.....

Add $2.00 for postage and handling per set.
(Canada, add $3.50)

Name .....
Address .....
City.....
State ..... Zip .....

Collectors' Series Chess Set No. 603

This chess set is unique in that all the PAWNS are not identical. Six of the PAWNS are minutemen. The KINGS PAWN is a drummer and the QUEENS PAWN is a fifer.

The figures stand on hexagonal bases which reflect the style and craftsmanship of the early American cabinetmaker.

The chessmen are molded from the finest quality high-impact styrene. They are extra-heavily weighted and have quality felt bases. The KING is 5" tall. All other chessmen are in proportion.

Included in each set is a handsome folding chessboard, plus an attractive 16 page booklet giving an historical outline of each chessman, and complete basic rules for the game of chess.

The complete set is packaged in a sturdy presentation chest with a full color cover depicting the actual sized pieces with an antique lithograph of the signing of the Declaration of Independence as a background. **$25.00**

Collectors' Series Chess Set No. 604

Each chessman is hand-antiqued to a fine gold and silver patina. Same full-sized figures as in set no. 603, but more heavily weighted. Elegantly packed, in a leatherette presentation chest, stamped in gold leaf. **$50.00**

Collectors' Series Chess Set No. 640

A limited edition—each sculpture is meticulously handpainted and brought to a porcelain like glaze through our Ceramite™ process. A museum-quality chess set—its value is sure to be enhanced by its historical significance. **$150.00**